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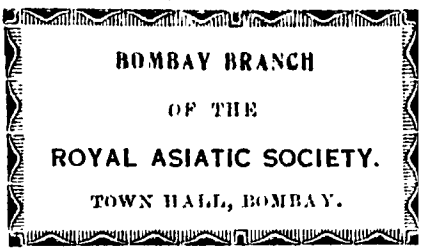

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MY RUSSIAN AND TURKISH JOURNALS

MY RUSSIAN AND TURKISH JOURNALS

BY THE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS
OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

AUTHOR OF "OUR VICEREGAL LIFE IN INDIA," "MY CANADIAN JOURNAL," ETC.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

F. R. 56

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
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PREFACE

THE first of these journal letters; addressed to my Mother, was written thirty-seven and the last thirty-two years ago.

These years represent a very long time in the life of a person, but a very short time in the history of a country, and yet between the years 1879 and 1916 very great changes have taken place in the countries mentioned in these pages. And although I only tell of the social life in our Embassies, and of my own personal experiences, and make no pretence of writing a book about Russia or Turkey, my readers cannot but realise that times are greatly changed since these letters were written.

When we were in Russia a dark cloud of Anarchism hung over her chief cities, unrest and discontent were spoken of on all sides; while now the enthusiastic patriotism of her people, their self-sacrifice, their dogged perseverance, and their serious and reverent attitude towards life, fill us with admiration. We rejoice in her strength and are proud of our great Ally.

Turkey, alas! is now our enemy, but it is impossible not to have a kindly feeling for a country in which one has spent a happy time, and I am glad to believe that Turkish soldiers fight "like gentlemen," and that they treat their prisoners with humanity.

I had special opportunities of knowing how terribly their women and children suffered in the last Balkan War: I can well imagine how sad must be their condition now, and I think of them with the greatest pity.

It was a very much brighter Turkey I knew, even though it was reigned over by Abdul Hamid.

This account of life in our Embassies is altogether one-sided; the business part of it is entirely left out. No mention is made in it of diplomatic *pourparlers*,

of despatches, of telegrams sent and received, or of the current business of which there is so much both in Russia and Turkey; nor have I told of the days and nights spent by the Chancery in ciphering and deciphering the communications which pass between the Foreign Office and His Majesty's Ambassadors.

Indeed, I feel that I owe an apology to the members of our Embassies for so completely ignoring the laborious side of Diplomacy.

I trust that no one of those mentioned in this journal will object to the inclusion of his name, or to anything I have said of him. I look back with the greatest gratitude to all the kindness and friendship shown to us by those who shared our life in these Embassies. The Ambassador and I always realised how much we owed to the loyal support of " the Chancery " in everything that we attempted to do.

Of the Ambassador himself I cannot write. The work he did and all that he accomplished in the various offices he held is told in other places, but from the restricted point of view of this Journal I may add, that in his home and social life the unusually great gift of sympathy which he possessed enabled him to enter into the joys and sorrows, the disappointments or the pleasures of those amongst whom he lived, while his own powers of enjoyment and his desire that all around him should be happy were the mainspring of everything that was cheerful and socially successful in our Embassies.

Although it is an anachronism, I have thought it best to change the St. Petersburg of my journal to " Petrograd," by which name we are already accustomed to speak of that city.

I have to thank Susan, Countess of Malmesbury, for allowing me to use some illustrations from Sir John Ardagh's water-colour drawings, Miss Florence Wyndham for some of her sketches, Major A. P. Blackwood for photographs taken by him in Moscow, and Baron Cyril Wrangel for permission to reproduce an old print of Petrograd. By their kindness they have greatly added to any interest this book may have.

HARIOT DUFFERIN AND AVA.

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It is the Author's purpose to present the proceeds of this book to War Charities.

MY RUSSIAN AND TURKISH JOURNALS

[Lord Dufferin left Canada at the end of the year 1878, and very shortly after was appointed Ambassador to Russia.

He and I went there in February 1879, and returned home in May.

The Ambassador only remained in England a month and then went back to Petrograd.

He was again in England in August, and intended to return to Petrograd with me in November, but was detained by Lord Salisbury till December, when he rejoined me and the children.—H. D.]

CHAPTER I

BERLIN

Tuesday, February 25th, 1879.—We reached Berlin at 10.30 p.m., and drove to the Kaiserhof Hotel. It is very large and very comfortable, but we have entered the region of stuffiness. The rooms are warmed with hot air, and there are no fireplaces, and no slits in the double windows such as we had in Canada, for letting in a little ozone! We shall be hardened to this in Russia, I hear!

Wednesday, 26th.—Weather, a wet snow falling. Breakfast, substantial and good. View, cheerful; a large square, surrounded by handsome buildings, and plenty of people scurrying about, to and from church, I suppose (Ash Wednesday): from the other window a street with a cab-stand in it, and a row of coachmen in large cloth pelisses.

We had a little man to lunch, who has been sent out by the English Government to value the furni-

ture in our Embassy. He talked so much that I thought we should never get away, and when we did escape we were too late for any sight-seeing, all picture galleries, etc., being closed at three.

D. saw Lord Odo Russell in the morning, and we both dined at the Embassy. Mr. and Mrs. Dering and some Attachés were the only other people there. I inquired about some of my duties from Lady Odo, and find that my office will not be so easy as it was in Canada. Lady Odo arranges and writes all her own invitations, manages her house, and has endless leaving of cards and visits to do. She is also " at home " every evening after four.

Thursday, 27th.—At breakfast I received a note from " la Comtesse Perponcher, Grande Maîtresse de sa Majesté L'Impératrice et Reine " to say that Her Majesty will receive D. and me at a quarter to five this afternoon, and that the audience will be followed by a dinner with the Emperor and Empress.[1] A card of invitation also came " Auf allerhöchstem Befehl Ihrer Kaiserlichen Majestäten beehrt sich der unterzeichnete Oberhof und Haus Marschall seine Excellenz Lord und Lady Dufferin zu einem Diner am 27. Feb. 1879, um 5 Uhr, im Königlichen Palais einzuladen. Anzug: Uniform." I have written to ask Lady Odo what dress is worn at these early dinners.

D. and I took a walk in the town, and were much disappointed with the shops; they are very poor. The streets were wet and slippery, the houses dripped upon one, and piles of snow were swept up to the pavement.

On our return I had a pleasant visit from Lady Odo Russell, and before she left D. came in from Prince Bismarck's. D. was delighted with him, and came to tell me that the Prince was coming to see me! It was 3.30 p.m., and I had to start for the

[1] William I and the Empress Augusta.

palace in an hour, so I felt rather alarmed lest my time for dressing should be cut short. I waited a little, and then had my hair done, waited longer, and then in despair began to put on my evening dress; but he arrived while my maid was still lacing and "tying back." It was broad daylight, so I put on a long fur cloak, and went in to receive the great man. I only hope he either understood or did not notice the peculiarity of my costume, but I am not sure about that.

He was in uniform, a large, tall man with a very pleasant face. He sat down and talked all the time, very good English, in a deliberate manner. He told me a great deal about Prussia, and I enjoyed his visit very much, though feeling a little anxious about the time. D. had, however, the happy thought to send and tell me that the carriage was at the door, and then my visitor picked up his shining helmet and left.

I was very much pleased by his visit, but was still more flattered when I saw Lord Frederick Hamilton's surprise at hearing of it. "Why," he said, "Prince Bismarck does not go out of his house four times a year, and only goes to Parliament in a close carriage, and all the Emperors, etc., have to go to him. He just came to see 'Dizzy' once when he was ill here, and could not go out himself."

Well, I hurried back to my dressing, and got off in time, arriving at the palace most punctually. It is not at all imposing outside, being in the street, and inside there is nothing very large or fine about it. The staircase is marble, and is like the one at Clandeboye, only round instead of square.

The lady-in-waiting met us in a long room at the top of it, and took us into another empty one to await the Empress. As she approached, the doors of a third were opened, and we advanced to the

threshold, and curtseyed and bowed as we saw her; then she shook hands, made some civil speeches, and instantly proposed that we should sit down. There was a sofa fitting into a corner, and in front of it a marble table, behind this she and I sat, while D. and the lady sat in front. We talked for about ten minutes (French), and then the Emperor came in—such a fine old man! He still uses a sling for his right arm, not yet having recovered the use of it. The "Interview" lasted a little longer, then the Empress got up, told us who the portraits in the room were, curtseyed, and said she would have the pleasure of seeing us again, and returned to her boudoir. The Emperor led the way into the other room, and then joined the Empress.

We returned to the long room in which we had been first received, and found there assembled a brilliant array of officers in handsome uniforms, and a few ladies. The Emperor and Empress soon came in; we all bowed as they entered, and then they began to go round and speak to every one, but first the Empress told her lady to show me her boudoir, and her picture of the Queen. As I followed her out, a gentleman said, "I must introduce myself, Lady Dufferin," upon which I graciously held out my hand. "I am the husband of the Princess Royal." It took me a second to realize that this was the Crown Prince!

I instantly curtseyed, and felt much taken aback; but he is so nice, such a frank, simple manner, one feels at once that he is a "real man." I counted twenty-one orders on his coat, but there were more.

The boudoir was not very remarkable. It had two writing-tables in bowers, surrounded on three sides by trellis work, and green leaves and flowers, and family photographs and pictures, one of our Queen when young, with a large wreath of roses on

her head. When we got back to the saloon the Crown Prince came and talked to me, and introduced his son-in-law,[1] a very young-looking boy; he did not say anything, and, though he sat at one side of me at dinner, we did not make much acquaintance.

The Empress went in with her son, and then, to my surprise, the Emperor gave me his arm! He was very nice at dinner, and talked to me a great deal. He knew D.'s mother long ago, and used to write to her.

Dinner was not very long, and we all left the room together, the Empress going out at one door, and our side of the table at another: we met in the next room, and the Empress again sat down with me, behind another marble table.

The dining-room holds about thirty, the walls are a shining white, one end of the room covered with plate; it was well lighted, there were flowers on the table, and everything was very nice, but simple for a palace. Numbers of the servants wore rows of war-medals, and indeed there is a great sentiment of reality about people and things at this Court. The men have all seen active service. The Emperor is so natural and simple. There is solidity even about the food, and no affectation about any one except perhaps the Empress, whose manners are somewhat artificial. She wore white, and a small tiara of diamonds with cameos set in it. Talking went on for about twenty minutes, and then the party broke up at half-past six. The Empress went to the French theatre, and the gentlemen all went to a "Court Circle," to say good-bye to the Duke of Connaught's bride.

After I had changed my dress D. and I went to a German theatre, and saw a spectacular piece, of which the scenery was the best part. It was the

[1] The Prince of Saxe-Meiningen.

Sleeping Beauty, and after it there was a very good, well-dressed, decent ballet. It was over before ten, and on our return we had a visit from Lord Frederick Hamilton, D.'s godson, who is attaché here.

Friday, 28th.—D. and I went over the National Gallery. The pictures are arranged in a number of small rooms, on three different stories. There is a handsome marble staircase, and a few good pictures, but not many. They were all modern, and of course there were several large battle-pieces.

In the afternoon I left some cards, and at half-past six we went to dine at the English Embassy.

I have had a shock! Having provided myself with a trousseau for Petrograd, I learnt last night that a "Grand Duke," a young boy, has died, and that I shall have to wear mourning for three months! I had been particularly told not to get black for Russia, as I had intended to do, so now I have to go off to a dressmaker here, and buy a black evening dress, a bonnet, etc. It is vexatious, when one has ruined oneself in coloured gowns, to let one's gay feathers grow old-fashioned in a box, and to have to live in a limited supply of black.

Count H. Bismarck came in the evening, and we are to dine with his father to-night at five, in our travelling dress. He wanted to ask us on Thursday, but his wife told him their two "Pomeranian aunts" were coming that night, and he said "they would not amuse Lord Dufferin."

Saturday night, March 1st.—We have just returned from dining with Prince Bismarck. He was in an undress uniform, his wife in a green silk of a bright shade, his daughter (married) in grey, I in a dark morning dress. There were two sons, a son-in-law, Lord Odo Russell, and one or two other men, and there was present Bismarck's own enormous big black dog, which follows him everywhere.

We had oysters, chicken patties, fish, young wild boar, venison, cheese, ice. The Prince talked very pleasantly all the time. He spoke of the way in which his salmon river used to be poached, and told me that he easily stopped that by "throwing in a few dead horses, and then they touched the fish no more." We all left the dining-room together, and when we came out Prince Bismarck bowed to me, and said, "In Germany we say, 'God bless you'" —then everybody shook hands, and he kissed his wife, his daughter, and his sons, a pretty and unsophisticated custom. I was then asked if I would allow smoking, and everybody lit a cigar, and Bismarck sat and talked to D., smoking a very long pipe meantime. We have now come home, seven o'clock, to pack up.

Sunday, 2nd.—Travelling all day; had a comfortable car for the night.

PETROGRAD

Monday, February 3rd.—At four yesterday we crossed the frontier, and got into a very good Russian carriage, in which we slept and spent to-day, reaching Petrograd at six.

Mr. Plunkett, First Secretary, Lord William Compton, and Mr. Condie Stephen, Secretaries, and Mr. Michell, Consul, met us, and we drove to the Hôtel d'Europe,[1] where we have comfortable rooms. We were very glad of our dinner, and went early to bed. D. was delighted to find two open fireplaces. We drove here on wheels, and not in sleighs, as it has been a very mild winter here, unlike the rest of Europe.

My dress troubles are not nearly over. Now I am

[1] Lord and Lady Augustus Loftus had not yet left the Embassy.

told that I must go into white for all joyful occasions, and that when we are presented to the Empress I shall probably have to wear a white woollen dress (which I have not got); then I am to wear black wool every day for a month, then black silks, etc. All this involves more ordering and buying, and no time to do it economically through one's maid, or comparatively so, by getting things from England.

I think we must have some Russian lessons, so as to know the letters, and be able to pronounce a little. It is so odd not to be able even to spell the names of the streets and shops.

We have been to the Embassy to see Lord and Lady Augustus Loftus. The house is in a good situation, facing the Neva, and the rooms are cheerful and good. Of course everything there is in confusion, as there is to be a sale of their things, so I will not attempt a description now. We made our first Russian acquaintance while paying this visit. Princess Soltikoff came in; she is our landlady, and lives in the back part of this house. Lady Augustus kindly told me some of the things I wanted to know, and recommended some of her servants whom we take on.

In the afternoon D. and I took a walk in the town. The streets are in a bad state now, very wet, the pavements rough and uneven, the shop windows poor, and the large houses look dull, and as if they suffered from damp.

The sleighs are not so handsome as the Canadian ones. The horse, the coachman, and the lady, all seem squashed up together; but some smart ones have a very large net thrown over the horses and attached to the sleigh, which looks very pretty.

Wednesday, 5th.—D. called on Prince Gortschakoff, who returned his visit instantly, in accordance with rules laid down in a book:

" L'Ambassadeur fait notifier son arrivée au Ministre des affaires étrangères," etc.

" L'Ambassadeur ayant été prévenu de l'heure à laquelle il peut être reçu par le Ministre des affaires étrangères, se rend chez lui pour lui communiquer ses lettres de créance, et pour demander ses audiences de présentation," etc.

So far D. has got ; he has paid his visit, and it has been returned.

" Madame L'Ambassadrice " (says the book) " fait la première visite à Madame la Grande Maîtresse de la Cour. A cet effet elle lui fait demander le jour et l'heure où elle peut la recevoir."

So far have I got.

In the afternoon I went with D. and looked through the Embassy furniture. I forget whether I told you that we are going to live in one corner of it till the state rooms are refurnished. Our formal reception, which introduces us to the society, is to be put off till the autumn, by which time the Embassy will be swept and garnished.

Then I went to buy a bonnet to wear with a white silk when I am presented to the Grand Duchesses. There are a number of these, and each one appoints her own day, so it may be months before I have done. There is an alarming ceremony to be gone through at Court, and I copy out for you the directions published for me.

" Le jour et l'heure de la présentation de Madame L'Ambassadrice étant fixés, elle se rend au palais impérial, et vient descendre au perron qui lui est indiqué. Madame l'Ambassadrice y trouve un coureur de la cour, et dans la première salle les aides des cérémonies viennent à sa rencontre et la conduisent à la chambre d'attente; elle y est reçue par le Grand Maître des cérémonies.

" L'ordre étant donné d'introduire Madame l'Ambassadrice, elle se rend dans les appartements de sa Majeste l'Impératrice, conduite par le Grand Maître des cérémonies. Le Grand Chambellan prend les ordres de sa Majesté Impériale pour l'introduction de Madame l'Ambassadrice.

" Madame la Grande Maîtresse présente Madame l'Ambassadrice. Deux demoiselles d'honneur sont dans la chambre qui précède la salle d'audience. Ensuite Madame l'Ambassadrice est reconduite avec les mêmes formalités qu'à son arrivée."

And it adds that, after this, I shall be received by the Empress like any other lady of the country.

" Après que Madame l'Ambassadrice a été presentée à sa Majesté Impériale, elle en informe les dames des quatre premières classes du pays, qui lui font la première visite."

The rules for the Ambassador are still more strict. The beginning is much the same, but, the day being fixed for the Emperor to see him—

" Un Maître des cérémonies va le chercher dans les carrosses de sa Majesté Impériale. Dans le premier se placent les deux A.D.C. Dans le second, L'Ambassadeur se place seul dans le fond, le Maître des cérémonies vis-à-vis de lui. Troisième carrosse pour la suite de l'Ambassadeur.

" Si l'Ambassadeur souhaite que son secrétaire ou un de ses parents soit placé dans le carrosse de sa Majesté Impériale cela lui est accordé, mais en observant qu'il prenne place au-dessous du Maître des cérémonies, et qu'il n'entre dans le carrosse qu'après lui."

More court people, A.D.C.'s, etc., meet the Ambassador than the Ambassadress. When everything is ready, and the Emperor is about to receive him—

" L'Ambassadeur ayant le Grand Maître des cérémonies à sa droite, le Maître des cérémonies à sa gauche précédé du gentilhomme de la chambre, se rend dans les appartements de sa Majesté Impériale." At the door, the " Grand Maréchal de la cour " receives him, and the " Grand Chambellan se trouve en dehors de la porte par laquelle on entre dans la salle d'audience."

No one enters the room, but the great officials stand outside. The Guards present arms to the Ambassador ; he is reconducted with the same ceremonies. Then he is taken to the Empress, one lady being present, and two being outside.

I thought all this would interest you, and now, when the day arrives, I shall only have to tell you what I thought of it all, and how I got through such an ordeal.

In the evening I heard from the Countess Pratasoff, the Grande Maîtresse, that she will receive me on Thursday at four o'clock, and in the morning D. calls upon the Grand Maître de la Cour, Prince Lieven, who will follow D. out of the house, and come and call upon us.

Thursday, 6th.—I went over the Embassy very early, and bought a good deal of Lord A. Loftus's furniture. On my return I changed my dress and awaited visitors. The first who came (unexpectedly, as he had called yesterday) was Prince Gortschakoff, a charming old man of eighty-four, full of the grossest flatteries, expressed in the most delightful manner. He was surprised at my youthful appearance ; he thought me like D.'s family. He was sure (he said to D.) that although I looked sweet and gentle, I was very firm, etc., etc., etc. Then he told me he relied on me to help him to keep the peace, and to make friends, that he always inquired, when he heard a new Ambassador was coming, whether he

had a pretty wife, and that if the answer was "No!" he always said, "Alors il perd son meilleur argument."

He was in England in 1816–17, and knew everybody, and remembers all the people so well. They say here that he is getting feeble, but he certainly appeared most vigorous.

After him came the Greek Minister, whom we knew in London, M. Brailas Armeni, and Prince P. de Lieven (Grand Maître des Cérémonies) and then came Count Khreptovitch (Grand Chambellan), who was an old friend of D.'s, and Count Nesselrode, a cosmopolitan Russian, whom we both knew somewhere, but where I can't remember.

It was now time for me to go and pay my state visit to the Grande Maîtresse. D. came with me. When calling in Petrograd you take off your cloak in the hall, and your own servant takes charge of it. At the top of the stairs the servant of the house meets you and ushers you in; this is the same everywhere.

I found myself in a long, empty room with a parquet floor, opening into another rather dull and dark room, where the ladies were. In the centre was a pyramid of dark green plants, another pillar of the same was in a window, and these helped very much to darken the apartment; there was a bare round table, and a number of cane chairs, and nothing at all pretty or comfortable to be seen.

Countess Pratasoff came forward to meet us. With her was a niece; we four talked away very pleasantly; they were not at all stiff. I find that it is to Prince Gortschakoff I have to apply about my presentation to the Empress.

D. went to see a Madame Schouvaloff whom he had known before at Nice, and I received a visit from Baron and Baroness Jomini. They came to

my rooms by mistake, for no one is supposed to call on me yet.

After dinner we went to the opera to see a *ballet d'action*. The Opera-house is a very fine one, but looks a little bare, as there is no cloth or curtains about any but the Imperial boxes.

There is one large box opposite the stage, where the Emperor's suite sit, and his own is just like our royal boxes. They are trying the Jablockoff electric light in the Opera-house. I don't like it at all; if you look at the lamps they dazzle you, the light flickers and changes colour, is not so gay as gas, and spoils the effect of the chandeliers, which have wax candles in them.

The ballet is a great institution in Russia, the dancers all being brought up and cared for by the State. This one was called *Roxana*. The last act was really very pretty: all the people wore Montenegrin costumes, and the arrangement of the colours and the grouping of the figures were beautiful. One dance was performed by small boys and girls; this was encored, and was well worth seeing again. The beauty of the *corps dramatique* is called *Petit pas*, which I thought was a nickname, but it is her real Russian one. The best *danseuse* was brought before the curtain four times; the best part of her acting was, I thought, the profound gratitude, and the "overwhelmed-with-your-goodness" feeling she expressed in her curtseys.

I am not yet at the end of the dress question. So many people seemed surprised at the instructions I had received about the dress to be worn at my presentation to the Empress, that last night I sat down and wrote to the Grande Maîtresse, to ask her point-blank what it is to be, so now if I am wrong I have her letter to show.

She says, "High black dress, coiffure, but no bonnet."

Monday, 10*th*.—D. and I accomplished a good deal of walking to-day, even did some sightseeing. First we made our way to write down D.'s name at the Cesarevitch's palace, as "Earl of Dufferin." It is the Cesarevitch's birthday, and flags are flying everywhere. Not having yet presented his credentials, D. could not do it officially.

After this we went to see the "St. Isaac's" Church. It is on a grand scale, and is very magnificent, but very dark inside. I am curious to see a service there, as there is not a seat in the place, and the whole space is cut up by enormous pillars. There are a great many pictures, and the faithful buy little candles at the door, to burn in their honour, and bow down to the ground before them. At the back of what I suppose to be the altar are some gigantic pillars, some of malachite, and some of lapis-lazuli—of course these precious stones are veneered over iron tubes, but they are unique, and the light is not sufficient to accentuate the want of harmony in the colours. Between these pillars are life-size (or larger) pictures of saints in mosaic.

The guide took us up some steps to a place behind this screen, and opened a door through which I was about to walk—but he quickly barred the passage with his arm (women are not permitted to enter), and suggested that I should peep through the hinges of the door while D. went in. I saw a very large figure of Christ in a stained glass window, and a model in gold of the church.

After this I went to say good-bye to Lady Augustus Loftus, and I also settled myself at the Embassy.

My household consists of a Swiss butler, one Russian housemaid, speaking English, one German ditto, a Russian chasseur who always goes out with the Ambassador, and stands behind his chair at dinner, a Russian porter, a footman, a polyglot under-

butler, a French cook, five moujiks (who do all the work), two servants belonging to the office, and our maid and valet, also two laundry-maids.

D. and I were very glad to find ourselves established here, with an open fire, and a sense of peace, after the week at the hotel.

Tuesday, 11th.—At one o'clock to-day the Emperor's carriages came to fetch D., and three court officials arrived to escort him to the Palace. They came up to our room for a little, and I went in to see them. D. wore uniform, and everybody looked very smart. From the window I saw the procession : first came a coach drawn by four black horses, the coachman and footmen in scarlet ; the A.D.C.'s went in this. Then followed D. and the Maître des Cérémonies in a coach drawn by six white horses, a third carriage with four horses followed, and then four or five men in scarlet on horseback.

At two o'clock I started in my own carriage, and arrived at the Palace. I walked up the staircase alone, and through rows of soldiers, then into a great room, in which stood a number of splendidly dressed servants. Then a *demoiselle d'honneur* took me into a handsome drawing-room, with red silk walls and tables covered with rich cloths. The Countess Pratasoff met me here, and we had a little time to wait, as D.'s audience with the Emperor was not over, and he had to see the Empress before I did. Presently he came through the room, and was taken in to Her Majesty.

When he came out my turn came, and here my reading of those dreadful rules confused me. I entered a room, in which stood a lady in black, all by herself. I made a low curtsey, but no one said anything, and Countess Pratasoff did not " present " me as I expected. The lady said at once, " Sit down here a moment," so I made up my mind that

this was not the Empress, and felt rather ashamed of my curtsey. She pointed out the most imposing-looking of the chairs to me and began to talk, and I to answer her pretty fully. When she said, " You saw my daughter the other day, " I felt quite taken aback; and she added " the Duchess of Edinburgh," so then I knew it was the Empress. My first thought was that I had been too familiar; so I got in " Your Majesty " as quickly as I could, and felt very uncomfortable. She is remarkably ladylike, but has neither the " queenly " way of our Queen, nor of the Empress of Germany. When I had been there about ten minutes she got up, curtseyed, and went out.

As I came out Prince Lieven began to apologize to me, saying that at the moment he had not been able to say my name, so I dare say it was the want of some sort of presentation that made me feel uncertain that I had actually reached the Empress.

D. was with the Emperor about forty-five minutes. The Imperial carriages brought him back.

D. being now a full-fledged Ambassador, went off at once to visit the Ambassadors, and I to see the Ambassadresses. There are only two, the Austrian and the German, Countess Langenau and Baroness de Schweinitz; the latter is an American, a Miss Jay; they are both very nice. All the other people have to call on me first.

To-night D. is busy preparing a telegram and a despatch. When he writes home about any conversation he has had with the Emperor, the despatch has to be submitted to the Emperor to read. The whole time of his audience with the Emperor the members of the Embassy, and the officers about the Court, stood at attention outside, in another room.

We gave a dinner to our Embassy, Colonel Swaine, Mr. Plunkett, First Secretary, Lord William Compton, whom D. has made his private secretary, and

Mr. Condie Stephen, an Attaché, who speaks Russian. We six were the party, and about ten o'clock we followed a custom of the country, and went for a troika drive.

The troika is a large sledge drawn by three horses. One horse is in the shafts, and he trots. The other two are loosely harnessed on either side of him, and they canter. This team goes at a furious pace, and the Russian moujik screams out to the horses and to the people on the road, "To the right," "To the left," etc., etc. The night was lovely, and we had a charming drive of about five miles to a sort of restaurant, where we alighted, and where we hired a sitting-room and some singers. Twenty-two gipsies, men and women, were the performers. They were all dressed like ourselves, but were very dark and Indian-looking.

They sat in rows before us, three of them having guitars, and then they sang lovely wild Russian songs; seven songs and a dance was the bargain. The dance was performed by two women, and was very peculiar; it consisted in waving their arms, and moving slowly backwards and forwards with a sort of trembling motion all over them, which would be very difficult to copy. We had some tea "for the good of the house," and then drove home, having enjoyed the evening immensely.

Sunday, 16th.—We received notices of three audiences for to-morrow, at twelve, at one, and at four o'clock.

"Le Grand Maître des Cérémonies a l'honneur d'informer Son Excellence M. le Comte de Dufferin, Ambassadeur d'Angleterre, qu'il aura l'honneur d'être reçu par son Altesse Impériale Monseigneur le Césarevitch,[1] Grand-Duc Héritier, demain Lundi le 5 Mars à midi."

[1] The Emperor Alexander III.

I received the same order for the Cesarevna,[1] and since then they keep dropping in from other Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses.

We were at the Palace in good time D. in uniform, I in black dress without a bonnet. Several beautiful uniforms were waiting, and I should think Prince Lieven and the other masters of court ceremonial will be very glad when we have finished our rounds, as they have to appear at each place.

We sat in a sort of conservatory room, till we were ushered in different directions to our interviews. While D. was with the Cesarevitch I went to the Cesarevna. She is charming, very sweet and gentle, and like our Princess in many ways, though not so pretty. I stayed with her some time, and heard one of her children playing the piano in the next room, with as much incompetence as any un-imperial child of its age. I waited as before, while D. saw "Marie Féodorovna," which is the proper way to speak of Emperors and Grand Duchesses here, and this is the Cesarevna's name.

We were free at ten minutes to one, and then D. went to Prince d'Oldenberg, who is, he says, a very nice old man. We had some breakfast after this, and I received the Belgian Minister's wife and daughter.

At four we had another audience with a widow and her daughter, the Grand Duchess Catherine Michailovna. Here we were given tea before we were admitted. D. and I went in together, and I found the audience very long. I sat beside the Grand Duchess on a short sofa with a big table in front of us, D. on the other side and the young lady next him. The chairs were arranged round the table, the walls of the room were white with pink and mauve lines, a picture and a bust of the late

[1] The present Dowager-Empress.

Grand Duke, a big statue of Una and the Lion, large glass and gold monuments for candles, etc., placed against them; but the staircase of this Palace St. Michail is very magnificent, so enormous and so lofty.

Tuesday, 18th.—Our first audience to-day was at the Grand Duke Vladimir's. D. was shown up one staircase, and I up another one, and he saw the Grand Duke while I saw the Duchess Marie Paolovna, such a charming young woman, very pretty and very nice. She said she thought we must be very much tired with seeing so many of them. When I go in I curtsey at the door, then they take my hand, and I curtsey again, then they generally make me sit either with my face to the light, or on a sofa beside them, and we generally talk—Canada.

I waited with a *dame de palais* while D. paid his visit to the Grand Duchess. Then we proceeded a little farther down the quay (where we live ourselves) to the palace of the Grand Duke Michael. He is away now, and we were received separately by "Olga Féodorovna." I liked her very much too; she was so simple and natural and pleasant, and she talks English perfectly.

The Grand Duke Vladimir told D. that he would come and see me, so I waited at home to receive him. He arrived in a splendid uniform, and is a very nice-looking man; he talked a great deal (which is a great comfort) in French, and was very civil with good wishes, etc. In the morning the Prince of Oldenburg came, a benevolent old man, with a mania for abolishing armies.

Wednesday, 19th.—Our audience at one to-day was with "Eugénie Maximiliovna," Princess of Oldenburg. She received us together, and was very nice. In fact, all the Grand Duchesses appear to be charming,

In the afternoon I paid visits as usual, and saw

two English families; one of the ladies looked so young that I was on the point of saying to her "Is your mother at home?" Happily I didn't commit myself.

Thursday, 20th.—At 11.30 we had another audience, with the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Nicholas. They live in a very fine palace with a magnificent staircase, and on an enormous easel in one room was a very beautiful picture by a young Russian artist, of a sunset light on a bit of wild bush. It was very simple, but extremely striking and pleasant to look at. I waited while D. was with the Grand Duke, and then we went together to see the lady "Alexandra Petrovna." We like all the Imperial family very much, but I believe we shall never see them again, as they only appear at the state ceremonials.[1]

This was my "Day," and I sat at home by a tea-table and had visitors from about two to six. I was not alone for an instant all that time, and generally had to keep up the conversation in French.

Mr. Plunkett and Mr. Condie Stephen dined with us, and we went to see a lovely ballet, *La Bayadère*. In it a young lady received some flowers, but a viper which was concealed in them bit her, and she died on the stage, denouncing her rival as her murderer. The rival, during the rest of the piece, was always on the eve of being married, and was always thwarted by the ghost of the deceased, which kept appearing and pirouetting between her and the bridegroom, who became quite distracted. Finally, there was a great *coup de théâtre*, thunder and lightning, and the sudden destruction of the whole company, while in the background the deceased is seen *in excelsis*.

Friday, 21st.—I managed a walk to-day, and paid

[1] We never did.—H. D.

some visits. D. had an audience with the unmarried Grand Dukes, and they have given us permission to skate in their garden. I received a very civil letter about it from the secretary of the Grand Duke Serge. The invitation includes my family and all the members of the Embassy.

We dined with M. Nigra, the Italian Ambassador. As this is my first dinner here, I will tell you about it. The great peculiarity is the "Zakhuska" (or some such word) of which one partakes on the way in to dinner. You start arm-in-arm, as usual in England, but you pass through an anteroom where a table is spread with caviare, cheese, sardines, liqueurs, and all sorts of good things. There you let go your gentleman, and everybody goes dipping about into these dishes, with a fork or with their fingers, eating a bit here and a bit there; then you take arms again and go on in to dinner. The table was very nicely arranged, and we had pretty menus, and there were a number of fancy bonbons on stands, little hats, jockey-caps, etc. (which it is quite the fashion for the guests to take away with them). I sat between our host, the Chevalier Nigra and Baron Jomeni; the latter is Prince Gortschakoff's right-hand man, and he was very pleasant. Count Schouvaloff[1] came in the middle of dinner, from the Palace, where they dine at six, and was put in between me and M. Nigra. We all left the dining-room arm-in-arm together, and went away at a quarter-past nine. M. de Giers came in to see D. on business, and what with that, and sending telegrams after he left, D. was busy till one o'clock. The business always seems to come at night, and sitting up till four in the chancery is common.

Monday, 24th.—I took a constitutional round the

[1] At that time Russian Ambassador in England.

gardens, and then set off in my open carriage to pay twelve visits. As I was on my way to the fourth, I said to myself, "These pavements are so bad, it would never do to have a very good carriage here," and a few minutes later off came a wheel, the carriage went down on one side, and the horses set off; but happily the united efforts of the coachman and footman pulled them in; we drew up to a pavement and I got, for the first time, into one of the little sleighs they use here, the most uncomfortable little machine I ever was in: it has no back at all, the high seat is too large for one person, and too small for two, the coachman sits on a little bar just over your knees, and you feel that both he and you are most insecure for rattling over Petrograd streets. I met D. as I returned in this humble manner, and he lent me his carriage to finish my visits in.

We dined at the German Embassy with General and Madame von Schweinitz. He is much liked by the Court and the Russians. I sat between our host and Prince Orloff Davidoff, an old gentleman who was educated in Edinburgh, had dined with Sir Walter Scott and Moore, and stayed with Miss Edgeworth. Our landlord and his very pretty wife, Prince and Princess Soltikoff, were there; she wore lots of diamonds, but we are all in black. Then there were Baron and Baronne de Budberg (a pretty old lady), Count and Countess Pahlen, Princess Oblonski, who was a great beauty, and who now has a sort of political salon. There was also an old Madame Bariatinski who has translated some Russian poetry into English. I enjoyed the dinner very much.

Tuesday, 25th.—Mr. Plunkett came in to tell us that the chief of the secret police had been shot at just round the corner of our house. The assassin was on horseback, and the shot went through two

windows of the carriage, but happily missed the man. He ordered his coachman to follow, but came against a sleigh and was stopped, the assassin riding on and getting out of sight; his horse fell with him, but he got into a sleigh and drove away. The police have the horse, but not the man, and this is the second horse they have in custody in the same way. General Dreuteln, whom they have thus attempted to assassinate, is well known for his courage, and some time ago a message was sent to him saying, "We know you are brave and will persevere in your duty whatever we do; we shall therefore take the life of your daughter." However, they have made one more attempt to take his.

I went to skate at the Tauride; there was one young Grand Duke there, "Paul Michaelovitch," who was tobogganing. He wanted to take me down, but I told him I was afraid.

Thursday, March 27th.—I took a constitutional before lunch, and then sat at home all the afternoon for visitors. This is rather a fatiguing performance when so many of the visitors are unknown to one. In the evening we had the new French Ambassador, General Chanzy, to dine with us, and Baron Jomini. The former was very interesting, as he described to us his imprisonment by the Commune, and many of his experiences during the war. D. knew him very well in Syria.

Friday, 28th.—We went to some amateur theatricals at the Princess Paskevitch's. I was so glad to be asked to this, first, because the piece acted was *Les Pattes de Mouche* which we played at Ottawa, and, secondly, because the *crème de la crème* of society were there, and I was able to make many nice new acquaintances.

The Princess is an excellent actress, and the "Prospère" of the play (Prince John Galitzin) was

also extremely good in his part. They all speak French as their own language, but are perhaps a little too fast in their utterance. On the staircase of the house are some beautiful panels worked by the Princess. There are four large ones representing the birds of the four quarters of the globe; a peacock for Europe, an ostrich for Africa, etc., and smaller panels of flowers in which the same idea is carried out. They are made of satin, the birds most beautifully embroidered, and the scenery painted on the satin. You can only tell by looking very close which part is painting and which embroidery, and the feathers of the ostrich, etc., are so fluffy and so wonderfully done. She worked them from large models before her, and as decorations they are most successful. In the centre of one room there is an enormous Sèvres jar, which is said to be very valuable.

Saturday, 29th.—D. and I walked in the gardens, and we were looking out for the Emperor in order to avoid him if we saw him in the distance, but there were a number of nurses and children about and we came on him unawares. He stopped and asked D. to introduce "him to me," for this is the polite way in which he put it, and then he said something to me about making my acquaintance "de cette manière un peu originale," and told me to take care of the cold, which is treacherous at this time of year, etc. He then shook hands, and we left the garden. He is tall, his face is thin, and he is suffering a good deal from asthma.

M. and Madame de Langenau dined with us, and we took her to the circus. We got out, by mistake, at the royal door, and were ushered into the Imperial box, where we sat for some time in great state, but the people found us out, and invited us to take a lower seat.

We are dining at the Palace to-night, but it is doubtful if the Empress will be able to appear. She is very delicate.

The dinner at the Palace was at six, so, having dressed myself in black, with all my diamonds, and D. in evening coat with brass buttons and orders, we started off a few minutes before the hour for the Winter Palace. When we arrived there we passed through soldiers the whole way, and were preceded by a servant in red, who turned and bowed continually, and then we found ourselves in the dining-room. I thought this very odd at first, but Prince John Galatzin met us there, and showed us where we were to sit, everybody being brought through the room to learn their places. He told me I was to sit between the Emperor and the "Grand-Duc Héritier." Then we went on into the drawing-room, where we found a brilliant array of uniforms, and ladies in black and diamonds. There were eighty-two people for dinner.

I was introduced to several more people, and met a great many that I had known before, and then the Emperor was announced. He came and spoke to me, I was the first of the ladies, and then I was presented to the Cesarevitch, and in a few minutes we started for the dining-room, the Emperor taking in the Cesarevna, I following with the Cesarevitch, and D. with the Grande Maîtresse. The Empress did not appear. All the members of our Embassy were there, and General Chanzy and all his staff. D. sat on the other side of the Cesarevna. She is so like the Princess of Wales, and has all her charm.

The Emperor is very nice. He talked to me a great deal, and is so perfectly simple in his manner that he does not alarm one. I always imagined the Russian Court to be so stiff, but there appear to me to be fewer formalities than at our own. The dinner

lasted only an hour and five minutes. I got very little to eat, for in the first place I don't yet understand what is coming, and, in the second, when you are sitting by an Emperor, and he is talking to you, you don't like to turn and help yourself to a great dish which is being handed to you, for at these real dinners *à la Russe*, the joint is carried round and you help yourself; but that takes longer than simply nodding to a servant to put the plate down. I made a great mistake, however, in saying "No" to a big fish. It is called a "sterlet," is very like an eel, and is very good and I like it, but for above reasons I refused it, and both the Emperor and the Grand Duke remarked that I did. It is essentially Russian, and of course I felt that I ought to have taken some, and could give no available reason for not having done so! Then we all went arm-in-arm back to the drawing-room, and the Cesarevna came and spoke to me, and I was presented to the Grand Dukes Paul and Serge, and the Emperor talked to D., General Chanzy, and a few other people, and then went away, and we were home about eight.

April 2nd.—We went to our first "Drum." It was at Madame Delanoff's, a lady who is particularly friendly to strangers and diplomats here. As we could not go to her till after eleven o'clock, we paid an evening visit to Princess Paskevitch first. She is always "at home" after dinner. Prince Paskevitch is a great collector of arms, china, etc., and we found them in a lovely room, a long gallery, the walls covered with swords and daggers, bucklers, old harness, and other beautiful things, precious cabinets, one or two good pictures, and a vase for which he has been offered fabulous sums. It is a shell supported by figures beautifully moulded in silver. One other gentleman came in, and then we went off to our party.

We had a visit from the Chinese Ambassador. He came in a beautiful yellow jacket, and was accompanied by two interpreters and a secretary. We gave them tea, but they accepted our suggestion that they should not drink it if they did not like it, and after a spoonful or two they seemed glad to put it down.

At half-past six we dined with M. and Madame Due—there were only a few people, but a very good dinner, as our hosts pay great attention to the subject, and understand "forming" a cook. D. had to go and see Gortschakoff directly after, and I was brought home by one of the guests.

Monday, 7th.—In the morning I had a visit from Countess Adleberg, a Minister's wife, and I found out that, after all my struggles to follow the strictest etiquette, I ought to call upon the Ministers' wives first. I have asked the question over and over again, as I thought it so odd they had not called on me, though very civil when they met me. It now appears that, after discussion, they decided that, as I had not had the "official reception," I should call first on them, but, as they sent me no notification of the fact, it was impossible for me to know it.

Wednesday, 9th.—D. was very busy all day, and only had a bit of a walk with me on the boards in the garden. We were just about to meet the Emperor again, but I saw him coming, and turned quickly round.

I afterwards saw him leave the gardens. A few boys in uniform, who happened to be there, drew up at the gate, and, as he passed, he spoke to the first one, then he got into a very plain, I may say, shabby victoria, driven by one of the common and badly dressed coachmen, and drove off, with no footman or other attendant. There was a police officer outside the gate while the Emperor was in

the garden, but when he left, the officer drove off in his "buggy." The dress of the coachmen at this time of the year is a dark-blue cloth gown lined with fur, and with a little silk band round the waist, and a hat! Oh, such a hat! It is a short tall-hat, bent up and twisted and curled like a caricature of a Frenchman's chimney-pot. My Jehu wears gold stripes on his broad back, which show that mine is a diplomatic carriage, and the chasseur's plumes show that it is an Ambassador's carriage; but one can't be puffed up with pride with such a back, and such a costume to look at, so very ugly and tawdry.

Thursday, 10th.—As this was "my day," I did not go out. General G. brought his daughter to see me. He began by reproaching me with not having been to church the last three days. Did I not belong to the Church? Why had I not been? He goes every day in Passion Week, but not at any other time of the year. The rest of the year he has not time, and so he looks in at the services of the "Orthodox Church" (Greek) in the chapel in his own house. This he told me with perfect good faith. Church twice a day (with supper after the second service) during Passion Week, and a very modified attendance to religious services at other times. This General is descended from a Scotch family, and imagines himself to belong to our Church.

Good Friday, 11th.—Our clergyman seems to have other members of his congregation who devote themselves to church this one week only, for he warned them against this system in his sermon to-day. He told me General G. comes to church three times, twice in undress uniform to signify that he is "in training," the third time in full dress to take the Communion, and there it ends, so far as our Church is concerned, till next year. In the afternoon D.

and I went into the Kaizan Church, a Greek Cathedral. There are no seats in any of the Orthodox Churches, and there are always great pillars, so that the church looks more like a big hall than a church. The people prostrate themselves in front of the pictures, with their foreheads touching the ground, and then kiss the frame. There is a miraculous Virgin in this church, covered with precious stones, and a stream of people passes before her, kissing her; they also buy little candles at the door and stick them into stands prepared for the purpose in front of the image they wish to honour. On this day there was a coffin lying in state, which is, I believe, carried in during the night, and there were crowds of people round, kissing particular parts of it. In several parts of the church screens were put up, and worshippers with unlighted candles in their hands were passing in behind these. There are fifty-six pillars in this church, all monoliths of Finland granite, and the keys of many fortresses, and flags taken in war, are hanging up round the walls.

Saturday, April 12th.—Mr. Grosvenor, a son of Lord Ebury's, who has made a journey right through China, arrived here as Secretary of Embassy. He breakfasted with us, as well as Mr. Condie Stephen, and in the evening we had the whole of our Embassy to dinner. At eleven we went to St. Isaac's Church, to see Easter begin. A space within the altar rails was kept for the Diplomatic corps, and we had seats. The congregation stood. When we arrived the building was very dimly lighted. It was quite crowded, and nothing happened till about ten minutes to twelve, when a little movement began amongst the priests. Three stood on a platform in the middle of the church, and there was some chanting. Then the great doors of the Holy Place were opened behind the altar, and some more splendid

priests came out, and began to search for the Body of our Lord. Finally they retired behind the doors till twelve, when the church was lighted up—every individual in the crowd had a taper, which he lighted, so that the effect of these stars all over the building was very pretty. The chandeliers were lighted in a clever way: a cotton thread is tied round the wicks of all the candles, and a long end hangs down, that is lighted, and the fire flies up to the candles, and burns its way along the thread, lighting the wicks as it passes along.

These do not, however, light the building brilliantly enough; it would be magnificent if lighted by gas. The announcement that "Christ has risen" had not as great an effect as I expected. Their joyful music is not very different from their doleful; it is monotonous, and there is no organ to sustain the voices. One priest after another walks round to all the great pictures and bows to them, and swings incense over them and over the congregation, and one wonders how the older men can stand so many hours of bowing and chanting after their Lenten fasts. The priest kissed several soldiers and all the choir, three kisses each, and then he began to read out of a book; but we left, as the most interesting part of the ceremony was over. The congregation crossed themselves continually. They must have felt faint with standing. The priests look strange with their long hair. We only got home about two o'clock, and then 100 guns were fired in honour of the day.

Easter Sunday.—Church. I did nothing else, but D. had certain visits which have to be paid on this day, and he was out all the afternoon.

Monday, 14th.—The first thing I heard this morning was that when the Emperor was walking round the Palace, as he always does at nine o'clock, he was

shot at four times. The report comes through the servants, and they say that he is not touched, and that the men are taken. How fearful these attempts at assassination are!

. . . . . .

The report is too true, and every one is full of it. The man actually shot at the Emperor five times without even touching his clothes. He passed the Emperor and saluted him, and the Emperor says that he thought to himself, "How easily that man could kill me if he chose." Then he heard the shot; he went off the pavement and dodged as the shots were fired; some say a woman seized the man, and some say that a soldier hit him on the head. A policeman had his face grazed by one shot, and the Emperor was put into a *calèche* standing by, and was driven home. He suffers from asthma, and was very much out of breath at first. The news flew round the town, and all the Russians jumped into uniform, and rushed to the Palace, where there was immediately a thanksgiving service, and the Imperial Family saw every one afterwards. All the houses put out flags, and we had the Russian and English ones flying on ours.

In the afternoon I was out walking with D., and I looked round and saw the Emperor passing us in a carriage. He called out twice "Bon jour, Milord." He was going round the town to show himself; poor man! is it not horrible to be subject to such excitements? The assassin was very sick afterwards, and at first they thought he had taken poison; but now they think it was from the blow he received on his head. They say he expressed great regret at the failure of his plan. I saw the Schouvaloffs and M. de Giers, all very much upset about this.

Tuesday, 15th.—The assassin did take poison, but the antidotes were effective, and he is better. They

say he has been doctor and schoolmaster, and was educated at the expense of the Grand Duchess Hélène.

In the evening we went to our first smart party. It was a little concert, and what time do you suppose we got home? At ten minutes to three!

It was at Baron Steiglitz's house. It is the finest I have seen here; a marble staircase, and a drawing-room done with blue silk (which, by the way, killed my gown), and then a white concert room with flowers arranged in it. The music began about eleven, and there was a great fuss made over a pianist, who broke one wire in the piano, and ought to have broken them all, I should think. She was given three beautiful bouquets. I wanted to see the whole course of a party here, so I stayed on till the end, the *finale* being a sitting supper.

It would all have been very nice if the hours were reasonable. As my place in Petrograd is third after the Grand Duchesses, I am always in the front places. No. 1 is Madame de Langenau, the Austrian Ambassadress, who is *doyenne* of the Corps Diplomatique, having been here the longest. In this instance the front place meant a great deal too near the music. The German Ambassadress does not go out much.

Thursday, 17th.—D. assisted at my "At Home"; we had rather a pleasant afternoon, people coming in an agreeable way.

I think I told you that there was a question raised as to whether I should call upon the Ministers' wives first, or they on me. The minute I heard there was a doubt about it I determined to go to them, but this led both them and me into a difficulty. I was told that there was one I must not go to, as no one visits her, not even Russians, as she is not sufficiently noble by birth; but I replied that I had been presented to her at Court, and that if I was to make

the first visit I must certainly go and see her. I did, and she came yesterday, and received a most insolent bow from one of the guests, while a much nicer lady shook hands with her, which I was very glad of.

It appears I have got another undesirable acquaintance (this time morally unsuitable) and I am told that to her I must simply *jeter des cartes*.

Friday, 18*th*.—I had promised to sell at a bazaar given for the German poor, in the house of the German Ambassador. He and his wife are away, so Madame de Langenau took most of the trouble. I went there and found tables laid out in five or six rooms. My duties were at the tea-table, and, as the food and the flowers were presents, they made the most money, whereas everything else came from shops and only made a percentage.

Many people came with a certain sum, and spent it anyhow; for instance, Baron Steiglitz gave me 100 roubles (£10) for a sandwich. With little generosities of this kind we made 400 roubles (£40) in the afternoon. There was a band playing, and I found it rather amusing.

Saturday, 19*th*.—In the morning I saw a little about the furnishing of the Embassy, and later went again to the bazaar. My doubtful friend appeared on purpose to bring me two sovereigns for a cup of tea! Will it be possible to *jeter des cartes* after this? To-day we made 600 roubles. The weather was lovely, and every one says the Neva is going to break up.

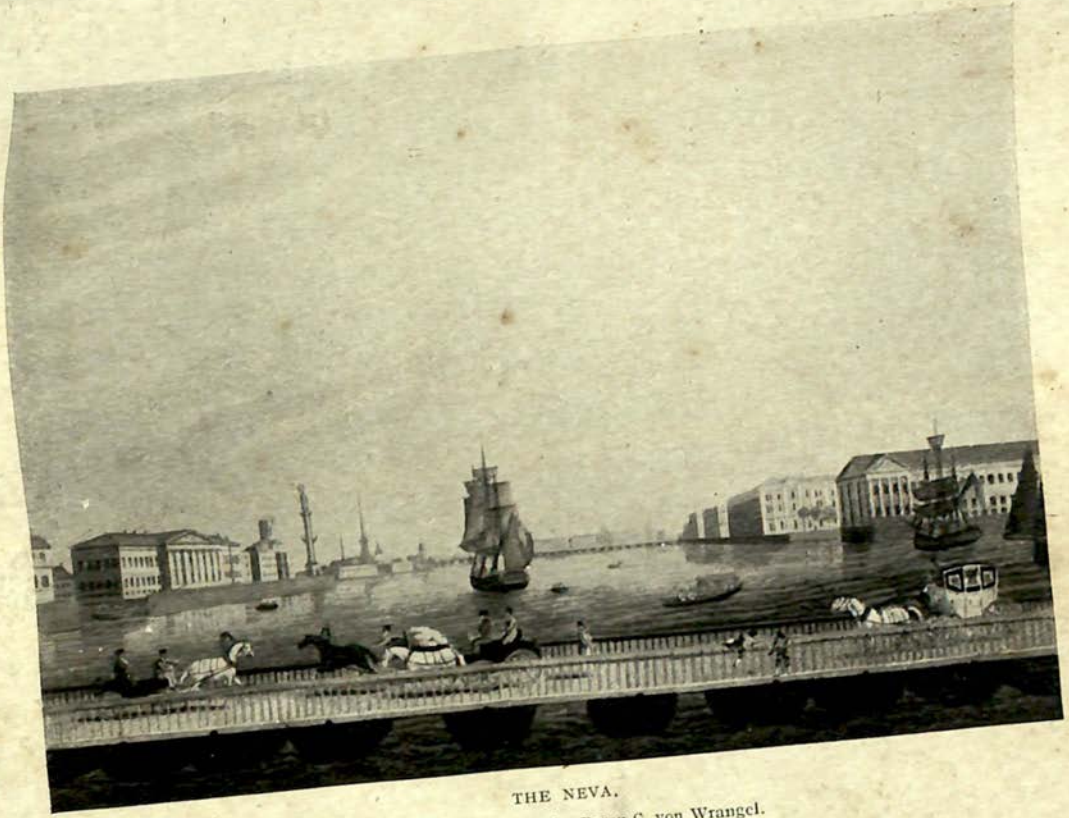
Sunday, 20*th*.—A new sensation! When I looked out of my window yesterday evening a sheet of flat, dirty-looking ice lay before me, this morning a splendid river flows by my windows with not a scrap of ice to be seen, a blue sky overhead, and a bright sun! It is perfectly wonderful the rapidity with

which this change takes place, and I am only sorry that the ice passed away in the night. There is generally a great ceremony about opening the Neva. The Governor goes forth in a state barge, surrounded by thousands of boats, and carries a letter to inform the Emperor of the good news; but for some reason or other, there was not much show to-day, only a great excitement, and crowds of people along the quays. I can't tell you how delightful this sudden promise of summer is. At church there was a thanksgiving for the safety of the Emperor.

Monday, 21st.—There is nothing that surprises me as much here as the education the Russians give their children. I was talking of it to a lady yesterday, and she said, "You know the one thing that I do insist upon with a governess is, that she shall teach nothing," because, she says, "I may have a very nice woman, and I may like her very much, but I may not like her teaching, and if once she has begun to give lessons I can't stop her." They have very expensive English governesses and tutors to live in the house to teach English, and then masters by the hour for every other subject. I know of a tutor who lives in the house for a boy of eleven, superintends his preparation for other masters, gets 3,000 roubles per annum, and has his journeys paid home for a holiday. One lady told me her son's education cost her 12,000 roubles a year, and we think Eton expensive with board, lodging, and clothes, for £300! The boys have no amusements; only a walk and a few gymnastics for exercise.

Tuesday, 22nd.—Spent some time with the architect, received a visitor, and went to pay a number of visits, finding several people in.

D. dined with the Prince d'Oldenburg, who, of course, made a speech about his hobby, universal peace.



THE NEVA.

From an old print lent by Baron C. von Wrangel.

There is a great deal going on in the way of anti-revolutionary measures here. Every householder has to put extra guards on to his house—to declare the names of occupants, etc. Every individual possessing arms has to declare them; and we spent the evening in a house the walls of which are decorated with ancient swords and guns, of which the owner had sent in a list that morning.

Thursday, 24th.—We are still talking here of the attempt on the Emperor's life, and of the arrests, and measures taken to discover the Nihilists. All along the streets you see a row of sleepy men crouching into their great sheepskin coats. These are the new watchmen set upon every house, and they have a most absurd effect.

An officer was tried and condemned to death this week. Among his comrades he was considered a very quiet, inoffensive man, but the moment he was taken he became most violent. He shot one man, tried to stab others, and was overcome with difficulty. At his trial he jumped a barricade, and, being taken again, he began to roar, so that he had to be removed to a dungeon. He has appealed against his sentence. Among his papers all sorts of directions for assassinations, etc., were discovered, and they say he was to have killed the Emperor.

I think I told you of a girl who walked into a party at Moscow and shot a man. They say that her victim had been designated to shoot the Emperor, but that he fled from Petrograd to avoid doing it, and that the girl was sent after him to punish him. These stories, and every one's opinion upon them, form our whole conversation here, occasionally lightened by a little local gossip.

Tuesday, 29th.—D. and I went to look at the Gymnastic Establishment. It is for active and passive exercise; they are greatly recommended by all

the doctors. It is a very curious place to see. The room looks more like a flax-mill than anything else, being full of machinery, a great deal of which is worked by steam. They undertake to exercise every muscle in your body in the easiest and least fatiguing way. In one chair you sit, and are given in two minutes the same amount of exercise that you would take in 200 steps and another gives you the same movements of muscles as you would have on horseback, etc. You put your foot or your hand into a machine, and find it suddenly being twisted and turned and moved in various directions by steam. Several little girls and some fat old ladies were there.

May 1st.—A very wintry first of May. The Neva again covered with ice, which is coming down from Lake Ladoga. In the morning the sun was shining pleasantly and D. and I went to the Hermitage. Outside there are eight gigantic figures in grey marble holding up the portico; they are very fine indeed, and on entering there is a grand staircase. The Hermitage contains an immense collection of pictures, but we had only just time to walk round, and we did not find our way to the lower floor where there are statues and Egyptian things.

Sunday, 4th.—I went with Madame Schouvaloff to the chapel in the Palace for the Greek Church service. The singing was lovely, the chapel very empty. The priests wore dark blue velvet much embroidered in silver. The Gospel and Epistle were read, the former by a priest, the latter by one of the choir. I remarked to Madame Schouvaloff that the Epistle was not read by the priest, and she implied a very decided "Of course not." I don't know why. I intended to make up for neglecting my own church by going there in the evening, but I walked and failed to find it. It is an ordinary door in a row, and I looked into several and asked several Russian

porters; but, as we could not understand each other, I did not succeed in my quest. After the morning service we walked through some interesting portrait galleries in the Palace; there is a great deal to see there, but we must go some day with plenty of time to spend over it.

Friday, May 9th.—I have to write rather in a hurry just before going to bed, and after a tiring day. I have been busy from the moment I got up. First of all I did a good deal of business about the house, as we leave for England to-morrow, and I, at any rate, do not return till the autumn.

In the midst of my arrangements one of the court officials came and asked me if I would like to see his wedding at two o'clock; so I went. The chapel was square, and on one side stood the husband's friends, on the other the bride's. The moment she reached the door a beautiful chant was sung. Then the couple stood together, and the priest gave them each a lighted candle to hold, which they retained throughout the service. It was long, and there was a great deal of reading, the remarkable parts of the ceremony being the following: A strip of satin is put down in front of the couple, on which they stand. They both put rings on their right hands, a glass of wine is given them, out of which they drink in turns three times, the priest holding it; the bridegroom's moustache being a great difficulty. Then crowns are held over their heads by the best men, whose office is no sinecure. They got very tired and had to take it in turns and change arms, etc. They also had to follow the couple and the priest three times round the church, still holding up the crowns. The service is very interesting to see, and the singing was very good. The bride was pretty, and, after shaking hands with her, I rushed away to finish off my adieux.

D. took me to see Prince Gortschakoff, who was very charming, and gave me his photograph.

In the evening Baron Jomini came and stayed a long time. He is very agreeable, and speaks beautiful French, a language he is said to know better than Russian.

Saturday, 10th.—We are off!! The Langenaus, General Chanzy, and suites came to say good-bye at the station.

[Lord Dufferin returned to Petrograd in June. The following are a few extracts from his letters to me during his absence.—H. D.]

July 10th, 1879.—It being a fine day, yesterday I determined to go off to Tsarskoe-Seloe and see the Schouvaloffs. They were very glad to see me, and ordered out their carriage and drove me through the park, or rather, round the succession of parks that surround the cluster of palaces inhabited by the several members of the Royal Family.

Tsarskoe seemed to me a dull place. The villas, and the grounds which surround them, being very large, give a gloomy and desolate appearance to the locality. The parks also, though nicely laid out and well kept, have the air of green dullness, such as Irish demesnes so often wear. There was a lake in the Emperor's park, on whose banks were congregated a collection of all the different kinds of boats that have been invented by the various nations and tribes of the universe.

July 17th.—To-day I have been on an expedition, not a very prosperous one, as the weather was miserable, cold, and wet.

Grosvenor and I, with a certain Baron Koehne of the Hermitage, went off to Peterhof to see palaces and the pictures inside them. We had agreed to go by sea, and to return by land. In about twenty minutes we were in comparatively open water, and

I should think there would be many an occasion on which the passengers would be very ill. Even as it was, with the wind off the land, it was rather jumpy. We saw Cronstadt on our starboard bow, and the masts of what, I suppose, were ships of war. After a *traversée* of about an hour and a quarter we arrived at our destination. The parks and garden which surround Peterhof and the neighbouring palaces are very pretty with avenues, fountains, statues, and other adornments. Peter the Great seems to have had a fancy for building to himself a little miniature palace on every spot that took his fancy. The first we visited was Mon Plaisir, which is kept pretty much as he left it. It is close to the shore, and is on the same plan as Sans Souci at Potsdam.

Then we visited a house which I believe is called the Farm. It is the private habitation of the Emperor when he goes to Peterhof, and both inside and outside has the appearance of a handsome Isle of Wight villa, with some modern French pictures, and a good many family photographs.

Then we went to the Cottage, another villa where the Cesarevitch has his abode. We finished off with the Palace of Peterhof. In this there were some magnificent rooms, a splendid dining-room, and ball-room; but the most curious thing was a hall, whose walls are covered as closely as they can be stuck together, as though upon a screen, with oil portraits of all the beauties whom the artist could lay his hands on. Not, indeed, that they are very pretty. They are in every attitude, and display every possible expression, some crying, some laughing, some sentimental, some coquettish. Each picture being only separated from its neighbour by a narrow wooden band, the effect was very unpleasing, like that of a nightmare. No repose, and no breadth of colour.

Attached to the Palace is a chapel, where they showed me the keys of Tashkend, a Central Asian city recently conquered by the Czar's troops. They must find the climate very different from what they are accustomed to, and, to show their spite, have already begun to rust.

I forgot to mention that in one of Peter the Great's little pleasure palaces there was a table which mounted by machinery from the kitchen below to the dining-room above. The plates, or rather, the centre of the table, performed this evolution. Each plate did the same, and its owner had in front of him a string, which pulled a bell, and, as each bell had a different note, the cook always knew which of the guests it was that wanted his plate changed.

Petrograd, July 18th.—This morning I went on an expedition with Count Lutka, his wife, and some other men to see the imperial yacht at Cronstadt. Fortunately it did not rain, though the sky was very much overcast. It took about an hour and a half to reach the quay at Cronstadt, which is a pretty big one at the head of the gulf. The wind being easterly off the land, we had a smooth passage, but it is sometimes so rough that the steamboats dare not put to sea. The yacht is a tidy enough vessel, not so fine as the *Osborne* as a ship, but very comfortably arranged, airy, sweet, and clean. We afterwards went on board a corvette which had just returned from Japan, the captain of which showed us the photographs of a number of Japanese ladies, which were rather interesting. Then we took a turn round the harbour in a steam launch, passing round a couple of turret-ships, and one or two torpedo-boats, and so back to dinner on board the royal yacht.

July 25th.—All the morning I sat with M. de Giers over a map, and the Asiatic boundary of

Turkey. Then I wrote some telegrams, and at five o'clock started off on a dinner expedition to Mr. Clark, who lives on the way to Peterhof. He is an old-established English merchant, he and his family having lived at Archangel for three generations. The rest of the company consisted of Schweinitz, the Danish Secretary, Grosvenor, and one or two sons of the house, and a pleasant Russian General. Schweinitz was rather interesting, telling us stories about old General Moltke and the Austro-Prussian War, in which he took part.

One day, at a Council of War, another General objected to a suggestion of Moltke's on the ground that it was dangerous, upon which Moltke said reflectively, " Yes, yes, war is a dangerous thing, a very dangerous thing."

July 28th.—Yesterday was a beautiful day, bright sun and nice fresh, dry wind. After breakfast, I sent for a horse and went out for a ride. They gave me a wretched, tumble-down creature, and I expected every moment he would be on his knees; but, with all that, I enjoyed the ride very much. The roads and lanes were crowded with people in holiday costume, and as most of them wore cotton prints, pink or white, every place looked gay. There are a great diversity of rides and park-like drives among the islands. Indeed, I lost myself going home, thanks to a policeman who would not understand my Russian.

In the afternoon there was a fête and fancy fair under the auspices of Countess Adlerberg, held in the Summer Gardens. I went there for an hour in the afternoon, and again for another hour after dinner. The place was crowded, and there were bands in every corner. A Punch and Judy Show, and I believe the gipsies, although I did not come across them. But what was rather interesting was

a lot of soldiers, who, standing round in a small circle, kept singing the whole time what I suppose were national airs. They were all in the minor key, and, consequently, pleased my unsophisticated ear. Towards the end of the singing one of them got a tambourine and began beating on it, whilst another danced. I have a good deal of business on hand for to-day.

August 8th.—In the afternoon I went off to the Grand Duchess Catherine at Oranienbaum. On arriving at the station one of her gentlemen came to meet me, and asked whether I had brought a servant with me. This caused me rather a shock, as I had come in a frock-coat, and it looked as if they had expected me to dress. However, I told him "No," and that I hoped my not having on a wedding garment would be excused. We then drove up to the Palace, and they turned me into a little suite of rooms where, for want of something better to do, I washed my hands, then the carriage came round again to the door, and I was driven off to a smaller palace, which is the residence of the Grand Duchess. This is really a very pretty place, the prettiest of all the palaces I have seen, and used to be inhabited by Catherine before she became Empress. All the decorations are in the rococo style, and in good preservation.

After dinner we went into the garden, where there was a lawn-tennis court; none of them could play, but I taught them as well as I could, and showed them how to strike the ball. We then drove in carriages round the park, and eventually adjourned to the terrace of the big palace, where we had tea, and after tea we played at intellectual games.

August 12th, 1879.—I was sorry I could only manage one little line to you yesterday. I hope you will not be disappointed; the reason was that

I was all day on horseback, engaged in military pursuits.

Sunday afternoon, I went to Tsarskoe and dined with the Schouvaloffs, and late in the evening I drove to Krasnoe like a Roman Emperor, sitting in a car with four horses harnessed abreast. I arrived about eleven, and found a charming bedroom and ante-room, and a quantity of servants awaiting to receive me, including Nowell, whom I had sent on straight from Petrograd by an earlier train. The house is a handsome villa which has been built expressly for the reception of Ambassadors on these occasions, and all my colleagues are as well accommodated as myself. I immediately went to bed, and slept till eight.

Next morning Nowell came with a little *déjeuner* of tea and rusks. At nine I was dressed, and found a carriage waiting to take me to the place where our chargers had been sent on to, a couple of miles off. On arriving at the spot I found a brilliant staff of about a couple of hundred officers in every variety of uniform, as well as the representatives of two or three other European Armies, who had been sent by their respective Governments to assist at the Russian manœuvres. In about half an hour we saw the Emperor's *calèche* approaching in the distance, upon which we formed two lines, the foreign contingent on the one side and the staff on the other. As soon as the Emperor had mounted we followed in his wake, until we reached a great plain of undulating turf, five or six miles long and as many broad. The morning was devoted to the inspection of the cavalry, of which there were about five or six thousand under arms. I will not describe their evolutions; it is sufficient to say, nothing could be more beautiful than the way in which they alternately massed themselves into columns, spread out into line, changed their

front, and charged their imaginary foes; but there was one thing very remarkable—each regiment was mounted upon horses of a uniform colour and shade, black, bay, and grey. This gave an additional glory to their appearance. In the centre of the plain is a small truncated portion of earth, on whose top the Emperor eventually took up a position. They had given me a very quiet horse, with a good mouth and easy paces, so that I had no bother no matter what noise or disturbance was taking place around me, and, as I had already known a great number of the officers, there was always somebody near at hand for me to talk to. When the whole thing was over the Emperor rode up to each regiment in turn, and expressed his approval, upon which the entire regiment sang out in reply, "We thank you very much, we hope to do better next time." This sentence is taught them, and these interchanges of compliments were repeated several times during the day's proceedings.

About twelve the show was concluded, and we got into our carriage and drove back to Krasnoe. Next to our villa, there is a large hall where we all lunched. Prince Galitzin was the one who did the honours. After lunch every one retired to their respective quarters, the Russian officers to sleep; but I had my mail to attend to, which kept me so busy that half-past three o'clock, the hour named for our getting on horseback, again overtook me before I had time to write to you.

We again got into our carriages and drove to the same place, but this time it was to witness some artillery and rifle-target practice. Naturally this performance was less lively than what we had already seen, nor from a professional point of view was it so satisfactory, as the shooting was certainly bad.

We got home just in time to wash our hands before dining with the Emperor. Indeed, I was a little late, and everybody had already sat down before I reached his house, but it did not matter, as the etiquette is not strict on these occasions. In the evening I went to the theatre, and for the first time witnessed a Russian play; it was a farce, and the story was easy enough to understand, the acting being decidedly good. After the farce there was a very pretty ballet, the result being that we did not get to bed before half-past twelve.

This morning I was called at six and dressed by seven, rattling off, as before, in a carriage to the rendezvous, for the horses. The programme of the day was even more splendid than yesterday's performance.

The entire force, horse, foot, and artillery, was arranged in two divisions with a view of attacking an imaginary enemy. Our line of battle must have been seven or eight miles wide. At first the right wing advanced its artillery to some convenient heights, and, after blazing away for half an hour, we hurled our cavalry at the foe; but the attack was repulsed, and both guns and dragoons had to retire. Soon after, however, the left wing commenced its advance. Nothing could have been prettier than to see the several batteries discover themselves among the woods in the far distance, by their unexpected puffs of white smoke. Indeed, the way in which the whole field of vision became imperceptibly peopled with battalions was extraordinary. Catching first a head here and then another there, in the short brushwood before us you gradually perceived, as the eye wandered on, that the place was alive with scattered pelotons of tirailleurs, then whole regiments advancing in loose formation, wave upon wave, round two-thirds of the vast arena, while the

distant horizon became fringed with thunder, smoke, and fire.

At the commencement we took up a position in an old redoubt where the enemy was supposed to be making a stand, and from this point of vantage we watched our foes gathering round us nearer and nearer, until, with a wild rush, thousands of men shouting at the top of their voices, cleaving the open space which lay between the cover and the bastion, before we knew what had happened, were in amongst us. It was very beautiful, but this was a mere outwork that was captured. We then retired with the Emperor, and all his staff, to the same mound he had occupied the day before. This time he asked us to come up and stand beside him, and then if possible the spectacle became even more striking. The artillery from all sides approached nearer and nearer, the two corps of infantry, into which the army had originally been divided, drove down upon us in a joint attack, and at last, dashing through the intervals of the regiments, the light brigade on one side, the heavy dragoons on the other side, the entire cavalry charged simultaneously upon the flying foe. This last performance was really splendid. There must have been from six to seven thousand horsemen engaged in the operation, and the rapid movement of such warriors, their breast-plates and helmets glittering in the sun, with the shouts of their commanders, produced an effect which it is impossible to describe.

This concluded the day's doings. We descended from our eminence, mounted our horses, and followed the Emperor, while he expressed his approval, in the same manner as I have already described, to his various battalions, and then drove back to lunch in the same way as the day before.

August 14th.—I wrote you a very shabby letter

this morning, but when I tell you what I did yesterday, you will better understand the reason.

All the morning I was engaged in knocking off the arrears of business which had accumulated while I was away campaigning, and it was not until five o'clock that I was able to start by the train to Krasnoe, where I was invited by the Emperor to attend the Military Steeplechase. When I reached the spot I found a concourse of people, which really reminded me of Ascot, and I very much regretted I had not got away earlier. There was a row of very handsome and convenient stands filled with people, and the scene looked very gay and lively; all the officers, being in uniform, contributed a good deal more colour to the picture than we can boast of on a similar occasion in England. As soon as the Emperor caught sight of me in the crowd, he sent an aide-de-camp down to ask me to go up into his own box. I do not know, however, but that I should have seen more if I had been elsewhere, as one was scarcely at liberty to put oneself in the best place. There were only one or two falls, but, just as the horses passed the Emperor's stand, two of them swerved, and their riders were pulled off their backs by ropes which lined that part of the course. However, nobody was a bit the worse.

This finished the affair, and I then went off to dine in the great hall, where I had already dined the two previous days with the officers of the Emperor's staff.

After dinner we went to the theatre, where we had rather an amusing play, which I was able, with some little assistance from my neighbours, to follow pretty closely, and there was an excellent ballet. The performance was not over till past twelve, and when we got to the station we had to wait for another hour until the ballet-dancers and actresses

had changed their things and got some supper. It was amusing to see them all arrive accompanied by devoted friends in uniforms, carrying the enormous bouquets with which they had been presented on the stage.

To-day I have been very busy getting off my courier, and sweeping up all my outstanding correspondence. To-morrow I am invited again to go to the wars. What are called the great manœuvres are now about to begin. They are to consist of the siege of Tsarskoe by one force, and its defence by another. The Neva is to be crossed, and I daresay there will be a good deal that is interesting.

August 15th.—I have just returned from a day's shooting with M. Paulotsoff who called for me at eight in the morning, and drove me out to a little villa just beyond the island. We then each got into a cart, he going one way and I another. After rather a bumpy drive of half an hour, I found myself in a kind of prairie district, great breadths of which were covered with a stunted vegetation of birch, alder, etc. I had a couple of pointers with me, and after a good deal of tramping, I killed four woodcock and three white partridges. All this was done on a cup of chocolate. After an hour's rest I again resumed my labours, but got very little shooting during the rest of the day. I have just returned to the Embassy, very glad to find myself in a comfortable arm-chair.

August 16th.—I dined last night by myself, and at nine o'clock started for Tsarskoe, finding, of course, in the train all my brother warriors. Instead, however, of going straight to the palace, on my arrival I paid a visit to the Schouvaloffs, and, as a consequence, had some difficulty in discovering my rooms, my modesty having prevented my asking at the main building, if I lived there. This, however, I

found to be the case, and was soon very comfortably installed in a handsome apartment on the ground floor. They offered me tea, which I declined, as I was very tired and wanted to get as much sleep as possible, inasmuch as I was told we were to be in the saddle at four o'clock the next morning. It turned out not so bad as this, our start not taking place till six. We had an hour's ride to the place where our horses had been sent to. The operations are supposed to consist of a hostile army attacking Krasnoe, the place where the recent reviews were held; but as a preliminary proceeding, it must make itself master of Tsarskoe. The first thing the attacking force had to do was to cross the river, and this was the only thing at all striking in the morning's spectacle. This part of the business was, however, really very pretty. The river, making a bend and having a high bank on one side, gave a picturesque character to the scene, and we had an excellent view of the crowds of men first putting the pontoons together, and then rowing them across full of soldiery, while a battery of artillery protected the proceedings. The force on our side was compelled to retire in the face of superior numbers, and we had rather a long, tiresome ride homewards, and then another spurt which concluded the performance for the day. It is now half-past one o'clock, but something has gone wrong with the breakfast arrangements, as we are to be provided with food in our apartments. As yet there is no appearance of anything of the kind.

August 17th.—After closing my letter of yesterday, I took a stroll through the palace, which has got no pictures or ornaments of any sort, but is remarkable, as most Russian palaces are, for a succession of magnificently large rooms. The rest of the afternoon I spent in reading and writing. There does

not seem to be any change of the Emperor's plans in contemplation, in which case I shall start, I suppose, on the 28th; but I may perhaps stay another day in Berlin to see the Princess of Prussia, as she sent me a message to let her know when I pass through.

August 20th.—I have just returned to Petrograd with all my laurels. I must begin with Monday. It was the first day consecrated to the fête, that is to say, to the first regiment of Foot Guards. We all assembled on foot in the courtyard of the palace at twelve o'clock. It was a beautiful day, and the whole place was flooded with light. In the midst of the Grande Place an altar had been erected, round which were assembled three priests, and a couple of dozen acolytes with four standards of the regiment being planted before it. A solemn Mass was then chanted, which had a very fine effect, the priests blessed the colours and sprinkled them with holy water, and then came the review. This being concluded, we adjourned to a great field where tents had been erected, and rank and file, as well as all the staff, were given a breakfast by the officers. The entertainment concluded with a few toasts, after which we separated.

The rest of the afternoon I spent in visiting the Schouvaloffs and one or two other people, and at six the Emperor entertained the officers of the regiment, whose fête we had celebrated at a banquet in the great hall of the palace.

On Tuesday the battle, which had lain dormant since Saturday, was recommenced. We got up at seven, and drove, as usual, half a dozen miles to where our horses were awaiting us. The military incidents of the day were not very striking, but, the weather being lovely, the early outing was very enjoyable. At twelve the fighting ceased, and we sat down to an

al fresco breakfast in the shadow of a wayside schoolhouse. The Emperor entertained us at his table.

On Monday evening, after the banquet, we went to the play. The theatre is a lovely little one, done up in the Chinese fashion by Catherine, and is in the same state as she left it. The first piece was rather stupid, but there was a pretty ballet. During the *entr'acte* we were sent for to the salon off the Emperor's state box. The Ambassadors were told to sit at the Emperor's own table, where there were one or two ladies.

This morning we were up again pretty early, and had a very interesting day; but I will not bore you further with military gossip. We again lunched at the Emperor's. During the morning he had asked me very civilly about you, and again later he took me aside and talked to me a little about the political situation, being very kind and conciliatory in his language both as regards the Queen, the country, and myself personally. Most of my fellow warriors returned to town by the 2 o'clock train, but I remained behind to pay a long visit to Madame Schouvaloff, whom I found alone. I have enjoyed my outing extremely. I have made a number of pleasant acquaintances and increased my intimacy with a good many of the diplomats. The fresh air and exercise have done me good, but I feel rather in want of a good night's sleep.

[*August 24th.*—The Ambassador returned to England on leave.—H. D.]

MY RETURN TO PETROGRAD

November, 20th.—Nelly and I had to leave Paris early this morning. We had a very comfortable *coupé* to Cologne, and there we met Mrs. Hall[1] and the four

[1] Children's nurse.

children in charge of one of Cook's couriers. We had time to dine, and then we settled into two little cabins in the train, containing four berths each. The line was rather rough, and we were a good deal shaken. We reached Berlin early in the morning and drove to the Kaiserhof, where we all had baths and breakfast.

Friday, 21st.—I then took the children out in an open carriage for a couple of hours and showed them the town. I had visits from Lady Odo Russell and Madame de Schweinitz, and dined at the Embassy; Lord and Lady Odo were quite alone and I was in my travelling dress. I returned to the hotel at nine, and we all got ready for a fresh start. The train left at 11.15 p.m., and we packed into our little berths and had a very good night.

Saturday, 22nd.—The children were as good as gold all day, not the least bit troublesome or irritable. They enjoyed the picnic in the train, and all the little incidents of the journey, and thought the time went quickly. At 4.30 we reached the Russian frontier, and changed carriages. We were treated with the utmost civility by the tall Russian who keeps the line, and the change of scene, the tea and rest were very pleasant. We were now shown into certain "blue carriages" which are wonders of comfort—no jar and no noise.

Sunday, 23rd.—We found it rather difficult to feed so many mouths to-day. The breakfast was brought into the car—bread, and hot tea in glasses, which we were told we must drink in five minutes. Then we only had fifteen minutes for dinner, and the little ones did not get through much in that time, and we had to finish up in the car with cake and chocolate. At 6 p.m. we arrived at Petrograd, well, and in the best of spirits. All the Embassy met us, and we drove home, the children much interested in the

coachman's dress, and in every other novelty. Victoria expressed her contentment at being in a town and not at Clandeboye,—"where there is nothing to see but trees." The children's rooms have all been cleaned and painted, and are extremely comfortable and nice.

Wednesday 26th, Thursday 27th, Friday 28th.—I have spent every morning in arranging furniture and in unpacking. There seem such endless things to settle. I have also received some visits and have paid some. I have been twice to the Schouvaloffs, and they have been here: she, to pull about my chairs and tables, and he to choose the furs for the sleigh. While she was here one day, a dancing-mistress arrived, who is to give the children lessons, but I found she only knew Russian, and a few French words, such as *chassez, balancez,* etc. She did not appear to think this an insuperable objection, and I got Madame Schouvaloff to interpret for me. To-day the lesson was given, and I am told it was excellent, though of course the language is a difficulty.

I have had visits from the Langenaus, who are leaving Russia, much to their regret, and from Madame Chanzy, the new French Ambassadress. Yesterday, when I went to call on the F.'s, they were alone, and immediately began to tell me how Madame Chanzy had not called upon them. They seemed to hope that I would speak to her, but I believe they are in the wrong, so I shall keep out of the discussion. They paid me heaps of compliments, but at the same time told me they did not care a fig for an Ambassadress unless they liked her personally, which is horrible treason, of course.

Thursday evening I had my Embassy to dinner. We tried the cook and the dining-room, and things went off pretty well. After dinner we were principally engaged in arranging the furniture, a most

absorbing subject. I am keeping all descriptions till things are really settled.

December 7th.—We went to church, and afterwards as it was such a lovely day I determined to take the children a troika drive. We hired one, and set off, the five chicks, Mrs. Hall, and myself, and a Russian coachman with whom we could not converse; but when I made him a sign to go faster he gave a shout and set off at such a pace that the family screamed with delight. Basil looked startled for a moment, and then said, "I thought the wolves were after us." We all came home with white hair and eyelashes. The frost was very severe.

Monday, 8th.—As usual—visits. I went to see Madame Pahlen, and lent her nice daughter a book. On my way home I saw Madame Schouvaloff, and told her we had received a telegram to say D. would start on Thursday. We are all jubilant!

I attended a dancing-lesson and took Victoria. Hermie did well, but Basil did not distinguish himself. The funny little Russian mistress, not being able to speak French, shouts out "Basil," and alarms and confuses him. She accompanies her shout by imitating him. She likes Victoria, and kisses her even when she does badly.

Tuesday, 9th.—I went first to Madame F., who amongst other things said, "We count upon you, Lady Dufferin, to amuse us this winter." Then to an American lady, who amused me, first, by saying that she was so lonely here that she "cultivated" our Embassy as a sort of forlorn hope, and then, when I said that I did not sleep quite so well here as usual, by asking me if I ever took a "soak" (bath), and by recommending me to eat an orange in the night.

I had a great "lark" in the evening, which I must describe to you. I was invited by the Plunketts to

join a troika party, and happily the weather was perfect. It was scarcely freezing, and very fine. You understand by this time that a troika is a large sleigh drawn by three horses abreast, the two outside ones cantering, while the horse in the shafts trots. (Don't let me have to repeat this.) We set off, in two troikas, Mr. Plunkett and I, Lord Frederick Hamilton and a Danish secretary in one, and Mrs. Plunkett, Lord William, Mr. Kennedy, and "M. le Jonkheer van der Staal de Hiershil," Dutch ditto, in the other. We had a delightful drive, and in about an hour and a half arrived at a sort of restaurant where we were shown into a magnificent ball-room with a splendid floor, and most lively dance music played on the piano by a man. Of course we had a few good dances, "to warm ourselves," and then we went into a dining-room, and were provided with a first-rate dinner, opened by an excellent Zakouska caviare, oysters, etc., etc. After this, as the music still went on, we danced again, and, as we were two ladies and six gentlemen, we ladies had the hardest work. Some other couples were there, but they seemed to think it more amusing to look at us. At half-past ten we started home, and had a lovely drive back. Between the dance and the start Lord Frederick sat at the piano imitating an opera, amusing us very much.

Wednesday, 10th.—I went out in my sleigh. It is not nearly so comfortable or so large as the Canadian ones. The coachman sits on a sort of bar covered over with the end of my fur rug, it being black bear inside and out, no cloth about it. The Chasseur, in cocked hat, sword and belt, stands behind.

The whole family was dressed in its best, and we were all ready to meet D. when he arrived. He spent the night at Bismarck's "ramshackle" abode, and had two hours' long talk with him upon European

politics, which was very interesting and amusing. D. slept next night at Dantzig and the third in the train. I am happy to say that he is delighted with the house. We had the Plunketts, Lord William Compton, and Mr. Kennedy to dinner, and had singing and talking.

Thursday, 18th.—Such a lovely day, just freezing. I had to be "at home" in the afternoon, and had twenty-nine visitors; but, as I always see people if they come at five, I do not have so many on the "day," which is a great comfort. D. had to go and see Prince Gortschakoff after dinner.

Saturday, 20th.—We had a visit from Prince Gortschakoff. The old gentleman arrived in evening dress, brass buttons, and a magnificent diamond order. He was full of compliments, as usual, telling D. that if he would take his place he would give up his portfolio at once; calling Nelly, who was introduced to him, my eldest sister, etc.; and asking me to keep his visit secret, as he did not go anywhere else.

In the afternoon D. and I went to the Usopoff gardens to skate. It was only just freezing, and was very pleasant. I soon recovered my skating powers, and enjoyed a couple of hours' exercise very much. There were very few people at that hour, and they were English.

Monday 22nd.—We are very busy now making out lists of dinners, and preparing for the official reception. We are going to invite a party of English to dine on our New Year's Eve, and the big reception is to be the night before.

We dined with the Schouvaloffs to meet M. Labanoff, the new Ambassador to England: as it happened he was unable to come to dinner as he had to go to the palace, but he came in the evening. We were only five for an excellent dinner.

Tuesday, 23rd.—Hanging pictures all the morning.

In the afternoon I took the children to Madame Schouvaloff, who had a party for them. The principal game consisted in throwing 100 india-rubber balls at each other, and I introduced "Mulberry Bush" to the Russian world. They had a cup of chocolate and a biscuit each, and came home at four.

Wednesday, 24th.—I went out for a walk with the children. We lost our way, and had to take two little sleighs. I did not know my address in Russian, so I said "Kaisan" to the driver, and he took me to that church; once I got there I was able to point out the direction in which we wished to go, and so we got home.

Thursday, 25th.—(Not Christmas Day.) No, this was not our Christmas. It was the most awful day, rain and wind, and I did not go out at all. From two till six I had visitors, and then a dinner at seven. First came the old peace-loving Prince d'Oldenburg, and then all through the afternoon one person after another, sometimes the room being quite full.

Saturday, 27th.—D. and I went to a dancing-party. In our ignorance we arrived there at 10.30, and, finding the preparations going on, and the lamps unlighted, we almost went home again. The extreme discomfort of this step overcame my shyness, so I went up, and we had three quarters of an hour at least *tête-à-tête* with our hostess. This was, I may say, my first dance here, and I was interested in the arrangements and in looking at the people. I waited on and on to see the Mazurka, and after all only just saw it begun. In the refreshment-room I found tea and biscuits, and when two o'clock arrived I began to think there was to be no supper. I found, however, that there is a sitting-down meal at four in the morning!! This is an odd arrangement for people who dine at six. Of course I went supperless to bed.

Monday, 29th.—The day promised badly; it looked cold and windy, and, as we had a troika party on foot, I was rather unhappy about it. However, I may tell you at once that nothing could have been more charming than the weather. We assembled here at six o'clock, a party of twelve. The Italian Ambassador has a private troika which he lent me, and we had two others, and we drove along very merrily to Oserki, where after the usual warming-up dance we had a magnificent Zakouska, and a grand dinner. Then we danced polkas, waltzes, quadrilles, and Sir Roger, had tea, and played "innocent" games, winding up with "Russian scandal." Every one was very lively and merry, and they were delighted with the party; they are very seldom so gay here. When we got back to Petrograd we dropped our guests at their various houses, and were in bed about 1·30. Fred says these parties sound to him like a cross between a "surprise party" and a happy day at Rosherville.

Tuesday, 30th.—Now I have to tell you of a very different affair—our official reception!

We were busy all day, furbishing up everything, and putting finishing touches everywhere.

I have not time to describe the house to-day, but it really looked lovely at night, and was much admired.

We were dressed by six, and at that time came four court officials, two for me, two for D., and they explained to us what we had to do and where to stand.

The scene of our performance was the large, empty (unfurnished) drawing-room. It has two big doors opposite each other; the people were to come up the stairs, pass through two bright and well-lighted ante-rooms, through my drawing-room, by one door, and into the ball-room by the other. D. was placed by the first door with his two guides, and I was

opposite him on the other side of the door with my two gentlemen in splendid uniforms.

When the people came in the gentlemen stopped and were presented to D., and then came on to me, whereas the ladies came straight to me and had nothing to say to the Ambassador.

The ball-room soon became a gay scene, all the gentlemen being smothered in golden uniforms, and through it people could pass into the dining-room, where a very substantial refreshment was provided them. They seemed pleased, said that they enjoyed it, and, instead of going straight away, they remained till twelve, and made quite a pleasant party of it.

On the stairs were twelve footmen wearing our liveries—at the top the two chasseurs in a costume too gorgeous for description, any amount of gold, breeches and boots, sword, etc. In the dining-room about twenty butlers who volunteered their services. I wore white brocaded satin, and my tiara, D. his Lord-Lieutenant's uniform.

CHAPTER II

THE WINTER AT PETROGRAD

Wednesday, January 1st, 1880.—I wish you all a very happy New Year! Ours is a sort of muddle between an old and a new year, as to the foreigners it is New Year's Day, to the Russians it is not. We had a small dinner of ten, the Laws, Beauclerks, and Embassy. We played whist till eleven, and then we went to a party at Madame Santos, where at twelve we all shook hands with each other. There was dancing going on.

Thursday, 2nd.—Basil and Freddy and I took a drive in the sleigh to "La Pointe," which is a place from which you see the Gulf of Finland, and in summer all the world drives there to look at the sunset. All the afternoon I had visitors. I am in despair about my own "morning calls"; I have at least 600 to pay, and I feel bewildered.

We dined with the Grand Duke Vladimir. The Grand Duchess is very pretty and nice. We were a party of twelve; D. and I went in with our host and hostess. The table was very plain, three candelabra, three dishes of fruit, straight down the middle, that was all. After dinner smoking and talking till about nine, when the Grand Duchess got up, and we left.

Friday, 3rd.—I went out shopping with Madame Schouvaloff. As Christmas is next Tuesday the shops were very full, and it was very tiring dragging oneself about in an enormous velvet and fur cloak.

We bought things to put on a Christmas-tree, and when we came home at five I had to rush off to pay my devoirs to Madame de Langenau, and then to scurry back to dress for dinner at the German Embassy.

The Langenaus were there, Madame in a magnificent pink gown, which every one admired. I wore black velvet. Generally people go away after they have been fed, but a few of us stayed on, and adjourned to M. de Schweinitz's study, a very nice room, where we talked till midnight.

January 4th.—More shopping, and in the afternoon, as it was too mild for skating, I sent the children out in a troika to see the Christmas preparations in the streets, and to do their own shopping. Every man, woman, and child has a Christmas-tree here, so the streets are lined with them, all ready decorated, the poorest ones only with paper rosettes, and all the shop windows were gay with golden and glittering trifles.

We had a banquet with some very rich people. They have a very fine house, had lots of flowers on the table from their own conservatory, chickens from one end of France, truffles from another, and all that sort of thing.

Wednesday, 8th.—I began my official round of visits, starting with an enormous bundle of cards, a long list, and a pencil, and I got through about twenty. Happily between three and four every one was out, but after that I began to find them in, and I did not get on so fast.

In the evening we had our first big dinner. There were twenty-six people, and though all the servants are so new, it went off very well, and the cook is approved of, which is a great comfort. The gentlemen come out of the dining-room with the ladies, and then retire to the smoking-room. They stay a very

short time (till 9.30), so there is not much of an evening. D. and I went to a dance, and were not home till 5.30; but we sat up "on business" to see how the thing was done. A great deal of time is wasted, as the windows are opened between each dance, and every creature had to leave the ball-room while it was being aired. Here the gentleman only gives "a turn" to a girl, and does not ask her for a whole waltz. I think it answers rather well, and makes a ball lively.

Wednesday, 22nd.—I went with Mädame de Langenau to visit a hospital. The newest idea (to me) in it was an arrangement for receiving the children of poor women who are invalids in the hospital during their stay there. The children, being themselves in good health, and being very well cared for, looked so happy and comfortable.

Thursday, 30th.—Ninety visitors; busily engaged from 1.30 till six. Then read to the children, dined, and went to French play; it was a pretty piece (*Le Fils de Giboyer*) and well acted.

Friday, 31st.—In the evening D. and I started off in our sleigh to the Ice Hills, where Lord William and three other gentlemen were giving a party. As we approached we saw the place illuminated, and, upon mounting some stairs, we found ourselves in a good-sized room at the top of a "Tobogganing slide." The "slide" is of ice, and here the hills are arranged so that you go from one to the other and always find yourself at the foot of the staircase up to the second slide. All the English people were there and they "tobogganed" in every sort of way, backwards, forwards, kneeling, sitting, lying, standing, on two sleighs, on three, on four or on six, or on a piece of carpet. I refused to go down till near the end, when I thought I must try it, and, as the hills are a much gentler slope than those at Ottawa, I liked it

and continued the amusement. The gentleman sits in front and the lady kneels behind him, with her hands on his shoulders. Mulled claret was provided and afterwards there was supper. We came home at twelve; the night was very fine and pleasant.

February 3rd.—There is such a thaw, the most unseasonable weather. You may imagine how unusual it is, when I tell you that a great wooden establishment just built upon the Neva, for trotting races which always go on in January and February, has given way, and had to be taken down. The streets are impossible to walk in, but the sun shines, so one must not complain too much, though (to recur to the dark side of affairs) these thaws are very unhealthy, and result in a resurrection of smells hitherto buried in the snow. In the morning I attended to my visiting accounts, and having made out a list of eighteen debts to be paid, I went the round and got through them all, so I am tolerably free for the week; that is to say, till Thursday, when fresh names are added to my book. This reminds me of a saying of Victoria's which shows the social atmosphere in which she lives. She was telling me that the French nurse had been to see her friend, the wife of a coachman,—and says Victoria, "I think it must have been her reception day, for there were several other visitors there."

Friday, 7th.—I saw Miss Corry, who is in waiting on the Duchess of Edinburgh, her cold is so bad she could not dine with us to-night. Captain Haig came, and at nine o'clock the "pupils" arrived for our Mazourka lesson. We have determined to learn that national dance! The class consists of about ten men, and four ladies. Our teacher is a Pole, who dances the Mazourka in the ballets, and who is grace itself. The ladies only have two steps to learn, the

gentlemen about six. It is very pretty, and has a great deal of " go " about it.

Wednesday, 11th.—As I knew that from five o'clock I should be rather hard worked, I took care of myself in the early part of the day and neglected many of my social duties. People always arrive punctually for dinner at seven, and on this occasion our guests were English ; we asked the rest of the " Colony " in the evening, and all the Diplomatic Corps, and we had a very nice dance. We had the Mazourka, and a cotillon and Sir Roger, and all the people who don't generally dance (myself included) did dance, and it was very lively. Dancing here is very hard work, as you do not give your partner a whole dance, but only a turn, so a fresh one appears the moment you stop, and you have to go on again. Certainly under this system there is no ball-room conversation or flirtation possible, and the quadrilles are even less restful than the fast dances.

Friday, 13th.—We went with Prince and Princess André Lieven to " L'École des Mines," where we saw specimens of the Russian minerals, and below, models of the mines. We had to walk about with lighted candles, and passed through imitation coal, gold, and copper mines.

At the end, I was presented with a dagger of Russian workmanship, and D. and M. Nigra each with a magnificent sword. They said it was the custom of the Institution.

Tuesday, February 17th.—We dined at the Chanzys', and the evening became historic.

M. de Giers [1] heard a noise before leaving his house, and though he seems to have thought it was at the Palace, he did not go himself, but sent his servant. During dinner a message came to say there had been an explosion " of gas " in the Winter Palace, and

[1] Foreign Minister.

before we left in the evening, the report reached us that thirty people were killed. We hurried home, and found Captain Haig in our house. He told us that he was just going to dress for dinner, when he saw a flash of light and his window was blown in; he looked out and found all the passages dark and full of smoke. The servant entreated him to go back lest he should be killed; but he got a light, and went to see what had happened. The explosion took place two stories below the Emperor's dining-room and was arranged to take place during his dinner. However, the Prince of Hesse was late, and instead of being at table the Emperor and his guests were having Zakuska in the outer room. There was not sufficient damage done to the Emperor's room to have hurt him had he been there, but the windows were all broken. In the room beneath this the guard was dining, and, as far as they knew last night, six men were killed and nineteen severely wounded. Two enormous holes have been made, and on the way to Miss Corry's room a great gulf is opened. Mercifully, the Empress slept through it, and will know nothing about it; it would have killed her had she known.

Miss Corry's maid had just gone to dinner, and was in a room by herself when the lights went out, and the doors and windows were burst open.

D. put on his uniform and went to the palace, where he saw the Emperor and Duchess of Edinburgh and Miss Corry. Captain Haig asked his Russian servant what he thought of it, and he said, "Oh, some one has been bought, the General most likely; I dare say he is in prison by this time."

We hear five carpenters who lived underneath have been taken, and that one escaped. Had the wretches succeeded in their designs they would have killed the Emperor and all his sons, our Duchess, and the Prince of Bulgaria and Prince of Hesse.

Wednesday, 18*th*.—I went over to the Palace to-day to call on the Duchess of Edinburgh. When I got there I found there was a service going on, and I asked the servants if they thought I could slip in quietly; they said yes, and off I went after one of them. We went all through the Duchess's rooms, and down endless passages, until at last I found myself on the grand staircase: it was crowded with people coming down, ladies in gorgeous dresses, and gentlemen in still more gorgeous uniforms. I was smart, but in a short dress, so I felt rather shy; but I could not speak to my guide and there was nothing left but to follow him. Having run the gauntlet of a whole astonished society, I found myself at the door of the great drawing-room, and there even my guide began to falter, and just as I was wondering what I had better do the whole party of royalties came out—so I made a curtsey, and they all shook hands with me, and I spoke to our Duchess. When they were gone I said to my guide, "Miss Corry." He understood, and we started off again through all the grandees to find her room.

This time I met Prince Lieven, who looked immensely astonished and discomfited at my presence, as it is his business to take in charge Ambassadresses when they come to the Palace, and to find one roaming about alone was quite improper! I hurried back to the Duchess's rooms, and there met Captain Haig, who took me to see the ruins.

Exactly above the big room was the Emperor's dining-room, and above the explosion is a great hole, but, as the roof was arched, it has not actually gone through the ceiling above.

There is a hole in the outer wall of the room downstairs and a crack in the wall of the room above. Below, the guards were dining, and the whole of them were simply swallowed up in the ruins; forty-

five were taken out, six already dead; I believe six more have already died, and many more may do so.

I went afterwards to see various people. All are much agitated, and there is a feeling of horror everywhere, especially as it is thought that more efforts will be made before the 19th, the Nihilists having always stated that they would kill the Emperor before that date, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign.

Yesterday the Nihilists got out a sheet in which, after first of all avowing that they ordered the explosion, and that a few days ago they had murdered a spy, they advise all persons valuing their lives to keep as far as possible from the Emperor!

At the time of the "Dynamite Plot" the Commandant of the Palace was missing, and was not found for two hours. The story now told is, that he was going upstairs in a lift when the explosion occurred, that the men who were sending him up ran away, and that he remained shut up in his cage in mid-air, until accidentally released by some new passenger wanting the machine. (This is true.)

A curious thing discovered now, in this land of Dvorniks and passports, is, that in the Palace the servants and their families have been making money by letting out the corners of their rooms to homeless vagabonds; and it is only a wonder that more Nihilists have not been living there.

A despotic dictator has been appointed, Loris Melikoff by name. He has power of life and death in his hand, but whether it is a step in the right direction, or whether he can do any good, is a doubtful question.

Since writing the above he has been shot at; his coat was touched, but he was not hurt.

The would-be assassin was at once taken prisoner, and made no resistance.

February 29th.—The Duke of Edinburgh came to see us, in a smart Russian Lancer's dress.

Tuesday, March 2nd (19th February).—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor's reign. We received invitations to go to Court to "congratulate" him, so by 11.30 I was in my court plumes, and D. and I drove off to the Palace. That miserable class of beings called "Diplomats" were shown into one room by themselves and there remained seeing nothing, while the great procession walked into the chapel, where a "Te Deum" was sung. Then we were marshalled into another room, and arranged in a circle according to our diplomatic rank, the ladies on one side, the gentlemen on the other. When the Emperor came in he went all round us, speaking to all the Ambassadors and Ministers, and thanking the ladies for having come. He was followed by the Court, the Grand Duchesses in Russian costume, and all the maids of honour and ladies in the same. It is very handsome. The head-dress is a high velvet band, like a diadem, covered with embroidery or jewels, with a veil flowing from the back; the body of the dress and the train are velvet, with gold and silver embroidery.

The Cesarevna wore cloth-of-gold trimmed with dark fur. The maids of honour all wear crimson and gold. We did not see them very well as they passed us in a crowd. Heaps of people were there, and all were very proud of their courage in coming. The Emperor seems well, but speaks very asthmatically. Nothing happened in the way of fire or murder, and the illuminations, etc., went off well. The only drawback was a thaw, which prevented people from enjoying the holiday.

Wednesday, 3rd.—We have been to a wedding. The ceremony was at the house of our semi-detached neighbour, the Prince d'Oldenburg. The chapel

is very small, so there was not a very good view of the ceremony. Last year I described a Greek Church marriage, so I will not do so again. The bride was much kissed afterwards, and we all rushed frantically about with champagne glasses, trying to touch hers. Then we went on to the house of her aunt, who brought her up, and there we were expected to do the same again. The bridegroom is in the Diplomatic Service, and they go off to Spain to-night.

It was on my return from this that I heard of the attempt to murder Loris Melikoff. He was at our door at one, leaving cards.

Friday, 5th.—I have been busy arranging our dinner for the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. Lord William Compton was not back from his bear-shooting, so I had to settle the order of precedence at the table myself, and as a General very high up in the social scale was carried off at the last moment by the Emperor, it all had to be done twice over. I let the four younger children appear so that Victoria might present the Duchess with a bouquet, and they all made the most admirable curtseys and bows.

Everything went off very well, but the Duchess was not able to stay for the Mazourka lesson. It was very lively, and lasted till two. People seem to enjoy themselves here very much, and I am now being *asked* for invitations, which is terrible!

Saturday, 6th.—To-night there was a fancy ball given by Countess Kreutz. I copied a Sheridan picture with a Gainsborough hat; the dress was perfectly plain, white Indian muslin, Leghorn hat, no ornaments, powder, mittens, and a long cane. It was quite different from the other costumes, and was so comfortable that I danced all night!

Some of the dresses were very pretty; there was a sun who looked very handsome with golden rays from her head, ancient Russian dames—a "Cenci," (very

pretty). You will be fearfully shocked when I tell you I got home at 6 a.m.!

March 8th.—I am now settling a little dance for Wednesday, and sit with my nose in my visiting-book, making lists, and hardening my heart against people who will be expecting to come!

Lord William has returned, having (with his friend) killed seventeen bears. He and Lord Frederick and Miss Corry dined with us last night. She said that after the fancy ball, when she was breakfasting with the Emperor, they asked her all about it, and said, "I suppose you got home late?" "Yes." They suggested three o'clock, and went on guessing till they arrived at six, when they jeered at her! She had been dressed as Snow, and had her own hair, which is lovely, down her back!

I hope you don't imagine this is Lent; no, it is Carnival week, and all next week we shall do nothing.

Wednesday, 10th.—My first ball here! Rather a nervous affair. Who will come? When will they come? and so on. I have begun a crusade against the late hours, and had put "10 o'clock" on my card, and had asked many people to attend to it, so I felt it was possible we might be about twenty ladies and no men, or *vice versâ*, between ten and twelve. However, people were most civil about it, and at 10.30 we began to dance, the party gradually swelling up to 250. The ball was a success, and we hope we have not offended any one.

The dancing went on with great spirit till 5.30!! At 1.30 we had the Mazourka, which lasted an hour and a half, then supper. It was in the supper-room, which we opened for the first time. We had round tables holding ten each, and seated 147 people. There was a short cotillon afterwards, and we were all dropping with fatigue at the end. I got my black

lace fearfully torn by the real spurs which officers wear here.

Thursday, 11th.—I was naturally very tired, but I did not like to shut my doors on "my day," so I had a lot of visitors, and regiments of young officers whom I had asked last night.

We dined with our landlord and semi-detached neighbour, Prince Soltikoff. We can get through our house to his, and the Princess is a very pretty, charming person. The dinner was more Russian than any I have been to. Some guests failed, and there was a great alarm about our being thirteen; we sat down twelve, but a brother arrived, and the governess had to be sent for. After the soup we had a dish of round pancake to be eaten with melted butter, sour cream, and caviare. It was very good without the sour cream, but I believe that is generally added by Russians.

Friday, 12th.—On the "Champs de Mars" at the back of our house a quantity of little wooden theatres have been put up for the Carnival, also merry-go-rounds, tobogganing hills, and all sorts of amusements. We determined to visit them, so Nelly, D., Lord William and I went off to see the sights. I was quite surprised to find how good the theatre was.

The scenery and dresses and acting, all excellent, very comfortable seats, and a ballet. The dancers had long sleeves to their under-garments, and their poor hands looked very red from out of these flesh-coloured coverings. The theatres are built on snow, and are very cold. The performance lasts about twenty minutes, and as soon as one audience comes out another goes in, and the play begins again.

Saturday afternoon.—We took the whole family out. First of all to the merry-go-rounds, and then we adjourned to another theatre, where a military

spectacle was going on. We saw the crossing of the Danube, the taking of a spy, the release of a quantity of Bulgarian women captured by the Turks, and various other historical incidents. Then we bought coloured balloons, and on our way home we saw all the Emperor's carriages, taking the school-children out for a drive. I suppose there were thirty carriages, all with six or four horses, postilions, coachmen, and footmen, and a crowd of girls in green dresses and red hoods in each.

March 14th.—In the afternoon Nelly and I went to the hospital, and then to see Madame Schouvaloff, whose mother is very ill at Baden; she is going to her on Tuesday. I shall feel quite lost without her here, as I go to five o'clock tea with her at least every other day, and she and her husband are both so very kind to us.

Tuesday, 16th.—Lord Frederick Hamilton and Mr. Kennedy came back from a bear-shooting expedition. They did not kill their bear, but they saw some of the customs of the country. They had to sleep in a hay-loft, and were invaded by all the women of the village, who came in a body to toss them. Seizing hold of them, they threw them up in the air and then caught them, the victims having to pay to be released. This is considered an honour which is paid the visitor.

Lord Frederick then amused them by putting lighted matches in his mouth, etc., so next day the women tossed them again.

When paying a visit the other day I heard some rather interesting things about Loris Melikoff; he has been in 163 battles. When appointed, all the Ministers (over whom he is put) went to call upon him, except one, and he, when presented to Loris Melikoff at the Palace, said he was very busy, and regretted not having had time to call; the new

"Dictator" replied, "Pray don't mention it, M. le Comte; when I want you, I will send for you!"

Another anecdote of him. At Kharkoff, one day, a student passed him without saluting. He stopped the young man, and said, "Do you not know you have to salute all Generals?"

"I did not know you were a General."

"You know very well who I am; now go home and tell the Head Master what has happened."

This he did, and the master being asked a few days after by Loris Melikoff what he had done, said, "Oh, I have expelled him."

Then the General said, "You are here to teach the boys their duty, and not to send them away when they fail in it: send for the young man at once, and take him back." And, in a couple of days, the master himself was removed!

We went to a china manufactory. There is nothing very pretty to be seen at the place. The Emperor pays so much a year, and the manufactory is bound to supply all the china for all the palaces, and for all the employees of the royal family, so the whole time is taken up with these orders, and the officials say bitterly, "No wonder we make no money." I think we saw them at a particularly cross moment, for they are just finishing off the Easter order for 5,000 eggs. These are made of china, some of them beautifully painted, and they have a ribbon run through them, but they are not even boxes. Much time and art are expended upon these useless things. We could not buy one, as they all go to the Palace, and are given away on Easter Day.

Wednesday, 24th.—I have just returned from the most delightful expedition, which I must try to describe to you.

On Sunday night at ten o'clock, we started—D. and I, Lord Frederick Hamilton, and Mr. Kennedy—

and our object was bear-shooting. We knew of one bear, and had a royal permission to shoot another which had been heard of in the same neighbourhood, and there were rumours of two cubs and their mother somewhere about. We left Petrograd by train and reached a station called Luban at one o'clock. There we packed ourselves into sledges, two in each, and drove all the rest of the night, reaching our destination, "Ostroff," about six o'clock. We were able to sleep a little in the sleighs, as one was almost able to lie down in them. It was painfully cold, but, being well wrapped up, we arrived warm and comfortable, and were quite ready for our breakfast, which Nowell, who got there first, had prepared. We found ourselves in a largish village, all the houses being wooden, log-houses in fact, with large projecting gables, and some carving about them; but, on the whole, looking dull and shabby. The only bit of colour in the place was the church, the cupolas of which were painted a bright green. The surrounding country is very flat, bad soil and woods of thin maypoles, either fir or birch. The house in which we were lodged looked the same as the others, but there was one good room which they gave us; it was a plain wooden room, quite empty. We got a table and four stools, and we each brought a camp bedstead, and our provisions. The "boys," that is Lord Frederick, Mr. Kennedy, and Mr. Clark, had a similar room in another part of the town, and when I went to see it I visited the owner's living-room, which was an excellent specimen of a Russian peasant's house. It was very small, and about a fifth of it was taken up with the oven, or stove, which is built of brick, and which is also the family bed; they all sleep on the top of it. At the end of a long, flexible pole, hung a baby in a cradle; it was ill, and they could get no doctor, as that functionary only comes to see grown-

up people. There were two other nice children, one, a dear little girl, with clean white shirt, printed skirt, and little red handkerchief tied round her head. Lord Frederick, who had been here before, brought these children some sweets, and afterwards, when he turned out to be the fortunate person to kill the bear, the father said to him, "You killed it because you brought my children those things." The reward of virtue!

Well, we had our breakfast, and immediately started after our bear. This time we went in common carts, with hay in the bottom of them; we were a great procession, as we had all the beaters following, that is, seventy men and women. The latter wear coloured handkerchiefs on their heads, sheepskin coats (the skin outside) made like a gown, with a waist and skirt, very short print skirts, white petticoats, and top boots of felt. I was an object of great interest to them; I wore top boots the same as theirs, a thick Ulster coat and fur cap. When we were near the place, we got out of the sleighs; the buzz of conversation ceased, and we all walked silently through the wood, in very deep snow, till we were put in our places for shooting. The system is this. A peasant finds a bear, and the animal becomes his. He comes up to Petrograd to sell it, and a sportsman buys it; ours cost £6. For this money the owner is obliged to give the purchaser a good shot at it, for if he does not see it, or get a chance of shooting it, he does not pay. He, the owner, marks exactly where the animal is, and then the beaters form a semicircle round it, and the guns are placed along the line. On this occasion D., I, and Mr. Clark were in the centre. Mr. Clark was not to shoot unless some accident happened.

The silence continued until all was ready, and then there broke upon the stillness a volley of shrieks and

shouts, and guns going off, and dogs barking; it was most exciting, and one was kept watching and expecting all the time, and occasionally above the noise one would hear "The bear! the bear!" and then you knew he had been seen, and you redoubled your attention.

This bear was very wily, and was a long time appearing, so that our excitement was subsiding and we were beginning to think he had escaped, when D. said, "What is that?" and there in front of us, but rather far for a good shot, I saw him lumbering calmly along. It was so interesting! As he was making straight for Lord Frederick, D. thought it best not to shoot, and a moment after we heard a shot, a groan, and shouts of triumph! All the beaters, etc., were so excited, and, to my intense amusement, the women seized Lord Frederick, and tossed him up and down in the air like a baby. Then they rushed at Mr. Kennedy, who resisted and succeeded in evading them, but the first moment he was off his guard they all seized him and tossed him too. D. and I got off on this occasion, but, after returning to the village and eating our lunch, we were about to take a walk, when we found at least fifty women surrounding the door, and no possibility of getting out without going through the ceremony. I don't think I ever laughed so much! They seized me very nicely, holding down my petticoats, and not letting go of me, but only dancing me up and down. No one escaped.

We gave them something to drink our healths, but Lord F. was too generous, the result being that some of the men got drunk. In this state they are most amiable—and they kissed the bear, and hugged each other most affectionately.

We visited the church, and the court house, and walked about till dinner, and went early to bed. I

bought some native towels, which are much embroidered, and had my " boudoir " almost cram-full of sellers.

At six next morning we were ready for breakfast, and at seven we started off in our sleighs. We found that the Government bear was already dead, so we went after the mother and young ones. We had a delightful drive, the day being too lovely! a bright sun and glistening snow.

When we reached the spot we found that the she-bear had caught the alarm and was off, but the little ones remained. We got into our places and at the first shot they scampered out. I saw them beautifully, but a most terrible thing happened—tell it not in Gath—no less than ten shots were fired at them, and they escaped uninjured!

The sportsmen were very unhappy and immensely astonished! and I don't think they have got over it yet!

Then we fired at marks (to show what we could do), and walked back to the sleighs, drove three miles to the station, and were home at ten. The whole thing was perfectly delightful. I believe that when they heard that I had gone the Petrograd ladies thought I was mad; and I fear that when they see how very sunburnt I am, they will not be encouraged to follow my example!

Friday, 26th.—We had a command from the Emperor to dine at the palace. The cards said " 6 heures," " en frac et cordon," " robe montante," and so in these costumes and at this hour we went. The Duchess of Edinburgh and the Cesarevna, and four Grand Dukes were there. I went in with the Grand Duke Alexis, and sat by the Emperor in the room that was intended to have been blown up. The Emperor is always so very kind and pleasant, and talks so easily, that I enjoyed my dinner very

much. D. sat by the Duchess of Edinburgh. The Emperor described to me all about the explosion, and asked about my bear and my Mazourka, and told me some funny stories about the Shah of Persia's visit here.

After dinner he talked to D., but the whole thing was over at 7.30. Then I came home to what was to have been a very small Mazourka party; but, as people do not dance in Lent, we resolved to do something else, but I felt rather nervous about the success of the evening. We began at ten, and went on till three (imagine it!) playing innocent games—"Magic Music," "Clumps," "Dumb Crambo," etc. It really was too ridiculous, but our guests delighted in these amusements, and I think I must try them at "Mulberry Bush."

We never thought of going on so long, but when D. proposed to me at twelve to have some supper I was overwhelmed with suggestions about various games, and saw no one was thinking of going. As I dined at six, I was pretty hungry for supper at three.

We dined with Princess Dolgorouky, almost a family party. It was very pleasant. People here are very easy to talk to and they enjoy getting up a discussion on some matter of opinion, such as "whether women understand women better than men do"; "whether a man knows a man better than a woman can"; "whether as a rule people improve upon acquaintance, or the reverse"; "whether the voice or the 'regard' gives the truest impression of a person's feelings," etc.

Monday, 29th.—We got a box for a Russian Opera, called *La Vie pour le Czar*, in which the Mazourka is danced. That was quite lovely, so spirited and original, but I thought the Opera itself heavy, especially one act, where an old gentleman sings by himself

in a wood during the whole act; I longed for him to lie down and go to sleep, and he finally did so.

Tuesday, April 6th.—This is the fête-day of the "Chevaliers Gardes," and we were asked to attend the ceremony with which they celebrate it. We went to their Riding-school, and at the door I was presented with a lovely bouquet, as were all the ladies invited. Then I was shown up to a raised "box" at one end of the enormous place.

The building was beautifully decorated with flags and arms, and at each end of it were two stands for ladies. One could, however, only just make out that there were ladies opposite, so large is the building. The regiment ranged the whole way round the place. The uniform is beautiful, white tunics with red facings, dark trousers with red stripes, and a brass helmet surmounted by an eagle. In the centre of the long square was an altar, candles, and some priests in gorgeous array, and, in another part of the great space, an enormous staff of officers, Ambassadors, guests, etc., etc., all in different uniforms.

When the Emperor came in, and the band played, and the men all shouted together some sentence of welcome, it was a grand and touching scene. The Emperor and the staff walked all round the troops and then there was a religious service with chanting.

The soldiers crossing themselves continually had a most curious effect, and at first one could not imagine what all the long white gloves were waving about for. After the Emperor and the Grand Dukes had kissed the cross, and a picture, the Metropolitan, followed by another priest holding a golden bowl of water, walked down the ranks with a great brush in his hand, which he kept dipping in the bowl, and with which he sprinkled the soldiers. They crossed themselves when they felt the drops.

The priests then went away, the altars were re-

moved, and a marching past began. It was most beautiful to see the golden helmets flashing as the regiment passed up and down the school, and Colonel Villiers says he never saw anything smarter than the men were, or in fact ever saw so lovely a military spectacle. The gentlemen were asked to lunch with the regiment.

In the evening we went to a Charity Concert, which does not call for much remark.

Tuesday, 13th.—This week I have spent in nursing the children and myself, as we have all had bad colds. D. has been bear-hunting, and only came back last night. He left on Thursday evening with Colonel Villiers, and Baron Bechlolsheim, and went a long way off, had an exciting hunt, and D. and Colonel Villiers each got a bear. Colonel Villiers came back on Saturday, and Lord William and Mr. Kennedy joined D. and went off in another direction. D. was again fortunate in killing a bear, which animal behaved in a most extraordinary manner; after having a bullet right through him, he climbed a tree, and was shot at again in that elevated position. D. enjoyed the holiday immensely.

On Sunday, I was surprised by receiving a telegram from the Queen, asking how I am after my "fright with the bear"—and all my letters now are full of the ridiculous story which has appeared in the papers, reporting that Lord Frederick Hamilton killed the bear at my feet.

Monday, 19th.—I set off this morning on a house-hunting expedition, a summer place being wanted for the children. I left Petrograd at nine o'clock, and arrived at Narva, an old fortified town, on a fine river, at 2.30. Our Consul and his wife met me at the station and hurried me down to a small steamer, he coming on board with me, and taking me to Oustia. We were an hour getting there, and, as the

weather was fine, it was very pleasant on the river. Landed, I had some lunch, and then drove to a house which a friend had recommended to me. He was most anxious to go there with me, but I absolutely forbade it, and when I got to the house, I was very glad not to have the landlord with me. It was a most horrid house, in a thick wood, with access to a lovely beach, but itself most uninviting.

I drove on farther and went over another, which I like very much indeed. Having done my business, I had twelve miles to drive back to Narva, and we reached there at 7.30 p.m.

The Consul's wife gave me a most excellent dinner and a most comfortable bed to lie down upon, where I slept a little, but was called up again at 3.30 a.m., and had to drive to the station. There I walked about for an hour, and then had five very long and uncomfortable hours in the train, to Petrograd.

Wednesday, 28th.—On awaking this morning I found a desperate snow-storm going on, which was serious, as we were to start on a sporting expedition. Miss Corry came to breakfast with us early, and at nine our hosts arrived to fetch us. They are a charming young couple, Narischkine by name, and a M. Tchoglokoff was associated with them in their hospitality. Miss Corry and I were provided with the most enormous and the longest of top-boots, and we had plenty of wraps, in spite of which the three hours' voyage down the Neva in the snow was rather cold.

When we arrived at our destination we were rewarded for our courage by finding the weather getting quite fine, though too cold for good sport. The house in which we were to spend the night is a villa on the banks of the Neva, with an occasional chair and table in it, and some bedsteads, but otherwise quite unfurnished.

Next door to it is the ruined palace of Potemkin, and

we looked into its ball-room, now full of weeds and small trees, and saw the vestiges of paintings on the wall, and imagined the great Catherine amusing herself there. It is difficult, however, to reconcile one's ideas of splendour with the uncared-for and miserable appearance of this country place.

Of course food was our first thought, and we soon had a good lunch ready, which prepared us for the labours of the day and night.

We were first of all to see what we could find in the way of woodcock. The gentlemen started on foot, Miss Corry and I got into a cart, drawn by two horses, one being in the shafts, the other loose outside, troika fashion, and Madame Narischkine followed behind in another primitive machine. Our drive was a wonderful one; we were jolted, shaken, knocked about, sometimes deep in the mud, sometimes rattling over corduroy, sometimes wading through lakes and rivers—laughing all the way. Madame Narischkine jumped out at the first bad place, and, getting into a mire, had to return home. We, strange to say, arrived safely, very warm, and very much amused by our adventures, though rather nervous at the prospect of a similar drive back.

Of course, as is the case with all the "sport" I have ever seen, we ought to have seen whole flocks of woodcock, and we did actually see six. It was rather interesting, however, as one heard the bird coming, and could recognise its note long before it appeared, and there was great excitement among the guns until they had a shot at it. Our bag was one woodcock!

We got back rather more easily than we came, and, as it was about 10 p.m., we had a supper, and then rested till midnight, when we started off again in the well-known traps. D. went by himself with a chasseur, and I will tell you his adventures first.

His object was "capercailzie." This bird is shot in the middle of his love-song, the reason being, that he is so interested in his own performance that he can hear nothing else; but, the moment he ceases to sing, his hearing becomes acute.

The sportsman stalks him, and the moment the song begins he runs in its direction, stopping dead short when it ceases; if he even puts his foot down after it ends, the bird hears, and is off. The night was too cold for serenading, and so D. walked and walked, hearing nothing and unable to say a word to his Russian chasseur. Once he was lost, and felt like a babe in the wood, and at last he was obliged to shout, even at the risk of disturbing all the birds of the air; then another time his guide left him alone for an hour and a half while he went off to look about, and during this interval, the keeper having taken away his gun, D. saw the only bird that came near him that night.

Now for our adventures! Miss Corry and I having steeplechased safely through the mud and over several ditches, arrived on a sort of common, where we got out, and were conducted to two little huts formed of boughs. M. Narischkine and I were to be together in one, Miss Corry and M. Tchoglokoff in the other. I had to creep into mine on hands and knees, and inside I found some pillows and cloaks, and was requested to lie down and sleep till dawn. As there was only just room for two, I could scarcely keep my countenance when M. Narischkine began to stretch himself out for a rest, especially when I thought of Miss Corry and her companion in their hut.

They took to talking, and, as we could hear their voices, my sportsman became greatly irritated, and at last shouted out to them to be silent. Our object was blackcock, and I was told that when the dawn came I should see them playing round my hut.

Almost at the first faint glimmer of light I heard one crow, then another, then several, then a sort of cooing began all round one, and the flapping of wings, and the birds came so close that I could see them. Had we remained quiet another half-hour we should have been surrounded by them, and, as the morning was very light, I should have seen everything; but M. Narischkine fired at some bird which flew over us, and then they went away, and never came back. Still, that first half-hour was delightful. The stillness first, and then the gradual awakening of nature with its sounds and sights, and the dramas of which we generally know nothing being enacted before our eyes; all the tricks and the manners of these living creatures being revealed to us. I enjoyed it immensely, and was quite sorry when we had to creep out of our holes, and proceed after "gelinottes," of which we found none. We went to bed at 6 a.m. and slept, being very tired, till twelve, when we had breakfast, and then got into our steamer and returned here. We found news of all the new political appointments made at home awaiting us.

April 30th (Good Friday).—We went to church in the morning, and in the evening I went with Lord William to see the service in a private Greek chapel. The singing there was beautiful, and the service was very interesting. We were most kindly received and shown into a sort of box off the church, where we could sit down. The priests were dressed in black and silver; there was a coffin in the centre of the chapel, and all the children of the family stood the whole service through, two hours, the only change they had being two or three prostrations they made, touching the floor with their foreheads.

We were all given lighted candles to hold, and were told that when the procession was formed we might follow. There was a great deal of reading, some

singing, much crossing and bowing, all very devout, and it was fine and touching when the coffin was lifted and carried through the house, every one following. We went through rooms full of the most lovely pictures, and arms and gold and silver things, the choir wailing, and each of us carrying a candle. I almost wondered that they liked to see the un-Orthodox taking part. When we got back to the chapel I returned to my seat, and soon the service was over. This is the most striking of the Greek services I have seen. We sat, but the real worshippers have to stand.

Wednesday, May 5th.—Miss Corry told me that on Easter Eve, being on duty, she stood from 11 till 2.30 at night, and that she was ready to cry with fatigue. She was given three kisses by the Emperor and by the Grand Duke Serge.

The children spent two afternoons in colouring eggs, and on Sunday we took them to give to the hospital children.

Monday and Tuesday I paid a quantity of Easter visits, and wrote down my name at all the palaces. The weather is very fine and nice, and my whooping-cough patients (Victoria and Freddy) get out a good deal.

The Bridge of Boats is being placed across the Neva. It is just by our house, and I fear will make our neighbourhood very noisy. It is not pretty either, and rather spoils our view.

This afternoon we went to the fair, that is, D. and I and the children. They had several rides on wooden horses, and they also went into some chairs which revolved windmill fashion.

We sent the little ones home after this, and Nelly, D., and I went into one of the temporary theatres where we saw a little piece capitally done, with wonderful changes of scenery, and very good dresses. In the evening Miss Corry and the Embassy dined with us.

Thursday, 6th.—We were invited to an Easter feast. It usually takes place in the night, or rather, very early on Easter morning, and there are numerous appropriate dishes, but our hostess kept up the dissipation later in the week, and we were asked to luncheon. She is very kind, but very "strealy," and her lunch was like herself. First, something went wrong, and at 1.30 it did not appear to be ready, and the husband got impatient and said, "It will soon be two, and we dine at six, and how can I have any appetite?"

She replied cheerfully, "Oh, oui, nous allons, nous allons."

"Oh, oui," replied he, "nous allons, nous allons, c'est comme un opéra, n'est-ce pas?" etc., etc.

At last we were shown into a big room, where there was a dinner-table and a tea-table. We began with a little soup, then cold veal, cold ham, hard-boiled coloured eggs, cakes with doves sitting on them, a cake in the shape of a Paschal Lamb, butter made into fleecy lambs, and a kind of sour-cream-shape, which is a favourite dish here. Afterwards came some nice little cutlets. The only real novelty I saw was burnt salt, which they have for Holy Thursday; it is black.

As soon as we had eaten enough lunch we removed to the tea-table, and sat down there, drinking tea and eating cakes.

Saturday, 8th.—I took some of the children to the Botanical Gardens, and, after their town life, they went into perfect ecstasies over the plants, especially the well-known ones, ivy, daisies, dandelions, etc.

We asked M. Wassilitchki, the Curator, to show us the Hermitage. He was an excellent guide, showing us the best things both in pictures and antiquities, and not obliging us, as experts generally do, to look at every fragment of dust, "which is 6,000

years old." I do not attempt to tell you about the things described in so many good books, but as you will not read in any of them a description of the Emperor's twenty-fifth anniversary presents, I may mention them.

They are in a room by themselves, the side of which looks just like a fancy bazaar, displaying an immense collection of what the Curator called "des cochonneries," pocket-handkerchiefs, slippers, towels, Oriental dresses, bits of embroidery, filigree silver bracelets, fur cuffs, mats, a bright green rug with a yellow lion in the centre, etc., etc. Then there were many religious pictures, ikons, and a present from every town in Bulgaria, and heaps of addresses, and an enormous centre-piece in silver and gold, composed of coats-of-arms in many colours and other ornaments, which is interesting as being a present from a *ci-devant* serf, and a token of gratitude for his liberation. He has become a rich railway contractor.

Saturday, 15th.—The great event of this day was the annual Parade held on the Champ de Mars by the Emperor, but I was obliged to go out early, a most unfortunate time to have an appointment, for, in the first place, I was in a great fuss to return home, and, in the second, the streets were so full of soldiers that even the plumes of my chasseur could scarcely make way for me.

Coming back, I found myself quite blocked up, so I got out of the carriage and walked. When I got nearly home I had a bridge to cross, and there I found a policeman, who declined to let me pass; seeing I could not explain, he wanted to take a card I had out of my hand, but as this bore a doctor's name and address I did not think it likely to prove an "Open Sesame," so I resisted that, and in extremely broken Russian said, "English Ambassador." I passed him, and got within two steps of my own door, when two

more men stopped me, and I only succeeded in shaking them off by making a rush to the handle of the hall door and getting in, laughing very much at my adventure.

I quickly changed my dress, and, getting into my carriage, which had returned, I went to the tent to which Madame de Schweinitz and I were invited by the Emperor. We were the only people there besides the Grand Duchesses and their ladies-in-waiting.

There were 25,736 troops on the ground, and it was a magnificent sight. The day was lovely, and the variety of uniforms made a great effect. The Emperor arrived at twelve, surrounded by a brilliant staff of officers, Ambassadors, etc. He took up his position close to the tent, so that we saw him and everything else to perfection. As each detachment passed he said, " 'Tis well, I thank you "—and then all the men replied, as with one voice, " We are very glad to serve your Majesty."

The cavalry have beautiful uniforms, and all the horses of each regiment are of the same colour, which has a very good effect. There is one regiment with a most old-fashioned and extraordinary head-dress, and all the soldiers in it are chosen with turned-up noses ! because it is the Emperor Paul's regiment, and he had a turned-up nose (" tip-tilted " I should say).

The last scene was, when all the cavalry rushed, or rather " charged," the tent. They enveloped us in dust, but it was very fine as far as we could see it.

MOSCOW

Though I have sent you my journal for so many years, I never sat down to write it before in a state of bewilderment as to what I should, and what I should not, tell you. I never had to describe any-

thing which had previously been incorporated in a "Murray"—and I never started on an expedition so saturated with the essences of historical, archæological, and all the other "logical" knowledge which that good man puts at one's finger-ends. In fact, hitherto I have only had to think of my personal adventures and of the country, not the things in it; so to-day, when I find myself expected to describe "Moscow," I feel most helpless. However, here goes.

Wednesday evening, May 26th, at 6.30 *p.m.*—I routed up D. and hurried him into his great-coat, and got him into the carriage with Nelly and Archie and me, he saying, "Five minutes more would have made all the difference in his comfort," and "feeling sure" we were much too soon, and so we were—we had half an hour to wait; but we were off, which is a great thing when you are starting on an expedition. Lord William arrived in about ten minutes, and then we took possession of a palatial car which will remain at Moscow to bring us back.

At Luban we had an excellent dinner, and then we played games till it was time to retire to our respective sofas. The night was very cold, and in the morning, when we found a pouring rain and a very cold air for our first day in Moscow, we felt as low as people on a holiday can feel.

We had taken rooms at the "Slaviansky Bazar" Hotel. It is clean and very nice in every respect. Our bedrooms are very good rooms, and look like sitting-rooms,—the beds being hidden behind screens. I may say now, that my bed was most comfortable, and, as you will soon see, I earned a good night.

We arrived early *Thursday, 27th,* and had some breakfast, which we took in the restaurant to the sound of splashing rain.

This meal over, we immediately began to sight-see. Count Bobrinski, to whom Count Schouvaloff had

kindly telegraphed, and a Count Boehler came to see us, and gave us tickets for various things and promised to show us the Treasury, and the Palace in the Kremlin at once; so we drove to the Treasury—and here the guide-book intervenes! All the rooms in it are large and very lofty, and the most interesting things (to me) exhibited there are, first, a carriage with painted panels given by Queen Elizabeth to the Czar Boris Godunof, and a sleigh which looks like a glorified railway carriage, in which the Empress Elizabeth used to travel to Petrograd. There were in the same room several other lovely old carriages. Peter the Great's bed, Indian saddles, and quantities of silver chains which were used to keep the crowds off when the Czars drove through the streets. Upstairs there is a fine collection of arms, and a most beautiful collection of old silver plate, given by the generous sovereigns of old days, when people were much more magnificent in their ideas than they are now.

In one room we saw the crowns of the Emperors, and the robes and dresses they wear for their coronation, including the present Emperor's uniform, and the Empress's cloth-of-silver dress. In this room is the throne where Peter and his idiotic half-brother used to sit, with a hole at the back through which Sophia prompted the latter. I think in Russia one seems much nearer to history than at home, and I look upon Ivan the Terrible as a great deal more living than George IV, and half expected to meet Peter the Great himself at Moscow.

We went through the Treasury into the Palace, the greater part of which is modern. The remarkable rooms are the St. Andrew's Hall, a most magnificent room 200 feet long by 68 wide; it is much gilded, and must look beautiful at night. We went out of the window on to the terrace—but I

won't speak of Moscow itself till the sun shines. This room is hung with blue silk, the colour of the order of St. Andrew.

The next very fine room is the Alexander Hall, and then comes the Hall of St. George. It is lighted by night by 2,095 candles. The names of the regiment and individuals who have the order are inscribed on the walls.

The old part of the Palace was, to us, the most interesting. There is a little old room with seats in the thickness of the walls, where the Councillors used to sit and consult; and then the Banqueting-hall, where at the time of the coronation the Emperor sits enthroned and dines alone in the midst of his nobles.

Then the rooms of the Czarinas in four stories, each story growing smaller, till at the top you find the modest space considered necessary for a royal nursery in those days.

Of course all these rooms are full of interesting things, about which it is quite impossible for me to tell you.

Having seen all the modern living rooms in the Palace, we said good-bye to Count Bobrinski, and went off to see things on our own account.

First we "did" the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, a square building with five gilded domes. John the Terrible is buried here, and many other Czars lie under velvet coverings within the walls. Next we went into the Cathedral of the Assumption, the most sacred church in Russia; the whole of the walls, pillars, and ceiling are covered with pictures. Here the Emperors are crowned, and here lies St. Philip, the Metropolitan, who was so badly treated by John the Terrible, and here we saw the Picture of the Virgin, said to have been painted by St. Luke. The jewels with which it is adorned are valued at £45,000.

These churches are in the Kremlin. Outside its walls we were attracted by a most curious building, which looks as if it had been in the sea for a year or two, and had come up with its brilliant colours mingled, and with sea-weed covering its domes. Of these there are eleven, one in the middle and ten round it. They are green and red, some smooth and others like the sides of a pine-apple. This is the Cathedral of St. Basil, and it is quite as curious inside as out. You go in and out of very narrow passages, into small chapels with fine altars, each cupola being a chapel, until at last you come to a place where you can look into the centre chapel, under the middle cupola. Its walls and columns are painted with fruits and flowers, and, on the whole, I think the Czar was not without excuse when he put out the architect's eyes so that he might never repeat his design. St. Basil's ought to remain unique.

Do you suppose that after this we went home and rested? not at all; we proceeded to the Sacristy of the former Patriarchs, where we saw the robes they wore, weighing 60 lbs. each thickly embroidered in pearls, and worth £7,000 apiece. Then the most amiable of sacristans showed us the place where the Holy Chrism is prepared by the Metropolitan of Moscow for all the churches of Russia, and the magnificent silver vessels in which it is held, and then we drove off to the Romanoff House. This gives one an idea of a Russian home of the Middle Ages, but it has been restored, and is not an actual antiquity. The rooms are lined with wood and smell very sweet.

The stoves are made of coloured tiles with pictures and mottoes on them; for instance, one of a tortoise with "there is no better house than one's own" as a sentiment for him, in Russian of course.

The steps up to the rooms were very narrow and very high, whereas in the Palace they were very

broad and very low. When one does so much sight-seeing in a day, one begins to notice the quality of the stairs one has to mount.

At last we went home, and although I bore up well for so far, when I got to my rooms I became conscious of a bad headache, which it required tea and a rest till dinner-time to get rid of. We dined at home. The cooking is good, and the bread and butter too delicious. We had a game of cards, and—Hurrah for bed!

Friday, May 28th.—Oh! such a glorious sun; with it rose our spirits; we resolved to enjoy ourselves immensely, and so we did. Immediately after breakfast we got into an open carriage and left a few cards, saw something more of Moscow, drove round the Kremlin, and then mounted the Tower of Ivan to get a view of the town from a height. We are all enchanted with Moscow, and think it the most lovely city; no words can describe the effect of the Kremlin from a bridge where we stopped to look up at it; below, the river with its strong embankment, the walls of the Kremlin rising above, broken by towers of various shapes, the sloping grass banks, the trees in their freshest green, the golden domes, the great Palace, and then Moscow itself surrounding this splendid fortress. Then from a height you look down upon the town, with its houses set in trees (for they rise up in lovely patches all through the streets), most of the houses roofed with green, and gleaming points of gold and colour studded everywhere. Even D., who has travelled so much in the East, says he never saw a more beautiful Oriental city. I believe that secretly we are each under the impression that sunshine and verdure are peculiar to Moscow, as we left winter in Petrograd, and we revel in them accordingly.

Perhaps if you came here straight from London,

you might find the pavement bad, but we, who come from Petrograd, think it rather good than otherwise, and are quite enchanted when we get on to the asphalte in front of our hotel.

Having made our tour of the walls, we entered the Kremlin by the Sacred Gate, where all the passengers take off their hats as they pass through, and drove to the great bell, which lies at the foot of the Tower of Ivan the Great. It weighs 444,000 lbs., and has a large piece broken out of its side by its fall from a wooden beam from which it was suspended.

After examining it, we mounted the stairs, and stayed for a long time looking out upon the glorious panorama below. When we came down we went again into the Church of the Assumption, and into the Cathedral of the Annunciation, where the Emperors are married and baptized. When John the Terrible married a fourth wife he underwent a sort of excommunication, and the place is shown where he listened to Mass outside the sacred precincts. There is also a little seat in the wall where he used to sit in this church. There are holy pictures here too, but to us, who have no personal religious feeling about them, one looks very like another. Often one can scarcely see the painting at all, as the head-dress and garments are laid on in gold, and ornamented with jewels.

We returned home to lunch, and, after having rested a little, four of us went to see the Foundling Hospital.

The irreverent Archie afterwards remarked that he would as soon have seen a collection of young mice; but it is really very interesting, though (I think) a most immoral institution, as any such establishment must be where babies are taken in wholesale, without any sort of investigation, and where even married people can get rid of their "en-

THE SACRED GATE.

From a photograph by Major Albemarle P. Blackwood.

cumbrances " without straining their consciences too far. We saw the whole thing from beginning to end. First we saw an infant arrive ; a poor woman brought it, handed it over, was asked no questions, except whether she wished it to be given any particular name. " Yes, Pauline." It was taken out of her arms, and out of the very scanty clothing which covered it, was put into a " Foundling " cloth, popped into the scales, had a number tied round its neck, " 749," a similar number was given to the woman, who then departed. The baby was taken straight into the next room, where we followed it, and in two minutes after its entrance and desertion it was in a bath, being washed and talked to by a woman who for forty years has done nothing but wash babies on their first arrival. We also saw, in this department, peasant wet-nurses arriving to take infants into the country, for they are all sent off in six or seven days to families, who get three roubles a month for keeping and feeding them ; and downstairs, we " interviewed " six calves kept for the vaccination of the babies.

The arrivals-of-the-day remain downstairs till the next morning, when they take their places in the rows and rows of little cradles which one sees upstairs. The moment " 749 " came out of her bath, she was given to a wet-nurse in a picturesque costume. About fifty babies come in every day.

The building is enormous, and all the wards are the same. One side of the passage is an immense long room down each side of which is a row of cots, and a row of wet-nurses with red caps, and white chemisettes, and reddish cotton gowns, the throat very open, and generally adorned with a necklace. These all make a profound salaam to our conductress, the head of the Institution, who is a nice, pretty woman. The ward opposite is a little warmer,

and is for sick and dying babies: a sad sight; premature little mites swaddled into melancholy bundles. Some poor atoms have life kept in them a few hours longer by sleeping in hollow copper berceaunettes lined with hot water. The place was beautifully clean and well aired; but I need not give you all the details of medicine-closets, linen-cupboards, etc., so I will only add that there were 600 babies in the house to-day, but that they often have 1,000.

We went back to the hotel to fetch D., and then we got a troika with four horses abreast, and drove out to Sparrow Hill. This is the spot from which Napoleon first saw Moscow. The view is lovely, and we enjoyed the drive very much, and spent half an hour there, while the accomplished members of our party (D. and Lord William) made sketches.

On our return to Moscow we went to dine at the "Moscovski Traktir," a restaurant, where we had previously ordered a thoroughly Russian dinner.

The waiters probably thought us a little mad, as we began by eating three sorts of soup; first a cold iced soup of *kvass* with pieces of herring and cucumber and meat floating in it, called *okroshka*, then *stchi*, a cabbage soup, to which you add sour cream, and thirdly a *bouillon* of fish, which I thought decidedly nasty. Next came *rastigai*—patties of the isinglass and flesh of the sturgeon (very good); then Pojarsky cutlets, which have penetrated to England, and roast mutton stuffed with buckwheat, two very good puddings, the last being a combination of an ice and a jelly; wine from the Caucasus, and the universal cup of coffee to finish up with.

After dinner we went to some gardens, called the "Hermitage," where the gentlemen shot at china animals, and paid extra when they broke them; where we saw one act of *Les Cloches de Corneville*,

saw a clown performing, had a cup of tea, and at last, home to bed!

Saturday, May 29th.—We have been dying to do some shopping, and to see the Gostinyi Dvor, so we consecrated this morning to it, but were much disappointed with it and its contents.

"O. K." (Madame Novikoff) lunched with us, and then we drove to the "Simonoff" Monastery. It is about an hour's drive from town, and, after going along rather an ugly road, we came upon a most picturesque building, commanding a lovely view of Moscow.

Outside the walls there were smooth green grass and old trees, and immediately under them a straight row of what looked like orange-trees, and the walls themselves were crowned with curious-shaped towers; inside there rose a very high belfry, and the numerous cupolas of a church, everything full of colour, and glistening in the sun. Then we went through the gateway, and found ourselves in an old-fashioned garden, with rows of the "imitation orange-trees," and hedges of lilac, sweet smells pervading the air. Immediately round the church was a graveyard with some curious old tombstones in it. We climbed the belfry (310 steps), and admired the view, and walked about and had tea outside the walls, and then came in again and sat on the grass and enjoyed ourselves. Conscience did ask aloud, whether we considered we were thoroughly doing our duty as tourists, and whether we did not think we ought to be rushing in and out of museums, etc.; but we boldly answered, "No, we are thoroughly enjoying Moscow, and are storing up agreeable recollections of the place, and what would you have more, you absurd and exacting Conscience?"

He, she, or it has been silent ever since.

This night we dined at home, and had intended

to drive out and see a Park after dinner; but when our driver heard our destination he struck work, so we ignominiously got out of the carriage and walked up to look at the Kremlin by night.

Sunday, 30*th*.—Every one here seems to consider it absolutely necessary that we should see the Troitzky Monastyr, so we hardened our hearts and determined to get up at 5 a.m., and to go by the early train, which we did. When we reached the station there we were surprised to find a carpet laid down, and a semi-royal reception prepared for us. We got into carriages, and drove to the monastery. I do not like it nearly so well as Simonoff, and the great interest felt in it by Russians must be chiefly religious.

We had a very kind and voluble lady to show us everything; she is the head of some charitable institutions which have only just been separated from the monastery. We saw a great many churches, the refectory, the charities, and the arrangements for feeding all the pilgrims who come here. We were given coffee by the Archimandrite, and photographs and rosaries he brought from Jerusalem, and our lady-guide gave us tea and books, and some of the sacred bread, and we bought things made at the convent, and then we said we should like to go on to see another monastery and some catacombs two miles farther off.

Ladies are not admitted to this monastery, but an exception was made in our favour, and we saw a very nice old chapel, all wood, and in the real old Russian style. We walked through the gardens to the catacombs, and there, underground in the darkness and the damp, we saw a cell and a man who has lived in it twenty years. He looked wonderfully well considering.

Outside the Troitzky Monastyr there was a market, and it was very interesting to see the crowd of Russian

peasants in their very gay-coloured clothes doing business out there, and inside the walls others attending to their prayers.

We returned to Moscow in the afternoon and I went to see the Temple of the Saviour, a very large new church, begun in 1812 but not yet finished. It is really very fine, light and lofty, with some fine paintings, a beautiful marble floor and screen.

We left Moscow that evening, and had rather fun in the train, playing "innocent games."

D. and I found that we were invited to dine with the Prince d'Oldenburg, who is now living in the Islands. He is at the head of most of the charities, and so immediately asked if I had seen the Foundling Hospital at Moscow: "Very fine institution, but a great want of wet nurses," he said; then—"there is a very fine one here, and no want of wet nurses, thank God." This expression of gratitude has become rather a habit with this good old man, who told me later that he did not smoke, "thank God."

We all sat out of doors, and saw the people driving out to the Point, where the fashionable world goes to see the sun set. D. and I drove out there afterwards; we saw plenty of fashion, but little beauty.

Thursday, June 3rd.—The Empress died this morning at 7.30. By the afternoon we were all in mourning. We have not yet received our orders, but I believe the mourning is only for six months, and that we Diplomats only attend one funeral service. The servants' liveries and the harness have to be black.

The Empress lies in state, first of all in her room, then in the chapel at the Winter Palace, then at the Fortress. Four maids of honour keep watch by her. Miss Corry told me she looks very nice, her bed entirely covered with white tulle and flowers, her head surrounded with the same.

I went to order a crêpe bonnet and found all the

black being bought up quickly. My head-dress for the funeral is a Marie Stuart cap, with a crêpe veil at the back and one over my face; a long black gown trimmed with crêpe.

Monday, June 7th.—To-day I attended a service at the Fortress. The Empress's body was transported there from the Palace, and there was a very grand procession, which of course I missed seeing, as I had to be in the church. The morning was fearful as to weather, though I believe it cleared at the time the procession started. The principal features of this procession were: the Empress's own gala carriage drawn by eight horses, a magnificent thing all gold and silver; the hearse, which was gold and white, with an imperial mantle thrown over the coffin, the Emperor and the Imperial family riding behind, all the priests in gold and white vestments, etc.

Our balcony is in black petticoats, the lamp-posts (the lamps are never lighted now) are swathed in black, and we ladies are in the most sombre mourning.

When I got to the church I found all the Corps Diplomatique assembled. We were given chairs, so we sat there till the procession arrived. The coffin was lifted in by the Grand Dukes, and placed under a magnificent catafalque of gold and silver cloth lined with ermine (the latter an imitation); under this was a red velvet dais, with a rest for the coffin; the Imperial mantle was thrown over this, leaving the face and head uncovered, and the relations all bowed over it and kissed it. The Grand Duchesses and Dukes stood in front of us, and I could see the Emperor well.

He bowed to us when he came in and when he left. The singing was beautiful, and the service short. The family all kissed the Empress again, and went, and, as I saw the rest of the world going up to the coffin, I went too. The face had a veil of tulle over it and

looked like wax. The Imperial family attend a service every morning and evening till the funeral, and the body is exposed all the time, except from 5–7 in the morning. I must not forget to tell you that the reason the priests were in white, and that the catafalque was not black is, that the Greek Church never mourns during the first fortnight after Easter. The funeral is on Wednesday, and Thursday being a Fête-day (Ascension Day), we all go into colours for the day.

A Herald in black and gold, followed by a detachment of Life Güards, has just passed by giving the orders for to-morrow.

Wednesday, 9th.—This morning we left our house before ten, and drove to the Fortress. The Church arrangements were the same as yesterday; but, as a great number of "illustrious strangers" have arrived, there was more glory of uniforms, very slightly veiled by the bit of crêpe covering the gold and silver on them.

There were the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Crown Prince of Germany, and the Crown Prince of Denmark, and an Austrian Archduke, and the Queen of Greece, and Prince Alexander of Hesse (who truly mourns his sister) and many "Ambassadors Extraordinary" with their suites, and all the candles were lighted, and there were wreaths of flowers ready to be put on the coffin; and the four maids of honour stood at their posts at the corners of the bier, and two or three officers with drawn swords stood there too; and when the family came in there was a crowd of very fine young men, and the Grand Duchesses, also looking very handsome, with their veils and long black gowns relieved by the red ribbon of an Order.

The singing was very beautiful, and the chanting went on and on, and we (diplomats) sat down occasionally and rested till twelve, when the Emperor

came. Then everybody held a lighted candle for a portion of the service, and, at the end, all the relations went up to the coffin and kissed the Empress, and then the sons and nephews lifted the coffin, and put it down into the tomb prepared for it, the Imperial mantle being thrown over all.

Monday, 14th.—I started early in the morning, accompanied by Hermie, to go to Meriküll, there to make arrangements for the children's arrival at their seaside house.

I felt rather nervous about it, as I chose it in the depth of winter, and feared the improvement in its appearance might not be as great as I had expected.

At Narva our Consul met us, and put us into a carriage, which took us to our wooden castle here at "Schmetzky" near Meriküll. We were very busy all day arranging the rooms and looking about us. I am very much pleased with the place. There are splendid sands, and the unsalt sea looks very like the real article. Then on the other side of us we have pine woods, and in the garden there are gymnastics, which are a great joy.

The other children arrived next day, and on Thursday Archie came, and on Saturday D.; so I am going to tell you all about the week at once as we do the same thing every day.

We sit out in the lovely sunshine, sometimes on the balcony, sometimes on the sands, and in the afternoon we take a nice walk through the woods to Meriküll and come back by the sands. When there we listen to a band that plays on a charming promenade, or the children do gymnastics, and then we come back to dinner and stay out afterwards till bedtime, or read by the daylight till eleven p.m.

On Sunday afternoon we made a long expedition to a place called Uddrias, where we had chocolate and brown bread. We took a carriage to accompany

us, and we each took turns to drive in it. The invalid Freddie went with us, and was very happy, and much delighted with everything. He looks wonderfully better now.

Friday, July 2nd.—D. and I, Colonel Villiers, and Lord Frederick Hamilton went by train to the Schweinitz, who gave us an early dinner, and took us a charming drive to Peterhof.

There we visited the Palace, and Peter the Great's little house called "Mon Plaisir," and we were fortunate enough to see the fountains play. They are very fine. The drive through the Parks and the view of the sea are lovely, but I believe on dark days Peterhof is very gloomy. In the Palace one room is papered with portraits of pretty ladies; they are small squares, and each one touches the other. There are some rather nice full-length pictures of maids of honour dancing.

Wednesday, 28th.—Mr. Parish having asked us down to Schlüsselburg for two days, he and Mrs. Parish came to fetch us at five o'clock, and we set off towards Lake Ladoga in a small steamer.

In about an hour's time we reached a cotton-mill belonging to our hosts, Messrs. Parish and Hubbard, and there we had a reflection of a Canadian reception, flags and bouquets and fire engines. We looked into some of the rooms of the cotton-mill, and then got on board the yacht which was waiting for us here.

She is called the *Udacha* (Success), and is a good-sized steamer. We dined on board, and reached Schlüsselburg at ten.

The Firm have a large house here, in which the manager of the printing works lives, with his wife and ten children in the lower stories, while the upper one, which is very nicely arranged, is kept for the owners when they come here. There is a nice garden, and the manufactory looks very clean and bright; the

Neva flows in front, and to the right there is the great lake, with the Fortress of Schlüsselburg in the foreground.

Thursday, 29th.—Directly after breakfast we went all over the works, and saw how much trouble, and what valuable machinery it takes to produce a sixpenny yard of print for a dress! It was very interesting. Afterwards they gave an alarm of fire, and all the people rushed to their engines, and Lake Ladoga was turned on to put out the imaginary flames.

Friday, 30th.—Happily the weather had improved, so we set off in the yacht, first to visit the Fortress of Schlüsselburg, which, although it occupies the whole of an island between the Neva and Lake Ladoga, and so is a prey to every wind, managed to smell very bad.

There was not very much to see. "The Archives," which they volunteered to show us, were in an old lumber-room, piled up, without any attempt at arrangement, and the half jocular proposition made by one of the party, that we should carry off a few of the old papers, was met with the most ready "Yes." The gentlemen each took a shot at some targets, representing Turks, at which the soldiers were firing, and made much better practice than they did, D. and Terence both hitting the enemy in vital parts.

The Commander came just as we were leaving, and was much upset at not having known sooner who D. was. He gave us his boat to put us on board, and told us how he had been in the Crimea, had been left for dead on a field of battle, and had been rescued and nursed by a lady, whom he afterwards married.

We went a little way in to Lake Ladoga, and then anchored the yacht, and separated for shooting and fishing. The fishers got nothing, but the others brought back nine snipe and eight duck.

When we got back to Schlüsselburg we fished again till dinner-time with small success.

Saturday, Dec. 25th.—A bear-hunting expedition! Up at six, and off at eleven, in a troika. A dark morning, but happily only four degrees of frost. D. and I were together in one sleigh, and in a great close carriage Count Schouvaloff[1] (our host), M. Nigra, and General Werder came after us.

We changed horses once, and at 9.30 reached Count Schouvaloff's country house. We breakfasted in a room surrounded by all the birds and beasts to be found about there, stuffed. At ten we set off again, and drove twenty-four versts more. About five versts from the place we each got into a little cart-sleigh and had a very amusing drive. The rough Finnish ponies go very fast, and, as the snow is in deep ruts, one is always on the point of being upset, and the driver puts down a leg on one side, or leans over the cart on the other, so as to prevent the catastrophe.

When we reached the beaters we all lapsed into silence, and began to trudge through the wood—a very tiring performance to me, with my great felt boots and long heavy Ulster; however, I got on very well, and D. and I were placed in the second place, with a Royal Chasseur holding an enormous spear, in case the bear should attack us.

We had about ten minutes' excitement, listening to the howls of the beaters, then we heard shots, and a shout which told that the bear was shot, and that without our having seen him. We ran to the place, and Count Schouvaloff was very anxious that I should fire into the poor animal, and "finish him" (he was really quite dead), but of course I refused. Then we all examined the prize, a very fine bear, and they have given it to me.

[1] Late Ambassador to England.

When we had trudged out of the wood again we found lunch set out on the snow, and what do you think we had to eat? First, a Russian fish pie, and then plum-pudding and mince-pies! It was your Christmas Day.

We drove home in the same way that we came, and had tea at Count Schouvaloff's, half-way. Here I found the children much excited over some presents they had received in their stockings, and I must not forget to tell you that before we started in the morning D. and I found ours tied to our bedposts, full of various works of theirs. Our Christmas really lasts a fortnight, for there are a few presents on the 25th, and then Christmas-cards keep dropping in, and then the tree comes on January 6th.

December 29th, 30th, 31st.—I must finish off this year by telling how you I spent the last three days. Wednesday, I selected a district of the town, and in it went a tour of visits, "house-to-house visiting"—while on Thursday I stayed at home, and received seventy-five people. In the evening we went to a party at Madame Chanzy's. She is at home every Thursday. One enters and sees five Japanese, four Chinamen, a few Turks, Persians, Roumanians, besides specimens of all the other civilised nations, standing in the middle of the room. Through an interpreter one says a few words to the Japanese Minister, then one turns round and asks the "Marquis Tseng" some foolish question in English; after that one has a round with the Turk (or several Turks), with the Italians, the Germans, the Austrians, the Swedes, the Brazilians, and finally, one makes one's way up to the farther end of the room, where two or three ladies are sitting, and one spends ten minutes again with an interpreter, talking to the Japanese lady. When one wants a change, one has a cup of tea, and then, having found out where all the old

habitués spent their summer and when they came back, and how all the new people like Russia, and when they arrived, one gladly slips away home. Friday afternoon (31st), I voluntarily spent in the society of the Japanese lady. She is very ladylike and dignified, and, at the same time, much delighted with any amusement she can get.

She is learning to skate, and we asked her to come and try the tobogganing hills. We drove out to them and she came with the Americans. She enjoyed it so much, and her little secretary was so delighted, and went twice down the slide by himself, each time getting the most tremendous falls, and rolling over like a rabbit that has been shot. She can just say "Merci," but she is learning French, and has a lesson every day.

CHAPTER III

OUR SECOND WINTER IN PETROGRAD

Sunday, 16th—Wednesday, 19th, Jan. 1881.—Real cold weather. The thermometer from ten to twelve below zero (Fahrenheit). It is not so nice as in Canada, where one could go out to walk or skate; here one has to pay visits, and getting in and out of a carriage is very disagreeable. I kept the children in, and they amused themselves by dressing up.

Tuesday evening I went to a party. It was a really smart party in a Russian house. The rooms were large and well lighted, and every one was very well dressed, the gowns new and fresh. Last year, with the perpetual fear of mourning, the girls never seemed to have any new clothes.

The entertainment began with the gipsies, who sang. The music is curious, but in a drawing-room a little goes a long way, and they spoil the effect by wearing old ball-dresses which fit them badly and are half-dirty. The dancing especially is spoilt by this. To see a lady in a train get up and, with wild screams, run about trembling through every fibre of her body, is, to say the least, incongruous.

Friday, March 4th.—We had our third and last ball before Lent this evening, and I think it was the best of the three. There were just the right number of people, and they all looked very pretty. The invitations were for 220, and we sat down 100 to supper at 2.30. I was very pleased with this party.

Sunday, 6th. This is a great day here—a *journée folle* for most people; they dance all afternoon, and stop at midnight, if the clocks have not previously done so; or rather, the clocks stop at eleven and the people stop at twelve. There is no dancing in Lent, nor does it begin again after.

Sunday, 13th.—We went to church in the morning, but D. went to a *manège* where the Ambassadors have an occasional chance of seeing the Emperor. D. had just come in and taken off his uniform when I went out with the two girls to visit a sick woman. She lives quite near us, and on the way we saw a wretched horse with a broken leg being dragged along by soldiers.

When we got into the house the poor woman, who was in tears, said to me, "Is it true?" "What?" "Why, that there has been an attempt on the Emperor, and that, if not killed, he is wounded." Then she told me she heard two explosions, and that he was certainly wounded. I almost ran the whole way home to tell D. and at the door I met the secretaries coming with the news,—and then one of the Chancery men told us that he heard the bombs, and then saw the Emperor's carriage with the back and side blown out. D. went off to the Palace, and I have just seen Mr. Kennedy, who went with him and who has left him there. He says a shell was thrown under the Emperor's carriage, which destroyed it but did not wound him; he got out, and another was thrown, wounding him seriously—and they fear he will die. I cannot tell you what a fearful impression it makes upon one, such cruel, persistent murder. I sit at the window and watch for D.'s return while I write. Soldiers are going about in every direction, and sleighs bringing all the people who have just heard it to the Palace. I believe D. had great difficulty in getting in!

The wretched horse we saw was one ridden by a Cossack close to the carriage,—for you know, since these attempts, the Emperor is always surrounded by mounted soldiers.

4.30.—It is all over. He is dead. D. has not returned yet, but one of the Court officials has brought word. He was insensible when D. arrived there. It is indeed terrible, and I feel much for all those left.

Monday, 14th.—The whole story is this. After the parade, the Emperor went and breakfasted with the Grand Duchess Catherine, and on his way back a bomb was thrown at his carriage, which killed a Cossack, wounded some people and horses, and smashed his carriage, which, however, could have taken him home. Instead of driving on, he got out, crossing himself as he did so, and looked round. A second bomb was thrown at his feet and exploded. He was picked up insensible, and taken home in the carriage of the Police Officer, who was also wounded. He died in two hours. When D. arrived at the Palace, he could scarcely get in, but he insisted, and then he saw the Grand Duke Vladimir, who told him there was no hope. A priest arrived at the same time.

At the Parade he talked to D. and spoke with great affection of the Duchess of Edinburgh. This morning there is a proclamation from the new Emperor—Alexander III.

All the afternoon D. was busy telegraphing to the Queen, Prince of Wales, Duchess of Edinburgh, etc.

The Russians go to the Palace to congratulate the new Emperor. "Le roi est mort, vive le roi!"

In the afternoon I went to see my friends the Schouvaloffs. He had been to Court in the morning and said it was a most painful ceremony; every one dressed as for a great fête, but all crying. The new Emperor and Empress terribly overcome. They say

she cries all the time, even in the carriage, driving along, when he had to keep acknowledging the salutations of the people. The young Cesarevitch, too, cried during all the service.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh arrive on Wednesday, and the funeral is to be on the 26th.

You will find this letter very disjointed, but I put down the things as I hear them.

Wednesday, 16th.—Last night there was a service at the Palace. It was for the translation of the body from the room to the chapel.

We walked through long galleries and rooms and found crowds of people there. Then we found ourselves among the maids of honour, and two of them were most kind, and said to me, "Stay with us." Otherwise my position was a little uncomfortable, as I did not know to what category I belonged, and people were all placed in different rooms according to rank. These two were very tall, so they put me in front of them, when we formed in two lines for the procession to pass through. Of course I meant to look at everything, but it really was such a sad moment that one forgot to look. What I did see was, first, the priests and choristers marching through singing, then the lid of the coffin borne by four men, then the coffin itself with the Emperor lying in it, the face exposed; we all knelt down here. I did not see the new Emperor, but I saw the Empress, who seemed to have cried away all beauty from her face for the moment.

When they had passed, the big maid of honour took my arm, and dragged me along with them all, and got me right into the chapel where very few people were able to penetrate.

There was a great golden catafalque with gold curtains lined with (imitation) ermine, and at the end of the service the royal family went up one by one to kiss the body.

I must tell you one strange effect. The service was just over, but the priest in a monotonous voice was reading the Gospel as the Imperial family walked out, and then, in the very midst of this funeral rite, one heard the soldiers outside greeting their new Emperor. They all say together some sentence; it has the effect of a cheer. D. saw him walk through them, and said he looked very fine and majestic.

I got out easily, but D. had great difficulty in getting in—such crowds of people.

My big maid of honour and her mother were very good to me after, and would not leave me till D. got back to me.

The body will be moved to the fortress on Friday, and lies in state there till Saturday week. The Gospel is read over it without ceasing all that time.

Thursday, 17th.—D. and I went to call upon the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, but D. only saw the Duke.

One does nothing but listen to gloomy forebodings, and stories of the "incapacity of the police," and the "inefficiency of everybody." The mine now found in a street through which the Emperor might have returned is an immense affair, and, had it been sprung, houses and hundreds of people would have been destroyed. It appears this very place was marked as a suitable spot for a mine, on a map which the Government got last year. The people living in the house were under suspicion, and the house was visited a fortnight ago, but nothing was found.

Last night we were told there was a mine on the Quay a little way below us, but it was not true.

Saturday, 19th.—The day of the first ceremony connected with the funeral. I did not intend to try to see the procession, but, at the last moment, D. persuaded me to go with him and the children to Mrs. Clark's, whose windows had a splendid view of it.

Mr. George Augustus Sala appeared at breakfast, having come here on behalf of the *Daily Telegraph*, and we took him with us.

We started at 9.30, and got to the house without much difficulty. Almost the best part of the sight was the crowd. I never saw such a mass of people swaying to and fro; they had to be kept back by soldiers, and it was quite fearful to see the way in which they were pushed about. Some quite well-dressed women were there, and that they should escape with their lives seemed almost impossible.

There was such a curious effect when all the men took off their hats, and when, instead of looking down upon a blackish mass, one saw a sea of pink faces and fuzzy light brown hair.

The greatest precautions were taken all along the route of the procession. An inspector was sent in charge of each house, the garrets were locked, and the roofs were forbidden as standing places. Most of them were draped in black.

As to the procession, it was a great disappointment. On paper it sounded beautiful, but it was so straggling that one never quite knew when it had begun. The only striking bits of it were, a most gorgeous man in gold armour sitting on a white horse covered with a crimson and gold cloth, and a man in black armour walking behind him; but these two passed quite by themselves, and nothing more appeared for a long time.

Then the funeral car, all gold, with cloth-of-gold curtains, and surmounted by white plumes, was fine, the Emperor walking on foot behind it. The Empress's carriage was covered with black cloth. Another thing that would have looked well, had the gentlemen only marched better and looked more stately, was, the group of officers carrying golden cushions on which were fastened the late Emperor's orders, and

his crowns, but there was nothing imposing in the way these bearers walked.

When we had seen the most interesting part of the procession, we struggled down a side-street in our carriage and hurried round to the fortress. The gates were closed, and we had to walk in.

We got there some time before the procession, and saw all the people coming in. The cushions, with the sceptre, crowns, and decorations, were laid on stands prepared for them, and the Grand Dukes carried in the coffin and laid it in its place.

To any one assisting at the service once, it is all very sad, and one is astonished to see those most concerned shedding no tears; but when one comes to think that every day, from the death to the funeral (next Sunday) the same service, and the same farewell to the body is gone through twice a day, one can understand how it becomes a mere ceremony. The service is not very long, and at the end of it all the family go up to the coffin and kiss the body. The Emperor's face was covered with a piece of muslin.

In the afternoon I wrote my name down on all the Royalties, and paid one or two gloomy visits. Every day I hear horrid stories and melancholy forebodings for the future. Lady Harriet Grimston dined with us, and the Equerry, Captain L'Estrange, came in the evening. He is brother to Mrs. Laurence Oliphant.

Monday, 21st.—We went out to the ice hills to brush away the cobwebs. The sun was shining, and I felt quite cheerful, till I paid a visit on my way back, and listened again to all the despairing talk that goes on. One thing I was told was that, in Petrograd, two million francs are spent on police, as compared to eleven million spent in Paris for the safety of the same number of people; what ruinous economy! Also, that the Russian character is entirely unsuited for police purposes—they take everything so easily.

For example, an officer examined the house where the mine was, two days before, and discovered nothing! He was to have been tried, but has blown out his own brains. His defence was, that he was not told that there was any suspicions about the house, and was only asked to see if it was damp! The Emperor has changed the head of the force; the new policeman is a sailor.

Petrograd is cram-full of royalties. May they all get safe home!

Thursday, 24th.—D. went to Gatchina to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales,[1] and at four I went to the station here.

I arrived a quarter of an hour before the time and was shown into a waiting-room, where I found all the Grand Dukes, who offered me tea and were very civil. Then all the Grand Duchesses came, and then the Empress.

When the train was heard coming we went out to the platform, and then there was a tremendous onslaught of kisses—"Kisses to right of them, and kisses to left of them"; kisses on hands and cheeks, kisses between men and men, and then every one got off as best they could, and I, finding that Miss Knollys was going to the hotel, invited her here, and, as she is very pleasant, and glad to be here, and as she hardly ever sees her Princess, it is very nice having her.

Friday, 25th.—D. and I went to the Anitchkoff Palace, where the Prince and Princess are, to write down our names, and D. saw the Prince. The Queen has informed D. that she looks to him for the safety of the Prince, so I, at any rate, am very nervous about this week, and long for it to be over. All the English suite dined with us—Sir John Cowell, Lord Suffield, Sir Dighton Probyn, Colonel Stanley Clarke, Colonel Teesdale.

[1] King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra.

Saturday, 26th.—The Prince of Wales came to see us this afternoon. I hope he appreciated our staircase, which is all draped in black. We showed him the house, and he had some tea, and Freddie and Victoria were introduced, and he was very kind and nice. All his suite dined with us.

Sunday, 27th.—The funeral is over, and I am so thankful for it. I confess I felt horribly nervous when I considered what a number of royalties would be all under one roof and what a haul the Nihilists would get, if only they could send one little bomb into their midst. I considered whether it would not be best to leave Nelly at home to look after the younger ones, in case such a catastrophe should occur, but D. threw cold water on this precaution ; so I put her on a cap and veil, and when she came into the church with me many people wondered who that *jeune dame* could be.

We had to be there at 10.30, and I stood in a crowd in a very hot church, full of incense, for four hours.

The Russian royal family arrived at the same time as we did, but the foreign princes only came in at twelve after the Mass, and for the funeral service.

The catafalque, old gold and imitation ermine, took up the centre of the church ; on the steps of the platform stood the Emperor, Empress, and some of the Grand Duchesses and royal guests. On the floor close by came a circle of Ambassadors and their wives, then the Ministers, and, in front of us all, miles of Grand Dukes ; I never saw such tall young men as they are ! The whole church was perfectly full, and all the men were in uniform. It was difficult to find kneeling room, but it was a great relief to change one's position for a few minutes in the midst of such a long service.

At the end of it, all the family took a final leave

of the body; the coffin was covered over by them, and then the Grand Dukes carried it to the vault prepared for it in the church. We followed.

The new Emperor seemed much affected, and they were all crying round the grave. Every one passed by, and threw in a little sand, and the vault was soon filled up with all the wreaths presented by different people. The English both here and at Moscow gave wreaths, costing £30 and £40 apiece. The Queen sent one from England.

The Emperor's great friend and servitor, a very old man, and himself in delicate health, has, I am told, stood hours both day and night at his dead master's side.

Monday, 28th.—There was a great ceremony at the Anitchkoff Palace this morning, but unfortunately for me I was not asked to it.

The Prince of Wales invested the Emperor with the Order of the Garter. The whole Embassy went, and the ceremonial was all written out in a book—and four beautiful red velvet and gold cushions were bought at £12 apiece, to bear the insignia of the Order.

Tuesday, 29th.—To-day we had a lunch for the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. We had all the Ambassadors and their wives, three Russian Ambassadors belonging to London, Berlin, and Paris, two special Ambassadors just starting off on missions to announce the accession of the new Emperor to the European Courts, our Embassy, and some gentlemen in waiting on the Prince, thirty in all.

The children presented the Princess with a bouquet, and made most beautiful bows and curtseys.

She looked so pretty in her black dress, and long black veil with Marie Stuart cap. Every one was so delighted both with her beauty and her amiability in speaking to every one.

I had a " regulation " black dress, a perfectly plain, very long black princess gown, with white mourning collar and cuffs. I sat between the two Princes, and the Princess between D. and the Italian Ambassador.

The table looked very pretty, and the cook exerted himself, and I received many compliments on his behalf. After lunch, we stood and talked over cigarettes and coffee for about an hour, and both the royalties spoke to every one, and made the thing a great success.

The Princess said she would like to see the children again, so I sent for the little ones. In the meantime, she went to see Miss Knollys's room, and, I find, had a peep into mine and D.'s on her way. Miss Knollys sleeps downstairs, and, as the Princess did not want to come up again, she brought her round to the big staircase by the children's rooms, and there she came upon Nelly waiting to have a peep at her. She had darkened the room, so as not to be seen, but the Princess took her in the rear, at first to her horror, but afterwards to her delight, as she saw her so well.

Nelly had been suppressed as being too old and yet not old enough to appear; but after this she came upstairs to say good-bye with the others.

Thursday, 31*st*.—D. went as far as Gatchina with the Prince of Wales, who left to-day. The Princess remains behind him. Miss Knollys stays with us and General Probyn is left.

Friday, April 1*st*.—Miss Knollys, General Probyn, and I went to see the Museum of Carriages. There are some wonderful specimens of golden coaches, with painted panels, and monograms in diamonds, and some enormous sleighs, as long as a saloon railway carriage. We also saw the carriage the Emperor was in when the first bomb was thrown. The back of it is completely smashed, as is the frame under the

seats, and under the coach-box. The glass from all the windows has utterly disappeared. Inside, the carriage looks almost untouched, but when you lift the cushions you see how it is broken up. The wheels and doors seem scarcely hurt. The way in which the coach-box was broken was that when the bomb exploded the carriage was thrown up, and in coming down smashed it.

Saturday, 2nd.—The Master of the Horse lunched with us, and then we went in a procession, selves, children, Embassy, etc., to visit the Imperial carriages and horses (the former I saw yesterday). There are 500 horses, in beautiful lofty stables. It was quite a long walk we had to take through stables and yards, and we wound up by seeing some of the best horses led about in the Riding School.

Sunday, 3rd.—Church twice, and a visit to the Schouvaloffs. Miss Knollys went to breakfast with the Empress.

Monday, 4th.—We went over the Winter Palace with Count Apraxine. It is a sight one ought to see, though it really is not very interesting.

First we saw the crown jewels, which are very magnificent. The Orloff diamond is lovely, and there is a priceless diamond necklace which looks almost too much like the bits of a chandelier as one sees it under the glass case.

Then we visited the plate, with which we were disappointed. Of china there was a poor display, and I can't believe we saw all that is possessed by the Emperor.

Then we walked miles through enormous ball-rooms, drawing-rooms, etc. The only liveable room seemed to be the late Empress's boudoir, which was the room I waited in when I went to be presented to her. The other "saloons" are very uncomfortable-looking and I think altogether the Palace is most

disappointing. There is one interesting gallery of portraits, but most of the pictures are enormous battle pieces.

In the evening D. presided and spoke at a missionary meeting, and afterwards we went to the Gosselins, where Miss Knollys had dined.

Tuesday, 5th.—Miss Knollys and I had arranged to lunch with Lady Harriet Grimston, and to go with her to see the great Institution or School for " Jeunes filles nobles " at Smolna ; but the Princess wanted her, so she could not come, and the consequence was that, after driving all the way to Smolna, I only saw an asylum for old people. I was glad, however, to see this enormous charity.

The greater part is kept up by the Government, though a few rich people support a room or two. There are 2,000 old women, and 800 old men, and, with a smaller institution of the same kind near to this one, there are over 3,000 persons provided for.

On the whole, it seems very well arranged. There are enormous long and high corridors on to which the rooms open ; the space on either side is divided into rooms by arches, but, as there are no doors in them, they are really long and uninterrupted galleries of beds—and they are, I must say, wonderfully sweet and fresh, all things considered. A curious plan, and one which I think is a mistake, is, that their dinner is brought to each individual on a tray and is eaten in the bedroom. A change of room, and a table to eat upon at meal times, would be an improvement.

I was struck by the idleness of the 2,000 old ladies ; I did not see more than five with a bit of knitting, and though Satan must find it difficult to suggest any mischief for their idle hands to do, I feel sure that, metaphorically, they must (to mix two of Dr. Watts's hymns) " tear out each other's eyes."

The Russian bath is heated three times a week,

and they go into it when they like. They say that the change of life from hardship to comfort, and the absence of all anxiety for the future, lengthens their lives wonderfully, and that the mortality is very low.

There are in the building a Greek church and a small chapel, in which Protestant services in Finnish, Polish, German, and two other languages are alternately performed.

There is one very good idea carried out in this asylum. There are a few rooms for old couples, and we saw an old lady and gentleman who had been married fifty-three years, and who have lived together comfortably for the last ten in this institution. They have a room very nicely furnished, and I saw their "samovar" ready to make their cup of tea.

There is a small school below, and some rooms for one or two persons, in which the most aristocratic of the poor live in a little extra comfort and privacy.

Wednesday, 6th.—The Princess of Wales sent for D. and me at two, and as it was a fête-day I dressed in white, and D. stripped the crêpe from his uniform.

The Princess looked lovely in a white gown trimmed with crêpe.

On my return I took Miss Knollys to see the Imperial Library. It is very interesting. They have a splendid collection of manuscripts and autographs; all the engravings of portraits of Peter the Great, and a large picture of Catherine II. It took a long time even to walk through it. There is one small room in it arranged like the library of some ancient monks, the large old books being chained to the desk. We had a dinner of seventeen; I sat next to Baron Jomini, the second at the F.O. here.

A boy called Eric Gisiko dined with us, and played the violin; Mr. Gosselin accompanied him. I had

hoped to have a violoncello too, but unfortunately the performer is an official, and none of them are allowed to make any music till the Emperor has been dead forty days!

Thursday, 7th.—At ten D. and I went to the funeral of Prince Ghika, the Minister for Roumania, who died of a cold caught at the Emperor's funeral. The service was very long. We hurried home, had lunch, and went to the station to see the Princess off. The Empress was crying very much, and one felt very sorry for her. D. went as far as Gatchina with H.R.H.

Friday, 8th.—I went with Lady Harriet Grimston to see the Institution of Smolna, a school for "Jeunes filles nobles." As to the building, it is very fine, enormous passages and class-rooms. There are five hundred girls. They sleep forty in a room, and each class has a different-coloured dress, the make of the uniform being the same. It consists of a blue, brown, green, or grey frock made low with short sleeves. A white tippet is worn over the neck, and there are white sleeves which can be put on the arms, and a white apron. The best-looking girl I saw was in the kitchen, and there was scarcely any difference between her dress and that of the pupils.

Twice a year they have a drive in the Imperial carriages, and then they wear red hoods and green capes, not a pretty dress.

D. has been appointed Ambassador at Constantinople, and so our minds are full of packing and selling. We feel as if we had only just settled here, and to pack again seems most unnatural.

I have told the children of the coming change, and they, of course, are delighted. Freddy is anxious to know if there are ponies in Turkey, and supposes "we shall not do any lessons there."

The Schouvaloffs, who have been the very kindest

of friends to us ever since we came to Russia, are helping us in all our arrangements for leaving.

At twelve this morning the Emperor received the gentlemen of the Corps Diplomatique. D., on his return, went to see the Nihilist prisoners being tried.

Sunday, 10th.—Letters from London and Constantinople, which decided D. to start on Friday. Next three days busy from morning to night—settling, packing, visiting, etc.

Thursday, 14th.—General Schweinitz asked us to a farewell dinner. We were a party of twelve, and he drank our health, and said he never felt so inclined to make a speech before. After dinner we went to the Schouvaloffs. I am so sorry to leave these good friends. Their kindness to us has been extraordinary. We could always go to them for help and advice, were always welcome in their house, and we met there intimately some of the nicest people here. D. paid a round of visits which kept him out till nearly two.

Friday, 15th.—We left Petrograd! All the morning I kept receiving notes and bouquets, and at the station all our friends met us, and more flowers were given me. The Chevalier Garde (the smart regiment) sent me a magnificent bouquet. Madame Schouvaloff came to the station too. The servants seemed very sorry to lose us, and my Chasseur wept.

BERLIN

Monday, April 18th.—D. and I were told that the Emperor and Empress of Germany would receive us at 1.30, so we went to the Palace then. The Emperor had a bad cold, and received D. without his ribbon, for which he made many apologies, and regretted that, on this account, he could not see me. This amused us, as our Russian Emperor received

the whole Corps Diplomatique in solemn state, and for the first time, without his ribbon.

The Empress talked with me. She was so kind, and kissed me, and complimented me upon D.'s success in Russia, and expressed her great interest in all he might do in the future. Then he came up to see her, and, during their conversation, her lady took me into her boudoir.

At five we went to the Crown Prince's Palace. There we dined with them and their three daughters, a very nice homely dinner. There were primroses from Osborne on the table.

After dinner we talked, and the Princess showed us her rooms, and then we left, and went to a play, finishing up with tea at the Embassy.

We stayed a night at Darmstadt, and, leaving there early in the morning, we saw the best part of the Rhine from the train. D. could not get over "doing" the Rhine in a few hours, for he had made the journey as a child and remembered it as a very great business indeed!

And so back to London.

EN ROUTE FOR CONSTANTINOPLE

Venice, June 8th, 1881.—Here we are, so far on our way, and instead of being baked on the plains of Lombardy, and basking in the sun on the canals of Venice, we have been wrapped in furs, covered with rugs, and glad of our umbrellas ever since Monday morning in Paris! Is it not sad that I should see this enchanting city, for the first time of my life, under leaden skies and pouring rain?

The Consul and the smart young Lieutenant in command of our ship have been to see us. We go on board to-morrow, and are to stop at Corfu to see the Commander-in-Chief (Sir Beauchamp Seymour).

Thursday, June 9th.—The weather was rather better, and, having but one day, we determined to spend it in going about Venice in a gondola, and not to waste it in trying to see too many sights; so we got into a boat, and sometimes with umbrellas up and sometimes in a gleam of sunshine, we wandered about enjoying the quiet, and the lovely old houses and bridges which we saw as we passed along.

We went into St. Marks, and to the Doge's Palace, and into the Layards' house, and walked through some of the narrow streets, and were out the whole day, going on board the *Helicon* at ten o'clock. Our cabins are beautiful, and nothing could be more comfortable than we are—if only the sea were still!

Sunday, 12th.—We were to be in harbour at Cephalonia at nine. The swell outside kept me in bed till we had anchored. When I came up on deck I found that we were lying in a quiet place, surrounded by rather barren-looking hills, a blue, blue sea, and above a bright sky, a small town in sight, composed of very unpicturesque houses, and quite a fleet of ironclads near us. The Admiral's ship is the *Alexandra*. She is a very fine ship, light and airy below and very high between decks. The officers we met were Lord Walter Kerr, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Lambton. The *Thunderer* was close to her, and I was sorry not to see Mr. Bickford, who was with us in the *Amethyst*, which took us from San Francisco to British Columbia in 1876.

Monday, 13th.—A real blue sea, and land in sight all day, a bright sun, an awning, a comfortable armchair, an interesting novel, excellent meals, and, at night, a lovely moon—thus we passed through the Greek islands, all of them barren at this time of year; in fact, they look like bare and rocky hills, and one would almost think them uninhabited.

H.M.S. Antelope, Tuesday, 14th.—Now we may begin to speak officially, for this morning we anchored

in the Dardanelles, and found our official yacht, the *Antelope*, awaiting us.

Mr. Kennedy[1] came off early, and brought me some letters from the children who had arrived there from Petrograd, and who are all well and happy; and then we breakfasted, and, later, two Pashas came on board. We had a rather trying morning, and began to feel the yoke of office! One Pasha, Suleiman by name, has been sent by the Sultan to meet the new Ambassador; he is a very nice man, and speaks English perfectly, but neither the Governor of the Fort of Chanak nor the Military Governor speaks anything comprehensible, and I confess that, when I was set down in front of them, and was told by the English-speaking Pasha that he was ready to translate my remarks, I felt very much at a loss to find suitable ones. Then the Consul came on board, and the Consul's son brought a bouquet, and after about four *mauvais quarts d'heure*, we transferred to the *Antelope* first saying good-bye to the officers of the *Helicon*. A guard of honour consisting of six marines received the Ambassador. We were introduced to the officers of the *Antelope* by Captain Joliffe, and were shown our rooms, which are charming. The cabin on deck is very smart, the fore part of the deck is covered in with flags, and the floor laid with rugs, so that it makes a comfortable sitting-room (in which I am now writing). Then the Consul's wife and daughters came on board, and we had lunch, after which we went ashore and had our first glimpse of Turkey. The Pashas went with us, and took us to the fort, where they showed us an enormous old gun, from which great granite balls used to be fired, like those we have at Clandeboye,[2] and a very big new cannon, presented to the

[1] Sir Robert Kennedy, K.C.M.G.

[2] Brought home by Lord Dufferin some years ago.

Sultan by Krupp ; we examined these, and all their appurtenances, and then we went into the Commandant's room, and, for the second time this afternoon, drank Turkish coffee (it is quite thick, and I do not like it yet), while the band played Turkish music for us ; one must get accustomed to this, as well as to the coffee, before one can appreciate either. Then we walked through the town, and saw quantities of picturesque, dark, dirty, gaily dressed men, but only one yashmak. The lady was draped in purple, and her veil was thick muslin, showing very little of her face.

A cheap kind of pottery is made here, something like the Vallauri ware, and we laid in a stock of it, which, at the small cost of one pound, will fill many a bare corner in the Embassy. When we went into the shops, a crowd soon collected round the door.

We visited the Consul's family, and then came on board again, and set sail, or rather, steamed away, Suleiman Pasha alone being left with us. Chanak is not a pretty place, though with sun and bright blue sea and hills, it cannot be called ugly ; we thought, however, that the Consul's daughters (one of them very pretty) must have a dull time of it, and Katie says she should prefer to vegetate in a Co. Down villa.

Constantinople, Wednesday, 15th.—This morning I rushed on deck to have a view of Constantinople. One ought to see it first at sunrise or sunset, when the golden points of the minarets shine, but so late as 9 a.m. they looked quite black. I do not think the first view so very lovely, but when one turns round "Seraglio Point," and looks up the Golden Horn, both sides of the town coming into view at once, it is very fine. The mosques, and the remains of the old walls, and the cypress-trees, which rise in every cemetery (these being anywhere and every-

where), are all very picturesque. As we steamed up the Bosphorus, every house on its banks was pointed out as a place of interest, the residence of this person, or the harem of that, the window where the late Sultan was murdered, or the one out of which the mad ex-Sultan looks. The harems have lattices in the windows, so one knows them at once. Each house seems to have a picturesque garden at its back.

We passed a beautiful ruin at the "Sweet Waters of Asia," and at eleven weighed anchor in front of our own Embassy! A lovely caique came for us. It is my carriage, and it is gorgeous. The carved wood is gilt, and the seats crimson velvet; the crew wear red fez, red sleeveless jackets, embroidered with gold, and white or cream-coloured shirts; in the bows, steering, is a splendid old man, a perfect picture, and when I go out in the caique in front of him will sit Mustapha, the armed guard!

At Therapia we were met by all the staff of the Embassy, who came on board the *Antelope* to greet us, and then we went ashore and found the children very well and in a great state of excitement. They positively hauled us over the house and garden. The latter is very pretty, and as it is on a hill there is a great deal of walking to be got out of it for its size.

I am very pleased with my house; at present it is poorly furnished, but it looks out on the Bosphorus, and up the Black Sea, and it has fine rooms and great corridors, and we can be most comfortable in it. The children have a lovely school-room, with a bow-window looking towards the Black Sea.

In the afternoon I ordered the caique, and we went to call upon the Russian Ambassadress, Madame Nowikow. D. was with him in Syria, and I met them at Petrograd, so we are by way of being friends. We told our Embassy we should be "at home" in

THE BRITISH EMBASSY, THERAPIA, BURNT DOWN DECEMBER 1911.
Bugykdere in the distance.

the evening, and so began to make acquaintance with them.

Friday, 17th.—This morning everything looks very lovely. The sun is very bright, and I have opened all my outside wooden shutters, so as to give me the best views everywhere. While things are new to me, I will tell you two or three of the customs of the place.

The minute the Ambassador gets into his caique, the flag is hoisted, the consequence being that each time we pass a mail steamer, or a government vessel, or a ship belonging to one of the other Embassies, a horn blows, or a drum beats, and the Ambassador is saluted, and has to take off his hat in reply. When this happens three or four times in half an hour it becomes rather comic to us who look on, and rather aggravating to D.

Then, the cavass who walks before us when we go out is very funny. He has a tremendous swagger, as he goes along, sword in hand, and you may imagine how very ridiculous it is when you see one of these solemn personages in attendance on Freddy—who has even led him up into a tree.

Saturday, 18th.—Saturday is always to be a half-holiday, and we are to get up an excursion each week; so to make a beginning, we arranged to go to the Forest of Belgrade, and Mr. Sartoris treated us to tea there. Katie and I and all the children went in the carriage, a cavass riding in front. The "Embassy," and Mrs. Plunkett [1] rode. We went up-hill all the time, and when we got to the aqueduct, we had a most beautiful view of Therapia and the Bosphorus, and the air was delightful. In the forest we found tea and ices prepared for us, and the children climbed about, and amused themselves extremely.

[1] Mr. (afterwards Sir) Francis Plunkett was First Secretary.

In the evening we had our first dinner, ten people. General Hamlyn, who is going out to delimit the Greek frontier, dined with us, and was most amusing.

Sunday, 19th.—We went to church in the wood-cellar, which serves as a chapel till the new one is built, and when we came out we went over the secretaries' house. Just as we were leaving a tremendous thunderstorm came on, with such pouring rain that it was impossible to go even across the little garden to our house. We were kept there quite an hour and a half.

Tuesday, 21st.—The Sultan (Abdul Hamid) received to-day. D. and twenty-eight persons, who in various ways represent England, put themselves into full uniform and went down the Bosphorus in the *Antelope*. The Sultan sent carriages to meet them, and the Ambassador went up to the Palace in a carriage and four. We are told that special honours have been shown D. in ways which have to be known to be appreciated: e.g.—A great swell (Suleiman Pasha) was sent to meet him at the Dardanelles. Then, an A.D.C of the Sultan's was sent here. The audience was soon after D.'s arrival; at it, all the staff were presented singly, and, greatest condescension of all, D. is asked to dine to-morrow, the measure of the civility being the earliness of the invitation. These marks of favour will, I hope, make all the other Embassies green with envy.

Well, on arrival, D. read a speech, and then the Sultan said that, when he was rested, he would see him privately, so they all retired to smoke cigarettes (which are replacing the pipe) and to drink coffee. After that, a select few went back to the Sultan. They say his Majesty looked quite happy yesterday. Generally, he looks so miserable and frightened.

The *Antelope* got back at seven, and we had a small dinner, and a few people came in the evening. Captain

Joliffe and Captain Pusey and his wife, and a Mr. Butler were the principal strangers.

Wednesday, 22nd.—This lovely morning we went out directly after breakfast to look at a donkey and a pony for the children—a matter of great importance; we ended by buying two donkeys, and the children rode them about all day. Katie and I went for a row in the small caique over to Asia.

D. dined with the Sultan, and I will give you his description of the entertainment. He, and six others, went in the steam launch at six o'clock, and they did not get back till one. When they reached the Palace they had some time to wait. The Sultan always dines at sunset, and I dare say you know that Turkish time changes every day, as it follows the setting of the sun. When the Sultan came into the room they proceeded to the dining-room, where they found all the Pashas waiting. The Sultan had with him two boys, his son and his nephew. He sat at the head of the table, and with rather a large space left between him and his neighbours. D. sat on his right hand, and beside him stood, not an official, or a servant, but one of the great swells of the country, Munir Pasha, who acted as interpreter. Each time the Sultan spoke to him (or to any other Pasha) he salaams. The idea is that of picking up dust, and casting it over oneself; but the present way of doing it is by touching the stomach, chest, and forehead rapidly.

The Sultan would say something to Munir Pasha, he would salaam, and repeat it in French to D., whose reply was conveyed to the Sultan with the same submissive air. No one else at table spoke, but, happily, beautiful music was played all the time. It is only lately that the Sultan has condescended to eat with other people; he used to look on at his dinner-parties. The dinner was long, and the Sultan

asked about me, the children, etc., ordinary small-talk. The only other subject which interested him was that of shooting-machines, such as Dr. Carver uses, with glass balls to fire at; D. is to get one for him.

After dinner D. and two interpreters were left alone with the Sultan, and they talked politics for an hour and a half.

We generally spend the morning indoors. Katie takes Victoria for an hour's lessons, and I take Freddy; then there are letters to be written, and social arrangements to be made, and sometimes domestic squabbles to be dealt with: for one does not settle down into a polyglot household without some difficulties to be smoothed over. English and French in the nursery, Greek and Turkish and English servants elsewhere, each one has a different idea as to what is right and proper as regards themselves; and who can decide these things but me? I am often reminded of the Fox and Goose and Cabbage puzzle when I try to solve the domestic problems put before me. However, after many failures and much wrangling, I begin to think that peace is possible and that we shall all settle down and be happy evermore.

Thursday, 23rd.—This has been rather an eventful day, as I have visited the "Porte," and the Embassy House in Constantinople for the first time. D. had to pay his official visit to the said Porte, the Government being represented by the Grand Vizier and another Minister, Azim Pasha, and Said Pasha. Every one was in uniform, but Katie and I condescended so far to go as private individuals. The *Antelope* took us, and when we landed we got into a hired carriage, while D. and all the secretaries were taken in royal conveyances.

First came the Ambassador and a Master of the Ceremonies in an open carriage, lined with bright green

satin with red trimmings, four horses, a postillion, and behind, two footmen clinging on to a strap, these all dressed in beautiful gold-embroidered jackets. More carriages of the same kind, but less splendid, followed with the staff.

They went on their way to the Porte, and saw two old gentlemen, and ate sweets with them, and drank coffee. Let us (as it says in a book) leave them thus employed, while we accompany the ladies to the " Palace," in which the British Embassy lives during the winter. " Palace " indeed it is. You never saw such an enormous house; it quite alarms me.

You enter through big doors into a great court, with a marble floor, which originally was open, but is now covered in with a glass roof, it is lighted at night by a sun-light. All round this, with windows opening on to it on each story, is a great wide corridor, on to which the rooms open. From the court you go up a fine marble staircase, and, after looking at the gallery, you visit the reception-rooms ; two sitting-rooms and a waiting-room for his Excellency, two drawing-rooms and a waiting-room for me. I was pleased with these rooms ; they are well furnished, and not too gigantic. Then come a big ball-room, a dining-room, and a billiard-room. This is only two sides of the square ; a third side is taken up by staircases (even the back-stairs are marble), and the secretaries' rooms. Upstairs we have eleven bedrooms, out of which I have to get school-room, day nursery, and a boudoir for myself ; for as there are eighty-seven high steps up to this floor, I must have a sitting-room at the top of them. The floor above is excellent too, but so high up ! One must have " Excelsior " perpetually in one's mind, not to feel disheartened by the fatigue of so big a house.

Katie and I went all about the place, and tried

to arrange how I should dispose the rooms, and then we went down to the garden.

It is very large (for a town), with good trees; it will be a great comfort to the children.

By this time D. had come back, and the two old gentlemen had been to return his visit, and one hundred Englishmen came to be presented, and coffee and sweets were going on upstairs, so the secluded ladies found it difficult to hide themselves, and for some time sat on the back-stairs, and ate ices and drank coffee!

When the ceremonies were over we again got on board, and reached home at eight, after six hours' outing, which had tired us much.

Saturday, 25th.—Katie and I paid visits in the small caique, and then followed the children to the German Park—so called because it is a site for the German Embassy, given by the Sultan. They rode their donkeys, and we sat about and looked at the view. The Plunketts came in after dinner, and we gazed at a beautiful comet which is visible now.

Sunday, 26th.—Church in the morning. The service is early, and is over by 11.30. Then we sat out in the garden and watched (under the children's auspices) some creatures of the cockchafer species, which pervade the garden, and which are now coming out of the hard shells in which they begin life. We saw them creeping out, and saw their tiny, thick-looking wings expand into the beautiful gauzy ones they finish life with.

Later we got into our big caique, Mr. Kennedy having invited us to five o'clock tea in Asia! I took two little children with us, and the young men came in the launch. When we reached the other continent (in about a quarter of an hour) we found donkeys waiting, and we ladies and children got on them, and had the most lovely ride through trees,

some of which have gigantic trunks, age written in every line of them, the whole made more interesting by the picturesque figures walking about under them: a group of women huddling together in one place, muffled in gay-coloured garments, funny little be-turbanned, and be-dressing-gowned infants toddling about; men of all kinds, some like the brigands of one's imagination, the ordinary Greek, and the conventional Turk, our magnificent "caique-chi" (the old gentleman who steers our boat), in his crimson and gold, all just like real tableaux-vivants. We rode on to a Kiosque, or small Palace, which is utterly deserted and ruinous outside, but indoors, the decorations on the walls were lovely; patterns painted on a gold foundation—it gave one a good idea of a real Turkish house. When we had seen everything, we rode back to a little garden near the landing, where tea was laid, and there, under the shade of a magnolia-tree, we rested and refreshed ourselves. The children were in great excitement about the frogs, which were jumping about, and in his delight, Freddie managed to fall in, and we had to take him home bare-footed. The sun was setting when we got back.

Tuesday, 28th.—A quiet day in the garden. I saw Mrs. Hanson, who employs four hundred refugee women in doing embroideries, of which she has sold £1,100 worth this year.

We had a small dinner, but one of our guests did not appear at all (Mr. Mackenzie Wallace), and Mr. Plunkett only came at ten. He had been all day at Midhat Pasha's trial, and told us the prisoner had been found guilty of inciting to murder. His demeanour was very dignified, while the other ones accused looked frightened to death. The trial is about the murder of the last Sultan, Abdul Aziz. Nine of the prisoners have been condemned to death, Midhat Pasha included.

Thursday, 30th.—I was " at home " to the English ladies to-day, and, as it was very fine, I received them in the garden.' There were about eighty, and the afternoon went off very well ; it was not at all stiff, and I think they were all pleased. I must tell you the sort of weather we have now. When I wake I find a brilliant sun shining into my room, and I open wide a great door-window while I dress. Till twelve o'clock it is warm, but comfortably so, and at that hour a breeze comes up from the Black Sea, which cools the air, and is quite delightful. This lasts all day, and towards 6.30 one is glad of a little woollen shawl for sitting out. At night, two or three blankets are supportable, and at no time need one complain " how hot it is." We have one place in the garden where it is always shady and cool, and the children are able to play lawn-tennis there, even at ten o'clock in the morning.

Friday, July 1st.—We dined at the Russian Embassy. The dinner was in the Entrance Hall, which is a fine room, and the table was very prettily arranged. The most curious part of the proceeding was, that no two people who came down arm-in-arm sat together. The plan is for you not only to go down to dinner with the right person, but to sit in the place that accords with your rank, and so a sort of *chassez-croisez* goes on when you reach the dining-room, and when you are about to leave it. For example, our hostess went down with the Italian Ambassador, who, putting her at one side of the table, himself went and sat opposite her. The Austrian Ambassador took me down, and, placing me by the Italian, went opposite, and sat by our hostess—and so on through the whole of the twenty people. When we got up at the end, the gentlemen had to skurry about looking for the person they brought down. After dinner, we sat out on a terrace in the dark, and I

was introduced to several new people whom I could not see.

Saturday, July 2nd.—We had our half-holiday expedition to-day. We went in the *Antelope* about ten miles up the Black Sea, to Kelia, a place where there is a life-boat station. The Captain of this boat and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Palmer) took us up to their house, while tea, which we brought with us, was laid in an arbour. After it, we were shown all the life-saving apparatus, and saw a rocket take a rope to an imaginary ship in distress. Then we set the children to a few running games, and started so as to get into the Bosphorus before sunset.

Sunday, 3rd.—In the morning, we had the most fearful rain-storms, and a squall in the afternoon capsized a boat close to our house, and drowned four people. We had to dine with the Calicis (Austrian) at Buyukdere, and drove there instead of going by sea.

I forgot to mention before that, during church, a mysterious message was brought in to D., who disappeared at once. When the service was over I found him in the company of two veiled Turkish ladies. One was elderly, the other young and pretty. They both wore yashmaks (very thin ones), and the young one had a yellow silk dress, circular yellow cloak, a blue silk hat, with a diamond brooch in front, the whole being covered with the white muslin, which is brought over the forehead and mouth as a yashmak. These were the sister and niece of Midhat Pasha, and they came to see if D. could do anything for him. As I told you, he is condemned to death. They want D. to see him, but this is not possible. The ladies only spoke Turkish, and they were very anxious no one should know they had come. They wanted to go out a back-way, but I thought their visit would be much less remarked upon if they went out

as usual. I was surprised to find that they were free enough to get away on such an expedition.

Wednesday, 6th.—Katie and I went in the steam launch to pay visits at Candili. It is a place about half-way between us and Constantinople, and, like all places here, with the exception of a few houses built at the very edge of the water, it is on a high hill. The roads being of the most primitive description, it would have been very hard work to climb them on foot, and a carriage would be impossible ; so we had two open sedan-chairs to take us up, and the procession moved on thus: The cavass in front with pistols, sword, whip, and card-case; then her Excellency, borne aloft by two picturesque beggars ; and then Miss Katie, with the same sort of carriage and horses. They carried us first up the hills and then down, and once, down a great flight of steps, when it was rather hard to stick on. Our pleasantest visit was to Mrs. Arthur Hanson. Her house is situated on a little promontory, and from the front of it there is a magnificent view towards the Black Sea, and from the garden one towards the Sea of Marmora. The garden is a series of terraces, and at the top of it one can sit under a tree (celebrated in Murray) and look at Constantinople, the Sea of Marmora, and the mountains beyond. The picturesque towers of Roumeli Hissar, and of the " Sweet Waters of Asia," are in the foreground of this lovely view.

Thursday, 7th.—To-day I had to make an expedition with some of my family to the dentist. We found him a most primitive performer, with the most rusty old instruments and no new inventions. He amused us by proposing that our next appointment with him should be at seven a.m., and when I remarked that we lived at Therapia, he told me that other people who lived there got to him at six.

Mr. Plunkett [1] has been appointed First Secretary at Paris, and goes there at once.

In the evening there actually was a French play at Buyukdere. The theatre was a sort of long arbour-café, but the acting was very good. I was told the third little piece was not very proper, so at the end of the second I sent the young ladies of the party to row about in the caique.

Saturday, 9th.—Our half-holiday took the form of a cricket-match and a visit to a Turkish villa.

We went in our steam launch, taking with us the Greek Minister and his two daughters; it is through them that we got leave to visit Ibrahim Pasha's place.

We landed at Beikos, and had six donkeys there for the children. They rode, while we walked up to the cricket ground, and we sat under those great trees I described once before watching the same. We then proceeded to the place we were to visit. Ibrahim Pasha sent two carriages and two bullock-carts to meet us, and we got into the latter. We were much shaken, of course, but it would have been very poor-spirited to go in a common carriage. The house is on a very high hill (on the Asiatic side), and the place is large, and quite beautifully kept. I never saw anything neater in England, and you know neatness is not an attribute common to this part of the world. There were large aviaries, and a lovely five-o'clock tea-house in the grounds, and a beautiful view from them, and in the house a great entertainment for us.

Upstairs, we were handed sherbet and biscuits—and expected nothing more. Then we were told there was tea downstairs, and there we found a table spread with an enormous cake in the centre, sandwiches, tea and ices; so we all sat down and ate again. Then we were given bouquets, and the children each a pot

[1] Sir Francis Plunkett.

of fern, and the carriages drove us down to his landing-place, where the steps were marble. Like the hosts in the *Arabian Nights*, Ibrahim Pasha himself did not appear.

Freddie, having wandered away from his friends, had a fall from his donkey and severely scratched his nose, forehead, and knee. He can't bear any one to notice his wounds, and says, when the state of his nose is alluded to, "It's only a crack—everybody has cracks."

Sunday, 10th.—Church in the morning. In the afternoon we sat under the trees, and Mr. Nicolson[1] read us a lecture he wrote for us, giving a skētch of Turkish history from 1826 to the present day. He is the head of the new college here for educating Englishmen to be dragomans. The moment I asked if some one would give me a résumé of Turkish modern history, he set to work, and wrote this lecture.

Monday, 11th.—I had my first ride, Nelly and I, D. and Mr. Kennedy. As we had a dinner at the Italian Embassy, and a ball in the evening, we did not go very far.

When I came down to dinner I found that Katie and I had been sent a couple of the most enormous bouquets you ever saw. They were the circumference of a five-o'clock tea-table, and weighed pounds. Katie was very unhappy about hers, but I insisted that she should carry it as it was. However, we did not use them much, for our host, Count Corti,[2] snubbed the bouquets tremendously (I think because he had not given them himself), and he did not allow Katie's to come upstairs at all.

I did not mean to dance, but I changed my mind, and joined in it till the end, at 4 a.m. (began at ten).

There was a beautiful moon, and people enjoyed

[1] Lord Carnock.
[2] The Italian Ambassador.

the garden very much; but about two o'clock wind came on, and some people who came in boats could not get home.

Wednesday, 13th.—Our half-holiday. We started directly after lunch in the *Antelope*, and went to the island of Prinkipo. The voyage took two hours and a half, passing all down the Bosphorus into the Sea of Marmora, and the day was lovely. When we landed we were surrounded by crowds of donkey-boys, and it was only through a vigorous use of the cavass's whip that way was made for us to mount. The two Miss Bartholeyns [1] and I, and all the gentlemen, rode donkeys, mine being a superior creature, with a charming canter. Katie, Mrs. Plunkett, Lord Bath, and Count Corti went in a carriage, but they got the worst of it afterwards, as they had to walk up a very steep hill. The road was good, and the views lovely, and the air (alas!) very superior to that of Therapia. The smell of pine-woods, too, was delicious. We got very high up, and perched ourselves upon rocks, from which we could see mountains and sea and islands, and Constantinople in the distance—we had coffee there, and then rode back, getting on board at half-past seven.

The deck was very prettily arranged, with two round tables for seven persons each, and we soon sat down to dinner, and then steamed home in the moonlight, having had a very happy day.

Thursday, 14th.—Our patience was sorely tried this morning. We had to be at "Robert College," an American institution for educating Bulgarians, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, etc., to assist at the giving away of prizes at ten in the morning; so, hurrying through breakfast, we went off in the launch to Roumeli Hissar, whose beautiful old towers are spoilt by the great modern American building behind

[1] Daughters of Belgian Minister.

them. We had a steep climb up to it, and when we at last got into the room where the ceremony was to be, we read the programme with sinking hearts!

We had to listen to twelve essays, read by the authors, each taking at least ten minutes, and all on the driest subjects; then to occasional performances by a very loud band—and at the end of this, "giving diplomas"—"giving prizes"—"addresses"—(eight of them)—Prayer and Doxology!

The result was, that we were kept till after two, and the way we rushed upon a plate of biscuits, when released, was a sight to see.

To refresh myself after this trial, I went a ride with D., Lord Bath, and Mr. Kennedy. We went farther than we intended, and did not get home till late. Then we hurried through dinner, to go to a gipsy entertainment given us by Mr. Sartoris.

It was so prettily arranged, upon a terrace in the garden. We sat in a tent, Chinese lanterns were hung about, and, with trees in the background, and a beautiful moon shining upon them, the gipsies danced and made curious music. One tried to tell fortunes, but was a very bad hand at it.

The most interesting part of the performance was the whirling of one of the ladies. She went round and round in one spot for five minutes, and so fast and so steadily that her petticoats stood out stiffly in a sort of umbrella form, and she looked quite like a machine. She was not the least giddy after it, to our astonishment.

Saturday, 16th.—We had a small dinner, and, as we had arranged for two ladies to sing on the water outside our house, I invited some people in the evening. The music was very pretty, and it went on till nearly twelve. One of our guests who likes to sit up all night, sat on and on—and I thought she never would go; and when I had sent away the professional

music she wanted to begin some amateur singing, but I dropped the subject.

Monday, 18th.—We are all very busy discussing an entertainment that we want to get up, to raise money for a new English church. I shall not act in the play, as it is for money, but I am to be President and general manager of the thing.

Mr. and Mrs. Goschen [1] have arrived, so our Embassy is becoming a very large company. Some of them always come in, in the evening, so that, in spite of there being "no society," our life is not nearly so domestic as at Petrograd.

One of our visits yesterday was to a Turkish lady; she is twenty-three years old, and has been married nine years. Her husband has only just let her appear, and she has been in Paris five years; so I imagine he was educating her.

Tuesday, 19th.—I went to call upon the Persian Ambassadress. The husband received me. When I asked if I could see his wife, he went and knocked at the door of the harem, and, not getting in that way, we had to go round to get it unlocked on the other side. When we were admitted we found ourselves in a very small bare room, in the presence of a large lady in a long European dress—and with a very untidy head of hair. She had to speak to us through her husband, but, when he went to order some tea, she chattered to me in an unknown tongue. The tray was brought in by a black woman who stood there while we drank it. Her dress was pink, and had a train, which, when she was standing, came out between her feet in front; a violet handkerchief on her head, and a long jacket completed her costume. On our way back we got a good deal splashed, as it really was rough on the water.

Wednesday, 20th.—In the afternoon we went with

[1] Now Sir Edward Goschen, Bart.

all the children, in carriages, to the Belgrade Forest, and after tea a large party of us mounted our horses and rode for six miles, through a lovely wood, to Pergos. There are two beautiful aqueducts to be seen there, and the ride is a very pleasant one.

After twelve miles on horseback, and two drives (for I came home in a carriage), I was rather tired. Some of the young men, however, appeared in the evening, and we had a discussion about some plays we are getting up, to make money for our new church.

Wednesday, 27th.—The next half-holiday expedition this week was to the "Sweet Waters of Europe." I drove for about an hour, and then got on my horse, and, with eleven others, rode another hour and a half through a very pretty farm, and over some grass, to the sweet waters, where the Palace stands, in which the Sultans spend their honeymoon.

It is a villa with very fine rooms in it. The harem (it is uninhabited now) is magnificent as to size. The floors are covered with matting, and, with the exception of a few divans round the walls, the rooms are empty. Our tea was set out in a marble pavilion in front of the Palace, and we were all very glad of it.

The "Sweet Waters" themselves do not deserve their name. In reality they are very like a canal, and are not at all romantic-looking.

Friday, 29th.—The Committee met about the theatricals, and it was resolved, first, to raise the price of the tickets, which are to be £1. It seems enormous to me, but people say you can get a hundred people here to give that, so I hope it may succeed. Then we gave up one of the pieces we had thought of, and settled to have some tableaux and waxworks instead.

August 2nd.—We had a party which began with a small play which Mr. Nicolson and I acted together.

When it was over I changed my dress like lightning, and came down while the guests were still drinking

tea and eating ices. I looked round, and, as if I had never thought of it before, said, "Why, here's a musician; let's have a dance,"—and actually there was a place all ready! a beautiful round room, with a chandelier lighted in it, and an excellent floor, and off we set, and danced till one o'clock—when I caused the musician to disappear, and, after a few sandwiches and a little supper, the guests went too, and every one was delighted, and considered "My first party" an enormous success. We were all very pleased with ourselves. The two actors were very conceited, and the prompter (Katie) was equally delighted. We all went to bed in the best of spirits.

Wednesday, 3rd.—After tea in the garden we started in the big caique, and the *Antelope* barge, for the Genoese Castle, at the mouth of the Black Sea. On our way, we went in a body to congratulate the Russian Ambassadress on her fête-day.

Arrived at "Kavak," we climbed up a great hill, to the old Castle, which is a very picturesque ruin, and from which there is a very fine view over the Black Sea on one side and over the Bosphorus on the other.

Thursday, 4th.—I think I told you we have a little refugee boy in the house, who is by way of being a servant, but who is in reality much more of a pet and plaything. He was sent us by Mrs. Hanson, an English lady who has done much for all these poor people. His mother works for her, and his sister was living as a servant in the house. The girl is only fourteen, and is very delicate, in fact consumptive, and she hated the yashmak over her mouth so much that she would not wear it. Well, a groom there fell in love with her, and, although all his relations were very angry at his marrying a woman who had been seen by Christian and other men, he determined to do so. Mrs. Hanson wrote and asked the children

if they would like to see the wedding, and I said I would go too. The news of this had the effect of healing the family feud, and all the bridegroom's relations came to the ceremony.

When we arrived at Mrs. Hanson's house the bride, (who has not a farthing, and was dressed in presents), appeared, looking very pretty, with a very thin yashmak, a brown silk gown, a green gauze veil over the yashmak, and streamers of gold and silver thread in her hair; she kissed our hands, and we presented some little gifts; then we walked to her new abode, she following. At the door of the house the bridegroom, a nice-looking young man, met us, kissed our hands, and received us in a little hall at the bottom of the stairs. As soon as the bride entered the women seized upon her and took off her yashmak, and then turned her round to the man, who was supposed to see her for the first time. He then put his arm under hers and helped her upstairs, this being *the* ceremony. He conducted her to a sitting-room, where the door was shut for one minute, and then he was hustled away, and we were all admitted to her presence. She sat on a sofa, and we on divans round the room. Two sisters-in-law, with strongly painted eyebrows, sat each side of her, and her mother-in-law in front, and she might not speak until this new relation of hers gave her leave. The bride's nails and the tops of her fingers were stained black. Some bonbons and little biscuits were handed round, and after a time we made conversation. The bride, at a big wedding, sits in state for three days, and has a feast, and the bridegroom also feasts in his part of the house for the same time. In the afternoon he goes to the mosque, where he meets a male relation of the woman's; he is asked what dowry he gives, and he says some prayers.

There is also some little betrothal ceremony when

a ring is given, but the actual marriage is astonishingly simple. In the evening, when he sees his bride again, he lays a mat at her feet, and says his prayers before her.

Friday, 5th.—We were watching for the arrival of our school-boys almost all the afternoon, but they only got here at eight. We had managed, opera-glass in hand, to get dressed for dinner, and when the steam launch appeared we went on to the quay, the children in the wildest excitement, to receive the new-comers. They all three looked very well, and till the last two days had had beautiful weather.

Saturday, 6th.—There was a most exciting cricket-match to-day. The Embassy against the World. I am quite beginning to understand the game, which I never did before. We won by a hundred runs in one innings, and were proportionately proud of ourselves.

Sunday, 7th.—Church. In the afternoon, one of our dragomans asked us to have tea at his kiosque. He has built a little two-roomed house on a hill, with a magnificent view of the Black Sea from it, and he had tea in a tent for us. He has a great collection of rifles, which he produced, and got the gentlemen to fire at some glass balls. Our host is Sir Alfred Sanderson.

Monday, 8th.—I had some visits to pay to-day, so, after making my company rehearse their play, K. and I started in the *Mouche*, to see Princess Halim. Her husband is the great-grandson of Mehemet Ali. She was educated with his daughter, and is very nice-looking, gentle, and lady-like.

They knew we were coming, so Prince Halim met me at the door, and armed me up through a house, and then over a little bridge, and through his garden to a small house, where the Princess received us. The room was European and so was her dress—

white *gaze de Chambéry*, with mauve bows. Prince Halim stayed in the room. While we were talking, two women came in, bearing long and most gorgeous pipes, and two more brought little stands for the bowl of the pipe—made of gold and amber—which were placed on the floor. My pipe had a beautiful amber mouthpiece, surrounded by diamonds. I smoked a little and thought it delicious; but, as I had to talk too, the pipe soon went out. Then four women brought us each a cup of coffee. Princess Halim herself smoked a cigarette, which she held in the most lovely jewelled pair of pincers. The two sons, boys of seventeen and eighteen, who speak English well, showed us their drawings, and Prince Halim also exhibited an oil picture he is doing, which he is going to give D.

Wednesday, 10*th*.—I had a rehearsal to-day, but every one was much too full of a coming Fancy Ball given by the officers of the *Antelope* to think of their acting; and now I have to tell you about this great and most successful event.

I will begin with our own dresses. D. wore the Down Hunt coat. I dressed after one of the Sheridan pictures—white muslin, powder, large hat, and tall cane.

Katie wore a mob cap on the top of a curly head, and a Pompadour dress, which was very pretty.

Archie was an Algerian in white and gold. Mr. Kennedy, in blue and silver, was a character in some opera. Mr. Nicolson was Ruy Blas, all in black; but the great success of the party was Mr. Sartoris and Terence as a Chinaman with his wife. Mr. Sartoris is very tall, and he got up the Chinese dress beautifully. He had a bald head, with long pigtail—the correct hat and the long moustaches—a yellow silk jacket, purple petticoat, and the shoes with very thick white soles, which raised him a good bit. He

looked the character to the life, and he towered above every one.

Then Terence wore a real and very beautiful Japanese dress, which was lent, and I had a wig made for him. You never saw such a perfect little figure as he looked, with his parasol and his fan, and his grave face.

The *Antelope* was beautifully arranged. The whole deck and bridge were covered in with sails and flags—every square corner was filled with flowers, and lines and lines of coloured oil-lamps were slung about. Chandeliers were also hung up, and the whole was beautifully lighted.

As for dancing, we began at ten, and finished at three; and Katie not only danced every dance, but had four or five partners for each—for here, gentlemen allow their partners to take turns with other people, so that girls get a great deal of dancing,—and, when they are popular, they need never stop. The supper and the refreshments were all good, and there was not a hitch of any kind.

Thursday, 11th.—We thought that a nice quiet afternoon would do us good, so we went in the caique and launch down to a deserted palace and garden belonging to the Khedive, and there we had tea, and the children played about.

Friday, 12th.—A hot day. The Persian Ambassadress came to see me. When she arrived she came into the drawing-room muffled up completely. She and her maid, or governess, wore thick coloured handkerchiefs over their faces; that is the Persian yashmak. They had cloaks which looked as if they had put their petticoats over their heads; the lower part covered the dress, and was fastened to the waist, and when the upper part was thrown back it was just like a large tunic over the skirt. When my friend did unveil she displayed more than her face, for she

is a very large woman, and she had a square gown and short sleeves.

As it is Ramadhan, she would neither eat nor smoke, and the conversation, which was interpreted by a small black boy, lagged fearfully. It was very hard to think of subjects of interest, and each new topic was very quickly exhausted. And the black boy, who was there to interpret, would answer our simple questions himself, without passing them on to her, which was tiresome of him. All men were carefully excluded, and she would not even see the Ambassador.

As soon as she left we started off in the *Antelope* for Stamboul, where we went to see St. Sophia illuminated. We had a pleasant journey down, dining on board—a party of twelve—and in town we met Mr. Sartoris and Terence, who had gone to be photographed in their Chinese dresses. My poor maid had a fearful day of it. She started by an early boat, to go and dress Terence for the photograph, but he and Mr. Sartoris missed the steamer, and she landed all alone at Pera, unable to speak to a soul, or to ask for a carriage, or say where she wanted to go. Then she was surrounded by men trying to get her bag from her, and this went on for two hours in a hot sun. When Mr. Sartoris got to town, he sent to look for her, and she was rescued, but even her angelic temper was a little ruffled.

We reached St. Sophia at half-past eight, and, being a little early, the church was only half lighted. Our places were in a gallery, and we reached it by steep winding pathways (not stairs), a man walking before us holding a dim light. When we reached our seats we looked down upon the immense space—quantities of chandeliers far below us, and children rushing about, shrieking and thoroughly enjoying their enormous playground. St. Sophia having been

ST. SOPHIA.

From stereograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

built for a Christian church, the altar did not face quite the right way for the Mahomedans, and so everything in it is a little askew, which has a curious effect. The steps to the altar slant a little, and the lines and lines of carpet all lie slanting. It is a beautiful church, but there are enormous wooden shields hung up, with the name of the prophet, etc., on them, which are not worthy of the marble columns and beautiful architecture.

It was lighted with oil-lamps, rows and rows of them; one row round the dome, which is very beautiful, and which in the day-time looks as if it was resting upon nothing.

Soon we heard the call to prayers, and the place filled rapidly. The men came in carrying their boots, and all placed themselves in lines, with spaces between each. I never saw anything more impressive than the service. There was the melancholy and barbarous wail of the priest reading the Koran, and every now and then more voices joining in, then a rustle, when the whole congregation bent forward, and then the sound as of a great wave, when they all fell down upon their knees, with their faces on the ground. The sight of all these human beings in the attitude of profoundest humility was most striking, and, although dead silence prevailed, one seemed to feel "Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners," in the air.

The same thing happened over and over again, but it always produced the same effect upon me. Self-abasement, adoration, devotion, all seemed thoroughly expressed by the service, and one scarcely knew which was most effective, the barbaric wail or the moments of silent meditation.

People differ about it as a sight; some say there is nothing to see, that it is all dull, etc. I think it one of the grandest things I ever saw, and, seated far above

these people, I felt as if I was assisting at a dream, a sort of revelation, and not at a real church service. Home by moonlight.

Tuesday, 16th.—The day of my large garden party. We had little establishments in various parts of the garden; but our great salon was on the terrace by the tennis-ground. There we had a band, and some Danish young ladies, who sang with it. A long table for refreshments, and any ugly walls were hidden by flags.

The people began to arrive punctually at four, and, as those who speak no known language generally come first, the *mauvais quart d'heure* at the beginning was very *mauvais* indeed.

I had Turks to whom I found it very difficult to talk, the Sultan's brother-in-law being the first arrival; and then a number of Greek and Armenian priests, bishops, and archbishops, in wonderful dresses. I walked along with two, whose mitres were covered with red and purple veils, to the tea-table, and I was much relieved when the crowd began to pour in. Everybody seemed very much pleased, and the party is esteemed a success. There were 276 guests at it.

Wednesday, 17th.—My enterprising boy, Archie,[1] swam across the Bosphorus this morning! It is quite a feat, and he could get no one else to do it with him. It took him an hour, and a boat followed him. D. was anxiously watching with a glass, and we were glad when we heard he had landed.

In the afternoon we went a very long ride and drive to the Bends. We did not get home till eight, and had to dress hurriedly for dinner and a rehearsal.

Friday, 19th.—The ladies who are to sing at our performance came to see me. One, a Mademoiselle

[1] Then Lord Clandeboye—afterwards Earl of Ava. Fell mortally wounded at Ladysmith, January 6th, 1900.

Vincino, has a lovely voice. She has lived all her life by the Bosphorus, but had never been on it before!

Saturday, 20th.—Katie and I, and children, went in the steam launch with M. Onou to see a fair going on in the Pigeon Mosque at Stamboul. This part of our sight-seeing was disappointing, as the fair was absolutely nothing to see. The court of the mosque was full of pigeons. M Onou then took us a very interesting drive through the streets of Stamboul, where every passer-by is a picture; showed us the Hippodrome, and Suleiman's Mosque, after which we went to St. Sophia.

It is beautifully lighted, and looks much finer by day than at night, as one can see its enormous size, and admire the mosaic ceilings, and the beautiful marble columns, with their carved capitals.

We shuffled along in the slippers we were given at the door, and, in addition to the building, we saw an interesting service going on. A preacher was expounding the Koran, and round him sat the faithful with their hands reverently spread out, and giving him the warmest expressions of approval by constantly calling out, with great fervour, "Amen," or "God is great."

In another part of the church was a second preacher, and all about its vast proportions lay, sat, or knelt people sleeping, reading the Koran, listening or praying. We thought they looked askance at us, and I am sure our presence is disagreeable to them; and in Ramadhan, they are in very bad humour.

You know, of course, that this is their great fast, and that they neither eat, drink, nor smoke from sunrise to sunset. I feel so sorry for my boatman, (the others are Greek), and I fancy that he looks even hotter than usual when he rows, and that it is cruelty to animals. The men miss their cigarettes so much that many of them carry a rosary, and

occupy their fingers with the beads, trying to cheat themselves into not missing the rolling up and the holding of the accustomed weed.

When we came back we saw two such very smart Turkish ladies in a caique. Their yashmaks were of the thinnest, their dresses Europeanised as much as possible, and they had a beautiful red-and-gold embroidery thrown over the boat. But I heard of a lady of good family being taken up by the police the other day because she allowed her *Feridje* (cloak), to fly open as she walked, in order to display a beautiful Parisian dress; so, at any rate, the police try to maintain the old customs. I am invited to the last remaining real old-fashioned harem, the first day of Bairam.

Wednesday, 24th.—A family birthday! We set off in caique and steam launch to have tea at Beikos, on our way to Bala Bay. This is a very fine palace on the Bosphorus, uninhabited now, like many others. It was quite sad to see such a lovely place empty. The rooms are beautifully decorated, and there are handsome stuffs, clocks, etc., in them. One room was very beautiful, being entirely done from ceiling to floor with wood of various colours in mosaic patterns, and polished columns, etc. The gardens are pretty, too, and we were all interested and excited over two magnificent tigers they have there. They are in an enormous cage, and, far from being sleepy as they look in England, they rushed about, growling and flying at the bars, causing us all to retreat precipitately—our protector, the cavass, almost tumbling down in his alarm.

Thursday, 25th.—Had a dinner of fourteen, and a dance of a hundred after. Happily, one is able to do this very simply here—just a refreshment-table with sandwiches, tea, cakes, etc. It was a hot night, but the doors into the garden were open, and

people danced vigorously, and roamed about outside to cool.

Friday, 26th.—Bairam. We were all much disappointed at not being allowed to go to the great ceremonies; but it appears that so many people asked for tickets that they could not all get them, and so the Sultan let no one go. I was consoled first by the fact that we should have had to get up at four—and secondly, by knowing that I was to see a harem in the afternoon.

I had received permission to visit a daughter of the great Mehemet Ali, a Princess of Egypt, who keeps up the old style; she is a widow.

When we arrived, Katie and I and a lady who is staying with Count Corti, we were shown into a very large room, or hall, laid down with matting, and at first sight containing no furniture, though there were really some low divans and mattresses on the floor. We were received by a rather plain old lady, in a white princess dress, short hair, and a muslin turban or fez, with a large emerald brooch to fasten it behind. She wore an enormous gold medal as a brooch, which the English gave to her father, and which had an inscription on it. Her watch had rows of diamonds on it, and on one side Mehemet Ali's portrait, on the other his arms. There were lots of diamonds at the other end of the chain and seals, etc. On her finger a big diamond. She possesses splendid jewels, but unhappily most of them were in town, she said. We shook hands, and passed through into another room, where we sat down on a divan and smoked cigarettes (yes, both of us), and drank coffee out of diamond-encrusted cups, and ate bonbons which were carried in on a table with a splendid velvet embroidery hanging over it. There must have been from seventy to a hundred girls in the large room, and they came in and passed out,

and brought things, and stood with folded arms, and we looked at them and their dresses. They all wore bright colours, and all had a muslin turban or some ribbons or something on their heads. Their dresses were mostly thin silk, and so long that even when they lifted one end, and tucked it into the band at their waist, it still trailed on the ground. I was very glad to find Princess Halim and her sons (young boys) there. We know them, and, as they speak French and English, it was much easier to carry on the conversation. Another old and very fat lady came in and squatted on a mattress, smoking.

Presently, in the large room, eight or ten girls began to play different instruments. The music was Turkish, and very peculiar and monotonous. One girl had a fiddle, and several had tambourines, and they sang or rather crooned some melancholy ditties. This went on for some time, and then another set gave us Egyptian music, different instruments and slightly different music. We stayed about an hour and a half, and occupied ourselves principally in looking at the innumerable women flitting about, and at their dresses. I saw no pretty faces. There was one with golden hair and painted face, very unlike the others. We wondered who she was.

The princess is a clever old woman. She adopts and brings up these girls, and I suppose, in time, marries them. I thought the harem life must be very dull; there was not a symptom anywhere of any employment. We got on very well as to conversation, but there is nothing to relate. I was rather amused at the old lady, who, hearing that Princess Radzivill (the visitor with me), had married at fifteen, asked her if it was a love match.

Princess Halim suggested what a fine room it would be for a ball, "if we gave such things." I asked her if the ladies ever danced together, but she said,

" there would be no charm in that." However, she said she " would much rather travel than go to a ball." We parted with many compliments and messages from our hostess to D.

Tuesday, 30*th*.—I went into town with the children to see the Dancing Dervishes. We lunched at the Embassy at Pera, and then proceeded to the place where they perform. We were shown upstairs, and found ourselves in a gallery, which made the square room into an octagon shape, and which looked down upon the parquet prepared for the Dervishes. In the next partition in the gallery were four most superior Dervishes. One in pink, one in green, others in brown and grey cloaks with loose sleeves. Their head-dress is a tall brown or white felt hat like a clown's. In the " ball-room " there were seventeen dressed in the same fashion, but in various shades of brown, and with bare feet. The chief had a green turban round his hat, and his cloak reached to the ground. The service began with prayers, prostrations, and the most extraordinary singing you can imagine. It proceeded from our neighbours in the gallery, and, with all my sense of reverence for other people's devotions, I could not but think it funny to hear such odd sounds proceeding from the mouth of the grave green gentleman. The singing of the man in pink, accompanied by a pressure of his hands upon his chest, and an inclination of his figure, which ended by bringing his forehead to the ground, the voice meanwhile appearing to emerge from the depths, was irresistibly suggestive of a sea voyage.

The performers below were sitting on their heels during these prayers, every now and then falling forwards on their faces. The chief man sat opposite the gallery, in the dancing enclosure, on a mat spread for him. Once he took up the rôle of minister, and, with his hands open before him, recited something.

When this service had been going on for some time the man in green suddenly produced a long cane, and, blowing into one end of it, brought forth some feeble sounds by way of music. The seventeen below squatted round the enclosure. Presently one got up, and we saw that he had, in some mysterious manner, become possessed of a long white skirt; and then all the others gradually lengthened out into white petticoats. We saw, afterwards, that these were all tied up with a string round the waist. The pipes (four) in the gallery now played as vigorously as they could, and the chief in the green turban, gravely bowing to the assembly, stepped forward and walked slowly round the room followed by all the others in procession. When he got back to his mat he took his place again, and as each Dervish came up to him and bowed, kissing the front of his dress, the chief stooped and kissed his ear, and the Dervishes continued to march slowly round. The second time they passed, it was very pretty and graceful to look at. As the man reached the corner of the mat he stopped and bowed profoundly, with his arms crossed on his breast; then with two steps, and keeping his face to the chief, he reached the other corner of the mat, and turned again, bowing profoundly, this time to the Dervish following him, who was now at his original place. As the procession went round, there were always two making these profound salutations across the mat, and the regularity and grace of it were very striking. The second time they went round the Dervish began to turn slowly the moment he had made his bow; at first his arms were crossed, but after a few turns he stretched them out, and when the whole seventeen were turning at once, with distended white garments, and outstretched arms, it really was a most curious thing to see. Their feet were bare, and one could not see how

they moved, or what step enabled them to get round so smoothly.

They got to look quite like machines, but some did it better than others. Unfortunately, we forgot to time them, but they go on for a surprisingly long time, and when they finish they bow as profoundly and as steadily as ever. When twisting, they do not appear to move, but in reality they do change places. At the end of the twirl they again go round, in procession, and begin again as before. They all take off their cloaks before dancing, and appear only in white jackets and skirts; and when they have finished and begin to pray again, some one goes round and covers them up with their cloaks.

Thursday, Sept. 1st.—We went to see the Treasury, and the big Palace to-day. There is a great fuss about getting permission for the Treasury, and when you get there a host of men follow you about, and make you feel very ticket-of-leavish.

I did not care much for it. Precious boxes, and watches, daggers, and inlaid trays are charming if you can have them in your own room, but all collected in glass cupboards, with "touch not, handle not, flatten your nose, and see what you can" sort of feeling in the air, I do not personally care the least for them, and emeralds in a jar, and pearls in a basin, are not more beautiful than the ordinary pebble, when they are stowed away in the dark recesses of these cupboards.

Of course there are lovely things, but you will appreciate them far more if you read about them than if you go to see them and have to pay all the policemen who stand over you, largely for their trouble. The thing that did interest me sounds frivolous—the dresses of about thirty Sultans, beginning with "Mahmoud, the Conqueror." The turbans and the daggers began by being enormous, and they

gradually grew smaller, till one fine day when a certain enterprising Sultan jumped from his oriental robes, and large white head-dress, into a sort of lancer uniform, and a red fez. There the illustrations stop.

We were taken round by an A.D.C. of the Sultan, a young man who served six years in the Russian army, fought with it, and was wounded by the Turks, ran away from the Russians, and, like the Prodigal of old, has had the fatted calf and the ring of gold for his portion, on his return. We were given a spoonful of rose jam, a glass of water, and cigarettes (for the men), before leaving.

Next we went to Dolmah Batchi, the Palace. I was much disappointed with it: bad French furniture, hideous carpets, horrid pictures, and the one magnificent hall in it spoilt—first by the dreadful bad taste of the painting, and, secondly, by having no fine entrance to it.

Thursday, 8th.—The great entertainment for the new church came off last night, and so of course there was much to do in the day, and, thanks to Mr. Sartoris, the stage was lovely, with vines overgrowing the outside, and the lighting most successful.

People began to come before half-past eight, while I was busy putting final touches of paint to different people. The play *Naval Engagements* came first, and went off admirably, before a hundred and twenty people. After it was a lovely trio, and then the spectators were allowed to walk about a little before the second part began.

The first tableau was *Le Printemps*, after the picture of that name, and with Gounod's song sung to it. I cannot tell you what a lovely effect it had, when a mysterious voice was heard in the darkness, and when a curtain slowly rolled up, revealing a most idyllic picture.

The boy in a loose brown shirt, with bare arms and legs, the girl in pale blue, with bare feet and dishevelled golden locks, appeared together in a swing. The background was a wood, and the scene was the success of the night.

These two pictures were the best, but the others were also very pretty. Freddy sat beautifully in his. He was on the floor playing with a net, and the group consisted of Italian peasants and fisherwomen.

I am happy to say every one was pleased, and that all went off admirably. The music was beautiful, and I hear a rage for *tableaux-vivants* has set in.

Mr. Kennedy asked us all to supper afterwards, and he had it most beautifully arranged in the secretaries' house—Chinese lanterns, bouquets for the ladies, flags, a band, etc.

Friday, 9th.—Next morning we went to Pera in the steam launch, to see the Sultan go to mosque.

Sir Alfred Sanderson went with us, and we arrived quite early, and saw everything. The Sultan is in such fear of his life (a mania he has), that he goes to a mosque quite close to his gate; but, although the space is small, it is a very fine sight.

One sees quantities of soldiers, and very fine ones they are, numbers of most picturesque dresses, and some very gorgeous ones. We stood on the steps of a guard-house, half-way between the gate of the Palace, and the mosque—so that we could see the whole route plainly. Troops lined the whole space, and different bands played all the time.

When the Sultan was ready, the gates opened, and all the Pashas walked first in their fine uniforms, and behind them came the Sultan on a splendid horse. He is small, and very pale and melancholy-looking, and he just glanced out sideways at where we stood. Then he went into the mosque, and the service lasted half an hour.

When it was over, but before he came out, all the troops left, and this was a very interesting part of the performance, as they passed us twice. The space being limited, they went up, turned round, and marched back again. The two columns going in different directions, the music and the dresses, all made this a very fine sight. The Sultan's own black regiment with green turbans was a feature of it. The Sultan drove back in a victoria lined with blue satin, some splendidly dressed footmen running by him.

He sent his secretary to tell me he was glad to see me, and that, if the Ambassador had been present, he would have asked to see him.

One of the ladies of the Harem had come in a carriage to look on, and, as she drove away, she threw money out of the window, upon which, beggars swarmed into the place, and such a scramble ensued as you cannot imagine. The cripples threw away their crutches, and grovelled on the ground in search of the coppers; fezes were lost in the scrimmage, the most picturesque and barbarous confusion prevailed, and, finally, when a chamberlain continued the largesse, he was set upon by the crowd and almost torn to pieces, the soldiers having great difficulty in keeping the greedy mob off him and off us. We saw some bloody cheeks, and heard a few howls, but five minutes after every one looked as good-tempered as possible.

Monday, 12th.—We had a delightful sail to the Islands, where we all got on donkeys, and rode up to the top of "Prinkipo." One of the children was ill, and D. was too busy to come, so they spoilt by their absence what was to have been a complete family party, and a farewell to the boys who now return to school. We dined on board the *Antelope*, and, unluckily, the captain accepted my invitation,

and was at table when a crash was heard overhead. We ran into a brig which did us some little damage; she was carrying no light.

Thursday, 15th.—D. went to see the Sultan, and had a satisfactory interview. His Majesty wishes to see the "Hero of the Bosphorus" (Archie). He had his horses shown to D.

In the evening Prince and Princess Halim dined with us. D. was permitted to be present, and we had a great discussion about the men servants, but finally settled to let them wait on us. She came in her yashmak, which I undid for her, and wore an order over her shoulder and diamonds in her hair. We were eight ladies and two gentlemen, and after dinner we all had to smoke. Though she is very nice, it is hard to talk to her, as she does not carry on a conversation, and one has to be continually inventing new subjects.

Thursday, 22nd.—Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett leave next Wednesday for Paris, where he has been appointed first secretary, and, as they were very anxious to see the Howling Dervishes before going, we went with them to-day in our lovely steam launch, and had a picnic lunch in her on our way to Scutari. When we got there we had time to drive up to a hill from which we had a magnificent view, the Sea of Marmora on one side, a bird's-eye view of Constantinople and the Golden Horn, and the Bosphorus winding its way to the Black Sea, and plains with distant mountains on the other, completing the circle. Then we proceeded to the mosque, having rattled over the roughest roads you can imagine, we inside the carriage knocking against each other, and feeling at every moment on the verge of going over.

Scutari is a most picturesque, dirty, characteristic-looking village, and I walked through it on our way back, so as to enjoy the sight of the inhabitants and

the funny little shops. One feature of a Turkish village at this time is the fruit. The greengrocers' shops are lovely! The walls are covered with rows and rows of melons and pumpkins of every size and colour, and a great sloping counter is laid out with tomatoes, cucumbers, "aubergines" (which in the dictionary is "mad-apple" in English), a long, purple fruit, figs, etc., and all along the streets in every available place one sees great hampers of white grapes, which even the beggars feed upon! These are famous grapes, and the proper way to eat them, is to put about ten into your mouth at once; they only have one seed each; their skins are thin, and they really are delicious; the very thought of these lovely fruits has carried me away from the Dervishes.

In case your ideas on the subject should have been similar to my own, I will correct your wrong impressions. The greater number of the performers are not Dervishes at all, but are passers-by who volunteer to come in and howl, or who are moved by the spirit to do so; their powers of working themselves into hysterics vary, therefore, and on this occasion they were not great.

We were admitted into the mosque, which is very small—a narrow passage is railed off on three sides of it, and upstairs is a little gallery where we sat. The Sheik wore a black surplice and a turban, and he was very grave and calm and dignified all the time. He sat on a rug at one end, and opposite him, with their backs to the railing, stood the worshippers. Altogether we saw about twenty, but they did not all go on all the time—two hours. When they meant to begin seriously, a man came round with white skull-caps, which they put on in place of their fezes; and when they were well into the thing, some of them threw off their robes and displayed themselves in a single white garment, which was soon wringing wet.

The best performers were black men, and very hideous they did look. They stood in a row, and none of them ever moved their feet, but they threw themselves backwards and forwards, and seemed to be doing their very best to get excited; and the blacks twisted about their heads, and contorted all their muscles, and one of them contrived to look very horrible indeed. The most dreadful sounds proceeded from his chest, and I really began to think, "If they all get like that, it will be very disagreeable indeed"; but when there was a pause, even the worst of them stopped at once, and seemed neither out of breath nor anything but very hot, and at the end, when we came out, we saw the most violent of them all quite well, and calmly enjoying a cigarette.

The chief joined, in a very gentle manner, towards the end, and did not even warm himself, and then he retired to his niche, and another interesting ceremony was begun. Babies (supposed to be sick) were brought in and laid on the floor for him to walk upon. One was such a miserable little creature, I felt quite nervous about it; but I soon saw the Sheik knew what he was about. It is surprising that a baby's body can stand the weight, but evidently if you know where to place your foot the infant is unhurt.

Tuesday, Sept. 27th.—The weather quite awful, and all the subscribers are in a great state of mind about the ball which is being given to the officers of the *Antelope*. Every one has subscribed, except the Heads of Missions, who are invited. It is difficult to get out here in bad weather, as there are so few carriages, and it is so disagreeable for ladies in full dress to get in and out of boats. I had several visitors all bemoaning themselves, and at half-past nine we got into our carriage, the wind howling and the rain pouring.

The ball committee hired a house for the occasion

and it was decorated with flags, and there were chandeliers made with swords and pistols, etc. We began at ten, and danced till four in the morning. I was rather horrified to find that the coachman, not having received any orders, had stood at the door the whole night! He was scolded for his stupidity.

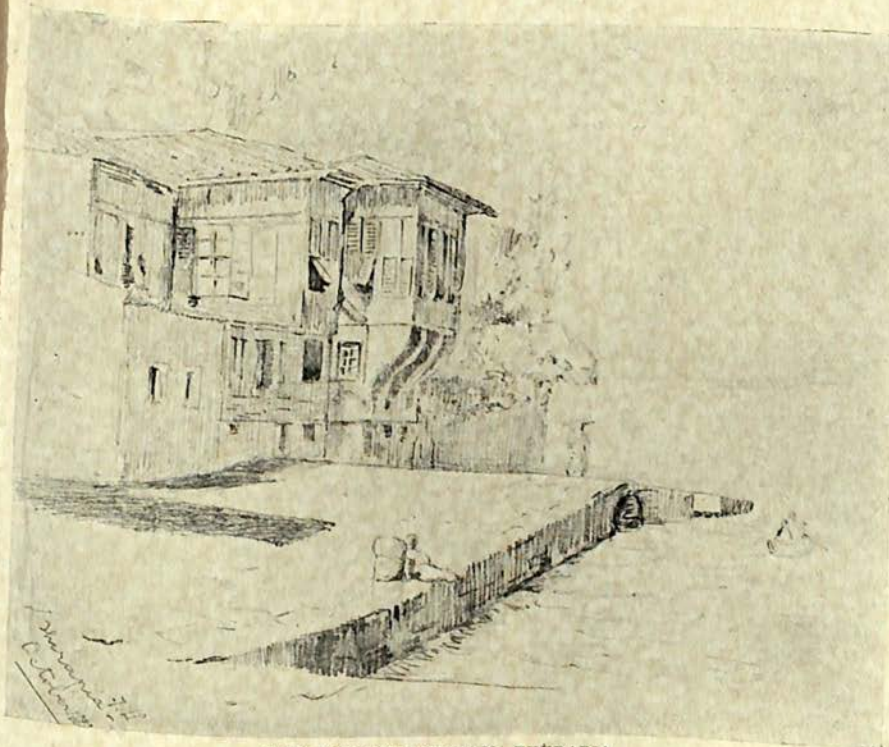
Tuesday, Oct. 25th.—The time has arrived for moving into Pera, and I feel quite low at leaving Therapia, and having before me the prospect of a new start, new house, new life!

Everything is bare now, and boxes are lying about gaping and asking to be filled. Everything one may happen to want has already gone, and it is only the useless things that stick by one to the last. It is really dreadful the idea of moving everything twice a year. We pack, take a last look at the tennis ground, and the gardens, and then we dress for dinner. We are invited by the wardroom officers of the *Antelope* to dine with them, and we have settled to sleep on board, starting in the night to go to Ismid and spend a day there.

The dinner was beautifully arranged on the bridge, which was all covered in with flags, and decorated with flowers, the wheel looking particularly pretty with its garlands of Virginian creeper.

Wednesday, 26th.—I believe the night was rather rough, but I knew nothing about it, and we were in the Gulf of Ismid for breakfast. When we anchored, we went ashore, a party of nine, taking lunch with us, and determined to see all that was to be seen of the ancient "Nicomedia."

This once great city is now a collection of very poor wooden houses; very few stones of its walls remain. We went through the bazaars and the streets, saw an Armenian church, and the graves of those who were killed by the bursting of the gun on board the *Thunderer*. Had a merry luncheon in the



THE FRENCH EMBASSY, THÉRAPIA.
From a sketch by Miss Florence Wyndham.

corner of a field, and then climbed up a high hill to see the view. We had two donkeys to help us a little. A great excitement on the way was, the finding of "Trapdoor spiders," and trying to dig them out with their houses. We succeeded in bringing home three. The little house is carefully lined, and at its mouth is a door which opens and shuts, and the spider lives inside and devours flies at his leisure. I can't find any account of these creatures, so I don't know whether the flies "walk into his parlour," or whether he goes out to look for them. As mine must lead an artificial life, I pin down the doors, and put flies in once a day. I also became the happy possessor of a fascinating little tortoise.

The view over the Gulf of Ismid was well worth the climb, and when we went back to the *Antelope* we all agreed we had had a most charming afternoon.

We asked three of the officers to dine with us, and they sang afterwards. At midnight we started for our new home. It has been a very short holiday, but D. dreads an accumulation of business, and won't stay any longer.

Thursday, 27th.—We got to Constantinople early and breakfasted on board.

On arrival at our Embassy I immediately began to arrange my things, and to try and get one room to look habitable, and after lunch we explored the garden, and visited stables, laundry, church, gardener's house, etc. All these buildings open into the garden.

Happily the sun shines, and gives us cheerful impressions of our palace. We have had a walk in the streets, a thing we do as new people. The shops are not worth looking at; the pavements are extremely bad, and ladders, pianos, water-barrels, beds, etc., walk about upon men's backs, so that one has to look down at one's toes lest one should fall into some hole, or trip over some stone; then, behind

and on every side so as not to be knocked down by any of the perambulating loads projecting far beyond their bearers' heads. It is not a sociable walk, for one is too occupied to talk. The dogs which sleep comfortably in the very middle of the narrow path add another difficulty, and a dignified and stately gait is impossible.

However, one takes in, during one's side-glances, an immense number of picturesque figures. In fact, every native is a picture, and it is very interesting to watch them.

Wednesday, Nov. 2nd.—We had rather an adventurous ride, for just when we got on to an exposed and dusty common, the most fearful squall came on, and the dust flew in such clouds that we could not see an inch before us. We turned our backs to it, but the moment there was a temporary lull we rode down into a sort of area, and there remained more than a quarter of an hour. When we emerged we were covered with dust, and all looked as if we had had falls from our horses; we had many another terrible mouthful of the dust before we got out of the streets on to a grass field. This storm swept all over the town, and delighted the children, who pretended to be camels, and lay down to let it pass over them.

It is the eve of the second Bairam, and every native seems to have provided himself with a sheep to kill to-morrow, partly as a sacrifice, partly as a feast. The sheep here are most fascinating; they have such long silky wool, and are so large, and many of them are got up for the occasion with paint on their cheeks or backs, and gold on their horns; but the funniest thing to see is the way they are carried home. We passed many men with them on their backs, holding a paw in each hand over their shoulders, just as one would take a child. One man I saw on horseback, with a great live sheep lying across his knees,

and a few are dragged and pushed unceremoniously along much like Irish pigs.

Before we got home the minarets were lighted with three rows of lamps, forming a band of light round the largest part of the circle.

The squall brought up the clouds, and I think we are losing our lovely weather.

Certainly it is impossible to exaggerate the noise of the Constantinople dogs. We live *entre cour et jardin*, still at night I can hear a distant roar of barking, which in the streets must be intolerable; and added to them is the tramp of the watchman. He does not go on the principle of surprising the unwary, but announces his approach most systematically, by tapping the iron point of his stick along the curb-stones as he walks. That is the way I should feel inclined to do if I thought robbers were about, but I should not have thought it was the best plan for a policeman to go upon.

Thursday, 3rd.—Drove to do a round of visits. Such a business, rough-and-ready pavements, and very ready ruts and holes, and such narrow places to turn in, and such impossible places to walk down. I saw the Russian and French Embassies, but will describe them another day.

Saturday, 5th.—Such a horrid, cold, wet day. In spite of the weather, we kept an engagement we had made to go and visit the Student Interpreters' College, and very cold and wet, when we got there, were we. Their house is at Ortakui. There are six of them, and they have an Armenian teacher living with them. It seems to me an excellent opening for a needy young man, especially if he has any turn for languages. The students are kept and lodged, and have £200 a year for five years while studying, and then, if they behave well, they are sure of appointments as consuls or dragomans. The college is always

under one member of the Embassy, and Mr. Nicolson is now their chief.

Sunday, 6th.—We went a walk in the afternoon right over to Stamboul and up to the Pigeon Mosque there, in front of which we saw the Turks enjoying the last day of the second Bairam. Grave gentlemen in turbans swinging, and children in merry-go-rounds.

Tuesday, 8th.—At last I have been to the "Bazaar." Mrs. Hanson took Katie and me. She came for us about eleven, and we decided to go in a thoroughly plebeian manner, no cavass, or sign of Ambassadorial dignity. You have no idea how thoroughly "Monarch of all I survey" one feels, walking with a cavass through the town; every biped and four-footed creature is ruthlessly thrust out of the way by the magnificent creature who swaggers in front of one, with his sword in one hand and his whip in the other.

This time we had only a very shabby old Turk of Mrs. Hanson's carrying a carpet-bag. We walked to the underground railway station, and prepared to go down the tunnel. You go down in one set of carriages, the weight of which pulls another set up. We went second-class, because, in case of a smash, it appears safer than the first. Then we trudged through some crowded streets, and got into a caique, which took us over the Golden Horn, then a cab conveyed us to the Bazaar. It is a most amusing place, full of every sort of odd costume. It is not very light, but one sees all sorts of things—china, carpets, jewellery, etc., etc., in little shops round it; and when you begin to bargain for something it is quite a new experience.

You are told something is worth £5, and you immediately offer £1. The man says that all in his shop is yours—"that he will give you a present of

it," etc. You produce your one pound and put it down. He sweeps it away, but you calmly take hold of the article you wish to buy, and generally walk off with it, while he shrugs his shoulders and says he is ruined, at the same time picking up the money and putting it in his purse.

One charming old Turk produced coffee, which we drank in the intervals of bargaining.

Then we thought we would like to taste "Kabobs," so we got into a thing that looked much like a cabmen's shelter, and, sitting by several Street Arabs, tasted some tough specimens of a very good dish. We also had rather a nice Turkish dish—squares of a sort of blanc-mange with Devonshire cream and sugar. A walk through the Drug Bazaar finished our inspection. It is very pretty, with its bowls full of brilliant-coloured powders, and there are some old wood-carvings along the top of it.

Friday, 11th.—D. went to the Selamnik. He arrived rather late for the procession, but the Sultan returned from the mosque on horseback, instead of in a carriage, so that D. might see him.

Saturday, 12th.—In the evening we had a dinner, the chief guest being Monsignor Vanutelli, the Pope's Legate, a very tall man looking splendid in his purple silk cloak.

Monday, 14th.—K. and I paid visits, being carried in Sedan-chairs; the motion going up-hill is not pleasant, but on rough pavements and precipices such as there are here it is not a bad means of progression.

Tuesday, 22nd.—A bazaar has been arranged to pay off a debt on the organ in our church. About sixty pounds have been spent locally in buying water-jugs, dessert service, marking-ink and nail-brushes, and there is absolutely nothing to raffle or to thrust upon gentlemen victims, so the frivolous members of

the committee have to set to work to try to pay the debt by means of tea, cake, fortune-telling, and a fish-pond. Fortunes were written out beforehand, and, as the fortune-tellers know every one, they will be very successful in always saying the right thing to their clients.

Thursday, 24th.—The plot succeeded, and the fortune-tellers made £13 by their divinations; the sum made by the bazaar was £200.

In the evening we gave a grand dinner to the Turks, our first entertainment here. By some happy inspiration I was dressed by twenty minutes past seven (we dined at eight), and calmly entered my drawing-room at that hour to see if all was nicely arranged, when I found a Turk already there! Luckily he spoke French—but I was left fully twenty minutes alone with accumulating Turks, and all the few possible subjects of conversation were being used up, and I was feeling very shy before any help in the shape of dragomans, secretaries, or a husband appeared.

We were thirty at dinner, and we had a band. My neighbours "The Grand Vizier," Said Pasha, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, "Assym Pasha," both spoke French, so we got on very well, and Katie sat between the latter and the "Minister for Ecclesiastical Properties," also a French-speaking Turk. The whole thing was much less solemn than I had expected, and I think they really enjoyed it, and were pleased at the thing being well done, and the evident care taken to receive them with honour. I invited the Corps Diplomatique to meet them afterwards, and the band played on, and people seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

Friday, 25th.—I went with Mrs. Heap to see the wife of a Pasha. He was once Grand Vizier, and is really a Tunisian. As she cannot speak French, we

had to have the husband to translate, which always spoils a visit to a Turkish lady. They offered us neither coffee, sweets, nor cigarettes, which was unusual.

The lady is handsome, but wore an ugly kind of back tarlatan pork-pie, and a European dress. Three daughters came in; one a bride, engaged since three years of age, and just married. She had a long blue silk gown and diamond necklace, she looked very languid and dull. A second daughter was in pink, and the third, not yet nine, wore a very long yellow silk dress, with a train, her hair done up and a flower in it. The father talked French; he seemed devoted to this child, and told us she governed the house.

Presently he ordered his second daughter to play to us, and a servant came in to open the piano. He stopped her in the middle, and said it was too much noise; and then he made the married one play. This must as yet be a very rare accomplishment for Turkish women.

When we came in the harem door was locked upon us, and when we went out the key was safely turned upon its inmates. The Pasha then showed us his part of the house. The seats are always arranged straight round the room, and there is seldom anything in the middle of it. He had, however, a table with books on it, and in his own room he had bookshelves (filled), and several instruments, electric and microscopic, etc.

On my way home I went to the German Embassy "Day," always a dull performance. I am struggling not to have mine, that is not to be at home to visitors one afternoon, till after Christmas. I really think seven months of it is too much of a good thing, for I have it in the summer too.

Saturday, 26th.—We went to a charming little dance

in the evening at the Swedish Legation. There were few people, and every one danced vigorously.

D. went to see a wonderful Persian ceremony, of which he has written me this account:

"The Persians, who are Shiites, hold in highest reverence Hussein the son of Ali, who was himself the son of Mahomet. Hussein lost his life at Kerbela near the Euphrates, whither he had gone with his wife and children and some seventy followers, to claim the Caliphate, counting upon the support of the people of Kouffa. These, however, failed him in the time of need, and his small party were surrounded by the troops of the actual Caliph, and killed to a man in a succession of single combats, Hussein himself being the last to fall. His wife and an infant son were the only persons who managed to escape from the fatal field. In the course of time a 'congeries' of poems and legends gathered round Hussein's name and the event, and every year a tragedy which lasts nine days is performed to celebrate this martyrdom. The Persian colony in Constantinople keep the feast with great solemnity, which culminates in a ceremony which I witnessed.

"At sunset we repaired to a great khan in Stamboul. Entering through a fine old portal, we found ourselves in a large square surrounded by high buildings, with a mosque or fountain in the centre. The ground-floors of these buildings are ordinarily employed as shops, but on the present occasion they were used like boxes in a play, and were crowded with spectators. A regular course was formed by ropes and Turkish guards right round the square, on either side of which all those who could not be accommodated in the boxes were crowded to watch the procession. Its approach was announced by a loud rhythmic thud, which was accompanied by the men who composed it beating their naked breasts in response to the cadence of a hymn which was intoned by the officiating priest. In advance of the mass of the procession there came half a dozen men naked down to their

waists, and beating time on their shoulders with their heavy chain-whips, which they flung first over one shoulder and then over the other, until their backs were bloody with the discipline. The crowd marched three times round the square, and then gave place to a still more extraordinary spectacle. This was intended to represent the mournful return of the wives of Hussein to Medina from the scene of the slaughter. First came three or four horses bearing his arms, his steel helmet, his bow, his quiver, and his buckler. Then others carrying a covered palanquin, in which were seated boys dressed as women to represent the harem of the saint. These were followed by rows of children carrying candles, and all dressed in black calico. The whole scene, I must say, was illuminated by a profusion of candles, and by bale-fires placed in buckets along the course, which shed a lurid light on the performance.

"After the boys there followed some more men, lashing their backs with iron scourges, and various weird-looking figures chanting and gesticulating. Then came *the* sight. Two rows of wild fanatics who had worked themselves up into a state of frenzy during the course of their nine days' celebration of the festival, linked arm in arm, and each covered with a white robe. Their heads were shaven, and every man held a sword. They walked sideways, with their backs towards the spectators. Between them, marching up and down, were priests and saints gesticulating, chanting, singing, and exciting their fury, which they expressed by slashing their foreheads and the crowns of their heads with their swords, cutting the flesh to the bones till the blood flowed down in streams over their faces, necks, and white mantles. Three times they passed round, each time presenting a spectacle which deepened in its horror. The last time, indeed, they ceased to look human, so wild were their gestures, and so stained and disfigured were they by their gore. The whole air was filled with the smell of blood. Some fainted, others still tottered along supported by their friends, their white faces looking still more ghastly in contrast

with the red streams which trickled, or rather poured, from their gaping scalps. Behind them followed a set of men armed with sticks, whose duty it was as far as possible to mitigate the force of the blows they dealt themselves, by intercepting the blows of the swords before they touched the victims' foreheads, but the zeal of the celebrants constantly beat down these ineffectual barriers. In the procession were three or four children, staggering along after their elders in the same frantic fashion, the line being brought up by a little fellow of six or seven, whose sword, however, they had taken the precaution to blunt, but he kept striking his forehead as furiously as the rest.

"The Persians present told us that no serious result followed from this performance, and that the wounds are supposed to heal miraculously. Three or four days after, however, there was a rumour that some of the men had died; but this may not have been true."

I meant to have gone to hear Mr. O'Donovan lecture but was unable to do so. He was a prisoner in Merv for nine months, wrote letters to the *Daily News*, and ended by being appointed their Ambassador by the Turcomans, and, having a robe of honour put upon him, was escorted to the frontier by a guard of honour and was saluted by twenty-one guns. He tells the most wonderful stories of his adventures—for he came to dine with us. He has a strong accent of some kind, not exactly a brogue, and, as he fiercely pulls his moustache, his eyes gleam, and he half gets off his chair with excitement. He has been in French, Spanish, Russian, and Turcoman wars, and so has plenty to tell, and now he goes home to write a book, which he will call *From a Prison to a Throne*.

Have I told you that we are actually going to act our Great Grandfather's play, *The Critic*? Is it not ambitious of us? Our caste is as follows:

Tilburina	LADY DUFFERIN
Confidante	HELEN BLACKWOOD
Two Nieces	MRS. GOSCHEN—MISS HAMILTON
Don Whiskerandos	MAJOR SWAINE
Sir Christopher Hatton	COLONEL JAMES BAKER, V.C.
Lord Leicester	MR. BLAND
Governor of the Fort	MR. KENNEDY[1]
Sir W. Raleigh	HON. C. HARDINGE[2]
Master of the Horse	MR. NICOLSON[3]
Lord Burleigh	HON. R. BOURKE[4]
Beefeater	MR. CHARTERIS[5]
Sentinels	CHILDREN
Mr. Puff	MR. GOSCHEN[6]
Dangle	MR. M. WALLACE[7]
Sneer	MR. BLOCK
Prompter	M. PRECIOZI

Nelly has been making the most lovely coat of arms for one of the dresses in *The Critic*, and my maid Miss Blackwell is inundated with business. She has on hand two fancy dresses, two dominoes, three ruffs, two Marie Stuart caps, three frills for gentlemen, two hats for ditto, etc. etc. It is lucky I have one with "a passion for work," which was the character I received of her.

Dec. 26th.—Our performance of *The Critic*! We had some trouble in the morning, for we had to change our Lord Burleigh. We had arranged to have Mr. Bourke, then he thought he would have left Constantinople, so we asked Count Collobiano to do it, then the Sultan invited *him* to dine at the Palace tonight, so, as Mr. Bourke had not gone we went back to him, and we had to see about his clothes.

Our local journal had a most flattering notice of

[1] Sir Robert Kennedy, K.C.M.G.
[2] Viscount Hardinge of Penshurst.
[3] Lord Carnock.
[4] Lord Connemara.
[5] Earl Wemyss.
[6] Sir Edward Goschen, Bart
[7] Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, K.C.I.E.

our performance, and every one seemed to have enjoyed the evening, which ended up with a dance. I must tell you that the night before we had had a dress rehearsal of the piece, the servants being present. They liked it, but the coachman said he thought it was rather "too scientific." D. was thoroughly pleased with it, I am glad to say. A part was created for Freddie, and he was as grave as a judge, and did it very nicely. We dressed him as a soldier, and he marched in with "Whiskerandos" as his jailor. When the latter left the stage in tears Freddie marched forward and said, "Poor Whiskerandos!"

One afternoon I had a very interesting visit from a Turkish lady. She is well educated, and speaks French beautifully. She wore a thin yashmak, but did not take it off. D. came in, and she bitterly bewailed the hard fate of oriental women, and said that, although she was educating her daughters, she often asked herself whether it would not be kinder to leave them in ignorance, as it was only the women who knew nothing who could be happy here.

She praised her husband, but said how illogical it was that she must not be seen out with him anywhere, though poor women go about with theirs. She is "at home" on Tuesdays—and I shall go to see her.

The children are very happy here. The little ones like it better than Therapia, and say they find something new to do every day.

That is to say, one day they try to make the donkeys jump, another day they harness them in the cart; one day they play with the cats, another climb trees, and to-day the excitement is quite intense, because I have allowed them to pick up a scavenger puppy, whose acquaintance they have made in the streets; so they are going out to look for him, and hope to domesticate him in the garden.

These street dogs really are nice animals, so grateful for the smallest attention; in the day-time they are as quiet as mice, and sleep peacefully right in the way of everybody; at night they wake up, and certainly do make a noise.

Tuesday, 6th.—We had a small dance, seventy people. It went off very well indeed. We danced in the blue drawing-room.

Wednesday, 7th.—K. and I called on Madame Halim Pasha. We were handed a tray on which were a bowl of sticky sweet stuff, spoons, and mugs of water. I made a dash at how to use them, but soon saw that I did quite the wrong thing. The lady of the house ate a morsel of the jam, drank a little water, and then left the spoon in it.

Tuesday, 20th.—I have been very busy with doing nothing, and have not kept up my journal for the last ten days, so now I can only tell you of one important event that has happened.

On the tenth, Mr.[1] and Mrs. Wyndham arrived to take Mr. Plunkett's place. They want a house, and find great difficulty in getting one. They have one child with them, and two more coming. The one already here suits my children exactly, having the same tastes for donkeys, puppies, and cats.

Sunday, Christmas Day.—We had church service in the morning, and then the children were to have had their presents, but a "Pasha" was with their father, and they waited till after lunch; but when we had all done the Pasha was still there, and at last Freddie's feelings overcame him, and without saying anything he went off to the "Ambassador's" room, walked in, made a bow to the Pasha, who salaamed in return, and said clearly, "Dinner is ready." He came back and told us what he had done, and when it was suggested that probably the

[1] The late Sir Hugh Wyndham.

Pasha did not understand English he was quite ready to go off and say it in French. There were shouts of joy when the visitor really left.

The whole Embassy dined with us; we were twenty persons in all.

CHAPTER IV

WINTER ENTERTAINMENTS

Sunday, January 1st, 1882.—There is a great dearth of water here, but our supply of that useful article costs us three pounds a day. It is a case of "Water, water, everywhere," and not a drop to be had. You would think the Bosphorus might supply us, but the last two or three Sultans have unfortunately believed that if they began to construct waterworks they would die, so they have left the city very badly supplied.

Monday, 2nd.—Princess Halim was to have dined with us to-night, and I had arranged a ladies' dinner for her; but she was prevented coming, so then I asked the husbands, and one or two people in the evening, and we had an impromptu dance which every one said was the jolliest they had ever been to. All the guests were friends, and they were all in good spirits—and we had a tiny cotillon, and the Swedish Sir Roger de Coverley, and everything went off as well as possible; but I have begun with the evening, and have forgotten the afternoon of this day, which was most important.

The children had long ago issued invitations for a tea-party in the schoolroom. The guests assembled at half-past four, and in my room upstairs they found a little theatre arranged, and rows of seats for the audience; all the performers were behind screens. This was a home-made play, called "Snowwhite," in which all the children acted very nicely indeed and

the only comic incident which a little disturbed us all was caused by the page in the play.

He had learnt his part at home, and had only rehearsed once, so the first time he got his cue he said his whole part right through to the end; and later on, when I thought I would get him to say the end of it in its proper place, he began again at the beginning.

When this was over, we had tea in the schoolroom, and then all sorts of games, tournaments, snap-dragon, and bobbing for apples followed. The Wyndhams, Goschens, and the young men were the guests. They are all so nice, and enter heartily into everything.

Saturday, January 14th.—Snowy and cold. There was a ball at the Austrian Embassy last night. It is a very difficult place to get to, and K. and I had to be carried there in Sedan-chairs. Most people had falls, but my men slid along carefully, and I arrived safely. Every one was very smart, and it really was a very pretty ball. The Persian Ambassadress looked on from some concealed niche, while I danced with Ambassadors who never had danced before, and who are greatly delighted with themselves for beginning now.

Sunday, 15th.—In the afternoon, through snow and cold wind, I had to go to Stamboul, as I had promised to call on Princess Halim, while she was staying with Princess Zeineb, whose harem on the Bosphorus I visited. You will remember if I tell you she is an Egyptian Princess, daughter of Mehemet Ali.

They certainly do live in an uncomfortable way. The house is very large, but the passage to the harem is very cold and draughty.

There was an open fireplace in the room, but all the "females" in it were wearing loose fur jackets, and looked very plain and shapeless. Most of them have short hair, and they wear little tarlatan turbans.

Two Syrian women were sitting on the floor making the most unearthly sounds by way of singing, which sounds I was constantly appealed to, to admire. K. and I sat in seats of honour and smoked and drank coffee. I get on very well with Princess Halim, and an occasional remark was translated to the old lady. Then one of the Syrian women stood up, and danced before us; that is to say, she waved her arms about and shook her shoulders a little, and made a sound like castanets with her fingers.

Sunday, 29th.—It was a lovely day, so in the afternoon fifteen of us went a walk to Stamboul. We went up to the Hippodrome, and looked at the Brazen Serpent, and visited the Museum, where the dresses of the ancient Janissaries are. It sounds grand, but anything more tumbledown than the series of wooden figures with their old clothes hanging on them, I never saw. On our way back we called upon " Hadji Baba," the owner of a sweet-shop, and tasted many things, and watched a yellow jelly converted, by pulling and beating, into a lovely shiny white bonbon.

Two men of war are in, the *Cockatrice* (Captain Grenfell) and the *Falcon* (Captain Selby). These two captains are going on a shooting expedition.

February 4th.—We went to look on at a Jewish Ball of which I am Patroness. We sat in a box and I was given a gigantic bouquet. " God save the Queen " was sung when we arrived, and a copy of Magna Charta was hung up in the box!

Monday, 6th.—There was the ball at the Persian Embassy, at which I was to do the honours, the mistress of the house being immured in her harem, So I went early, unaccompanied (alas!), by D., who had a bad headache.

I went at half-past nine, and I stood at the door till a quarter to eleven, shaking hands with every-

body. The ball was a curious one in some ways. There were crowds of Persians in their black fezes, of Turks in their red ones, and of Turcomans in dressing-gowns and white turbans. All these looked on at the dancing Christians. There was a linen drugget on the floor, which emitted a good deal of dust from the soap with which it had been rubbed, so that there was a depressing fog in the room. The buffet and the supper were very well done, but the people did behave so badly at the latter, it quite vexed me to see the way they called for things, and tore at them under their host's very nose. He had provided a quantity of presents for the cotillon, but half of them had been stolen by the time it began, and a great many people who ought to have come to the ball stayed away. They had this excuse, that he lives a long way off, and that the roads were very slippery. I am in hopes, however, that he will have thought the ball a success. He has written to thank me for my share of the labour, and has sent me two handsome Persian cushions—baksheesh !

Tuesday, 14th.—Just as the last of my visitors was going this afternoon, D. came in and told me of the horrible accident to Captain Selby of the *Falcon*. He and Captain Grenfell had gone on a shooting expedition. The trouble began through a misunderstanding.

It was the " breeding season," and at that time the shepherds object to any intruders on their premises, and train their fierce dogs to keep them off. The two captains could neither speak to the shepherds nor understand what they said, and they thought that these men were setting their dogs at them.

Captain Selby put down his gun so that he might not be tempted to fire, and though Captain Grenfell put his to the man's head to frighten him, he did not let it off.

While he was grappling with a second man who came up, the first one hit Captain Selby over the head with some weapon, and, although he was actually able to walk after it, there seems to be little hope of his recovery. The men bound him and all the rest of the party, and it was only when the Consul came up and explained who they were that they were released.

The dragoman went off to the Sultan's Palace to inform his Majesty, but though it was only eight o'clock, the Sultan had gone to bed, and no one dared to wake him, so the story was written out and left by his bedside. The Vizier, however, sent word to arrest all the villagers.

The Sultan sent his secretary at night to express his regret at Captain Selby's accident, and also to remark that people who do not understand the language should not go out alone, which is quite true. If he and the men had understood each other there would have been no trouble.

Another sad event has been the very sudden death of Mme Bartholeyns, the wife of the Belgian Minister. Her husband is away, and I have begged her two daughters to come here till his return. We have put off our ball, which was to have been to-morrow, and the Germans have postponed theirs.

In the afternoon we went a long walk on the rocks, between the old wall and the new. The views were lovely.

Tuesday, 21st.—We are in the midst of the saddest things now. Captain Selby died last night, and his wife comes to us on Thursday, a terrible thing for her to arrive amongst strangers in her great sorrow.

Thursday, 23rd.—Mrs. Selby was to have arrived to-day, an hour or two before her husband's funeral, but a telegram has come to say that she could not cross the Danube, so can not arrive till Sunday.

She is at some wretched hotel by the way, and there she has learnt her misfortune. We have telegraphed to say all is ready here for her, but she may perhaps return straight to England unless she comes on to see the grave and to talk to Captain Grenfell, who can tell her all the details of this sad event.

D. went with all the Embassy to the funeral at one o'clock, and they did not get back till seven. The Sultan sent representatives, as did the other Embassies, and D. was the chief mourner. It was a very long and very cold afternoon for them all.

D. had to go and dine at the Persian Embassy to meet the German Mission; these official things wait for nothing, and it has been very unfortunate that these people should have been here this week. We had already put off our entertainment to them twice, and now have to have it the very day Mrs. Selby arrives. It is most disagreeable; but, of course, she won't know anything about it, and it can't be helped.

We heard by telegram of the death of our great friend, Count Schouvaloff, in Petrograd.

Saturday, 25th.—Now I must turn to brighter things. Mr. Nicolson and my sister are engaged to be married, and I am very happy about it.

Sunday, 26th.—There is a great mixture of joy and sorrow in this house to-day; the radiant young couple, and the arrival of Mrs. Selby and Captain Selby's sister. Up to the last ten days we seemed to have nothing but brightness and pleasure here, but since then there has been much sorrow. I was with Mrs. Selby for some time after her arrival, and then I took my young people a lovely walk to the old walls. We crossed the Golden Horn in boats, and visited an old mosque which has beautiful mosaics in it.

I like Mrs. and Miss Selby so much; they do not shut themselves up in their grief, and so one can be

some comfort to them; they like to see those who knew Captain Selby, and take interest in everything that is going on here. They have been to the *Falcon* to see his ship and to get his things. A sad day for her. They leave us early in March.

It has been decided that Katie is to be married here, and that ten girls are to be bridesmaids. They are of every nationality. No one will, I am sure, ever have had such a polyglot international wedding before.

Thursday, March 16th (Mi-carême).—The dance that we had put off, took place to-day, so in the morning we made all the final arrangements for it. Our ball-room looked lovely, with the stage at one end. The footlights were converted into a bank of flowers. The musicians were on the stage, twelve instruments. The fireplace was filled with flowers, and the chimney-piece covered with them. Supper was laid for a hundred and sixty-seven on small round tables in the dining-room and billiard-room, and we had refreshments elsewhere.

There is one enormous chandelier in the ball-room, and we had rows of candles over the doors and windows. The furniture is yellow, and the stage curtain (looped up) is blue, with a yellow fringe. The floor was very good, and we began dancing soon after ten, and danced twelve dances before supper.

After supper we had a cotillion, and it was pronounced a great success. They generally have long, complicated figures here, and long pauses, and we had only those that go easily and are lively, and we never kept one on too long.

We had heaps of congratulations to-day about K.'s engagement, and the first wedding present arrived.

Quotation from a letter just received :

" Your ball was an enormous success. It is not a compliment to say it was the prettiest one ever seen

in Pera, but it was one of the prettiest ever seen anywhere, I am sure. . . . I heard lots of people who have hitherto disliked cotillion say, that, for once, they had thoroughly enjoyed one."

Sunday, 19th.—We went to see the Memorial Church —a memorial to the soldiers killed in the Crimea.

It is a very pretty church, and I felt as if I had not been in a real one for months, our Embassy chapel being more like a room than a church.

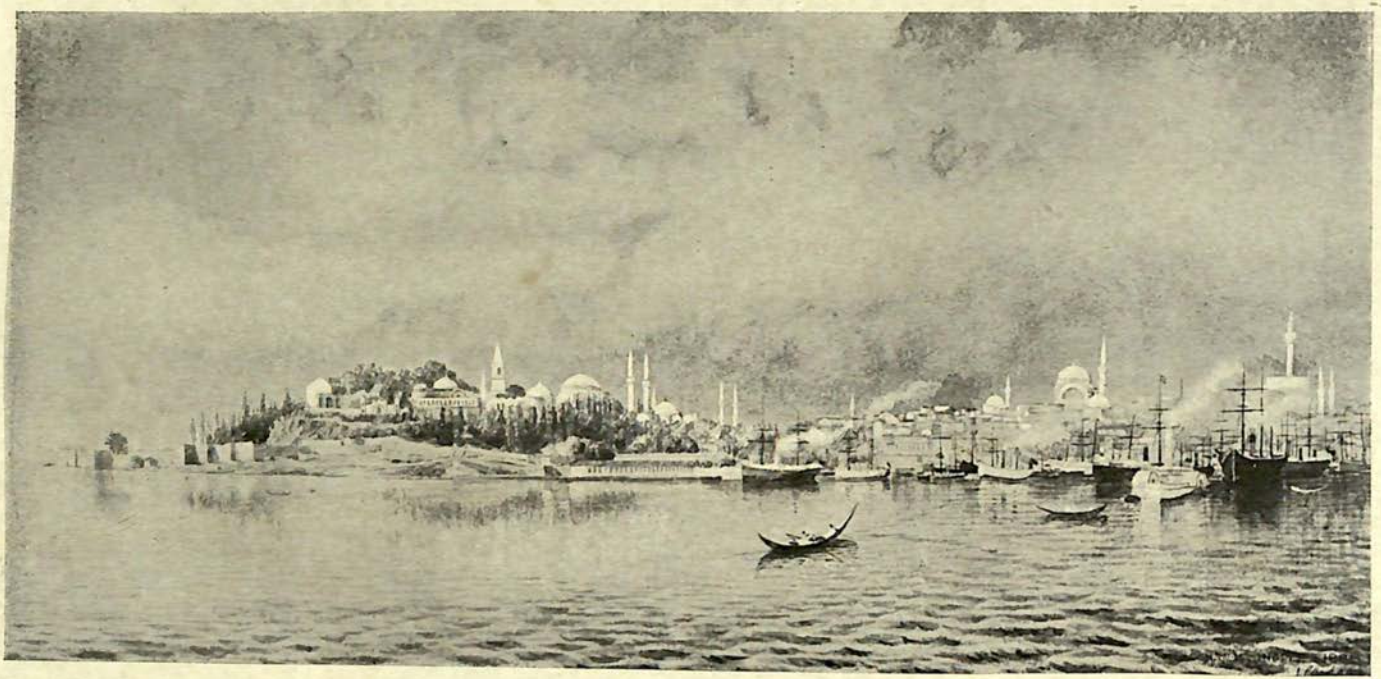
In the afternoon we went a walk behind the walls on the shore, but so much rubbish has been thrown over the walls that it was disagreeable.

Sunday, 26th.—We had the American Minister[1] and his wife to dine, and some other people. They were so late that we had to go in without them, and she told me afterwards that she was in a "cold sweat," and certainly she looked as pale as a ghost when she did arrive. She uses such funny expressions. Talking of the dust here, she said, "I am sure I have swallowed enough to make a new Adam."

Wednesday, 29th.—We went to Therapia in the *Antelope*. Our steering chain snapped on the way. This was soon remedied, and happily in the interval we did not drift into anything. Arrived at Therapia, our own buoy got into our paddle-wheel, but we had luncheon while it was being extricated, and then landed. Unfortunately, instead of its being a lovely summer day like yesterday, it was extremely cold, and our "Summer Palace" did not look inviting even for a honeymoon, which it is soon to be used for.

Sunday, 16th.—We started in carriages and then got into caiques and rowed down the Golden Horn, Constantinople looking too lovely! We landed at Eyoub, and actually made our way into the Court of the Sacred Mosque; we should not have gone there,

[1] Mr. Lew Wallace, author of *Ben-Hur*.



CONSTANTINOPLE, 1888.

From a drawing by Sir John Ardagh.

but we were innocent of the fact, and before we were signalled off that Holy Ground, had time to admire that most curious place, with its walls covered with fantastic, curious tiles, and the two beautiful trees growing in its centre. Then we walked up the hill through a Turkish cemetery, untidy as they always are, but with much brilliant colour on the tombstones, till we arrived at the cottage of a fortune-teller!

We were admitted, and passed into a yard, where the lady—a woman with a nice face and lovely eyes, seated herself by a well, and made the person whose fate was to be read in its waters sit opposite her.

"What is your name?" said she. "Katherine." "Katina," said the woman, and then she waved her hand about, described a circle over the well, bent her head in her hands, and began an incantation, in which the names of "Allah" and of "Katina" were mixed.

At last she spoke, and, as K.'s was considered a test case, we listened with anxiety. She told her she was engaged, which was a great success, but the details which followed about a bearded man coming over the sea were less satisfactory. I regret to tell you, also, that in seven days, seven weeks, or seven years, a man with a hat on is coming (also over the sea), to disturb my peace or D.'s. I have also had an illness, which may recur, and I am advised to get a Mollah, (a green turbaned Turk) to come and read over me when it returns.

On the whole we found the lady had little imagination, and was a poor witch.

Walking down-hill, the view of Constantinople, the Golden Horn, and the snow-capped Olympus, was lovely, and we passed through most picturesque places, and saw some lovely bright feridges with Turkish ladies in them; and, as we passed, Victoria

confided to me this profound observation, "I see that all the pretty Turkish ladies have very thin yashmaks, and all the ugly ones have them thick."

We were a party of eighteen children, governesses, and Embassy, and we sat on the edge of the water, and drank coffee and ate oranges.

Thursday, April 20th.—My sister was married to-day. A crimson carpet was laid across the garden to the church. In front of the wedding party walked a splendid porter in uniform, cocked hat, and mace, then four cavasses in scarlet, after them the ten "international" bridesmaids, followed by D. and the bride.

My brother Fred had come to us for the wedding, and he and I got into our places as soon as we had seen the procession pass. On our return we found Munir Pasha waiting with a gift the Sultan had sent Katie. We had a band in the house and another in the garden, and a buffet with a big cake in the large Central Hall. After this had been cut in the orthodox way, the bride and bridegroom drove off to Therapia, and we had a dance for the bridesmaids in the evening.

Saturday, 22nd.—We went in the launch up to the Seven Towers, passing all along the walls, and having lovely views of the picturesque Towers, and of the town behind them.

We had sent on lunch, and all our riding-horses, so we first found a nice warm spot in a tea garden, where a fine but rickety table was put up and where we ate, and enjoyed ourselves for some time. Then an Armenian school for orphan boys turned out and sang songs, astonishing us by performing an English one, in which the "Chimpanzee and the Kangaroo" figured, and ending up by a beautifully pronounced, loyal one about our Queen. To reward them, we picked up the fragments of our feast, and by dint of ingenuity, our five apples, four oranges, a small cake, and a bit of wedding-cake was made to go some

way round them. Then we rode home by the walls; splendid ruins they are, but in another week they will be prettier, as the green which covers them is scarcely out yet. It was a charming ride; nearly all the Embassy came with us, and we got home just in time for our cup of five-o'clock tea.

Thursday, 27th.—We determined to make a great effort to show my brother some sights, so we lunched early, and then started off in the launch, accompanied by most of the Embassy, to see the Howling Dervishes.

As usual, we were told, on arriving at their haunts, that we had an hour to wait, so we strolled up to a Turkish café, sat in an arbour and drank coffee. Fred, Mr. Hardinge, and Mr. Clarke tried to smoke narghiles, and said they felt very giddy after it.

Then an old gentleman, who was enjoying his, tucked up on a bench, produced from his breast a book, and told us he was a fortune-teller; so, with some difficulty, "Hariot" was written out in Turkish, and under it "Katrina," for my mother's name, and the old gentleman did some complicated sum over these names, and found my star, and told me I was married to a gentleman with dark hair, with a little white about it, that my father was dead, and that, forty years from the time of his death, I should get a great fortune.

The Dervishes were in great force. There were a number of them, and a great many people praying in the centre of the place. They got very hot and excited, and made horrible noises, and appeared almost at death's door, until the chant changed, and they calmed down at once, and were quite well again.

At the end, the Chief Dervish, whom I may call the High-priest, blessed some garments which were sent to him for the purpose, and tied a knot in the sleeve of each to show he had done it; and then he

proceeded to cure the sick—men, children, and babies—by walking on them. There was a stiff-legged soldier who got down with difficulty to be trodden on, and who arose apparently as stiff as ever. Then a little avenue of boys and girls was formed, they lay flat in a row, and the holy man walked up and down this human path twice, and then the smallest babies were flattened out and trodden upon, and all the time the row of very hot Dervishes went on groaning and throwing themselves about.

The service lasted fully an hour and a half, and it was five before we got to the launch again, and went on to the cemetery at Scutari—such a lovely one it is! Some of the graves are beautifully kept—pretty shrubs and flowers everywhere.

The Crimean graves look the least well, because they are simply green mounds, with one monument for the whole of them, and the other two graves, which we were specially interested in seeing, though the newest, looked in reality the least cared for, as the grass had not yet grown over them, and they have no headstones,—I mean Captain Selby's and Madame Bartholeyn's.

Friday, 25th.—We had a delightful picnic to-day, given by the Persian Ambassador. He came for us at ten in the morning, himself got up in a velvet jacket, with a waist (he is enormous), knickerbockers, and boots. Mrs. Hobart told him he looked like a brigand, all but the hat and feathers.

The party consisted of twenty-four persons on horseback, quite a cavalcade, a launch full of children, and some carriage loads of ladies. The day was lovely, and we had a beautiful ride of about twelve miles to the Ambassador's country place. There we had an excellent lunch, one dish being a lamb roasted whole and stuffed with currants, rice, nuts, etc. Then we wandered about the garden

and went up to a kiosk on the hill, where we had tea. The room was an odd-shaped one, and there were two curious things in it, one an echo, and the other a sort of whispering-gallery effect.

Sometimes you thought you heard people who were the other side of the room, speaking close to your ear, and from certain parts of the room you could hear every word that was said at the other side of it, while you could catch nothing your nearer neighbours were talking of.

We rode home by the "Sweet Waters," and reached the Embassy at seven, all the twenty-four horses having behaved with great propriety, and no accidents having happened to any one. We all enjoyed the day extremely.

Wednesday, May 3rd.—I was busy all the morning making arrangements for our trip to Athens.

On our way to our own ship, the *Arva*, we called at the Wolvertons' yacht; they have just arrived, and have two very pretty ladies on board.

Our ship is very large, having been on the China station. The captain is a most amusing Frenchman, and, having Fred and Mr. Bland with us, we enjoy our voyage much.

Friday, 5th.—Was woke by hearing Fred's voice. The ship had stopped, and we were in the Piræus, and Fred was energetically starting at five in the morning to go up and see the Acropolis. Mr. Bland went with him, and D. and I remained on board till their return, when they left for home.

It is the king's birthday, and a fête-day here, so after a little breakfast, with honey from Hymettus, at it, D. and I walked across the square which is in front of the hotel and watched the royal procession going to the church.

Then we wrote our names down at the Palace, a large, ugly building at one side of the square, facing

the Acropolis. Behind, it has a lovely garden, going off into the hills, and this is what makes the view from our little balcony here so pretty, the wild hills mixed up with the town, and the picturesque ruins of the Acropolis behind the modern houses. We went to the Legation at two, and looked at Mr. Ford's[1] house and his drawings, collections of china, etc., and were introduced to his son, "Johnny."

Mr. Ford, Mr. Greville, D. and I and "Johnny," went up to the Acropolis, and, as Mr. Ford knows all about it, he was the best guide we could possibly have had.

We only got back late, the day had been warm, and we had walked a great deal, so I felt very little inclined to dress for a ball at the Palace. However, it had to be done, and we entered the Diplomatic-pen at nine o clock. How grateful I felt to have no Court at Constantinople, when I found myself in my exact right place, standing waiting for the King and Queen, and, as time went on, changing from one foot to another in hopes of finding a little rest that way.

Well, we stood and stood, and at last the King and Queen came in, followed by an old friend in the shape of a tall young Russian Grand Duke, and they went slowly, slowly down one side of us, and slowly, slowly up the other.

The Queen is very nice-looking, is very simple and charming, and every one likes her. She wore pink tulle over satin, dotted about with violets. The King, who is the brother of our Princess, is most civil and kind.

D. and I danced a quadrille with the King and Queen. The rooms are very fine, but the heat was tremendous, and I confess that by four in the morning I was completely done up. There were four quadrilles, and three waltzes. Then supper (for us

[1] Afterwards Ambassador at Rome.

in a private room with the Royalties, and what a mercy to sit down !), and then a cotillion. I was too tired to think of dancing anything but the quadrilles, and only waited to see the cotillion begin. I was curious to see the ball, and am glad to have been at it.

Saturday, 6th.—Got up late, and stayed very quietly at home till five, when I went a round of visits —knocked off all my new acquaintances with cards, and then dressed for a dinner at our Legation, where Mr. Ford asked me to do the honours. I sat between the Prime Minister M. Tricoupi, and the Speaker of the House.

Sunday, 7th.—We had a delightful day in the country. Mr. Ford came to fetch us at nine, and we drove with him and Mr. Greville to Eleusis, looking at a pretty old church on the way. The scenery was beautiful, and the weather perfect. When we reached the place we walked about, and saw the ruins that remain of the Temple to Ceres, and then we lunched out of doors, and were just going to drive back when we heard the peasants were going to dance; so I sat down in a little sort of chapel, which the man said had something to do with the Prophet Zechariah, and read letters from home which came just as I was going out.

Then we went about a little among the peasant women. They were so polite, getting me a chair, picking me flowers, and giving me raw beans to eat.

Their costume is most picturesque, and the smart ones were lovely. They wore plain white skirts touching the ground, rather long sleeveless jackets, made of a white woollen material, and trimmed in a particular pattern, with very wide black worsted braid; they were quite open in front, and coloured waistcoats and coloured sleeves were worn with them; sometimes the whole underdress was white, and there was a great breast-plate of coins and neck-

laces, and long chains fastened to the jacket, and enormous buckles at the waist. They all had yellow handkerchiefs tied round their heads. Many of their faces were pretty. They had beautiful eyes, and often very charming expressions. They were long collecting, and there seemed to be great doubt as to where the ball-room should be, but at last they fixed upon the old temple, and we followed them there.

The old stones and broken marble columns were covered with spectators—old women, and funny little children—while about twenty of the girls danced at a time. They took hands across each other—that is, they gave the right hand to their left-hand neighbour, and the left to the right, which made a very close chain—and then, singing a slow and melancholy wail, they stepped backwards and forwards and round.

We were fortunate in seeing this curious sight, and the ruins looked all the more picturesque for the costumed group that filled them.

But what an uncivilised ball—no music, and no men!

The men we had seen before looked very smart too—with long black gaiters, short white petticoats, sleeveless short jackets and red caps. One had approached us at lunch, and, though himself a little the worse for wine, he offered us some, with a most courtly grace. It was the wine of the country, and nastier than any medicine, but I did the civil thing and drank it down.

Monday, 8th.—We were ready at seven in the morning, when Johnny Ford and Mr. Greville came to fetch us, and we started in a carriage for Mount Pentelicus. The flowers in the hedges, and especially the poppies, are beautiful now, and the fresh morning air was very pleasant. We passed through the birth-place of Pericles, and arrived in two hours at a monastery, where we left the carriage, and took to mules. On them we rode another two hours, up, up,

up the mountain. Half-way we got off to look into a chilly cave, and to admire enormous cliffs of marble —and all the way, we kept occasionally looking back upon the splendid view beneath us.

The hill is 3,400 feet high, and when we reached the top we could see the country in every direction, and on a clear day could, I believe, have seen the whole of Greece. Directly under us lay the plains of Marathon. The bay is very small, and so regular in shape that one can scarcely believe its banks are not artificial. The sea was beautifully blue, and the islands and mountains rising out of it made quite an ideal landscape. We sat and looked for some time, and then began our descent. I sat sideways on a country saddle with no pommels or other conveniences, and I found that, at some of the steep places, I must abandon my parasol, and hold on with both hands to the saddle.

The mules were wonderfully sure-footed, and walked safely down the most fearfully dangerous-looking ground; they were comfortable enough as long as they walked, but when they trotted, or when they hopped down some step with both fore-legs together, they shook their rider *a little*.

Mr. Ford met us at the monastery, and we had lunch under the trees, and then drove home.

I had an hour to recover from the exertions of the day before dressing to dine at the Palace.

It was a small party—with the household making sixteen. I sat by the King, and found him extremely nice and pleasant. He talked all the time—just like any other man! I saw his likeness to our Princess, but he screws up his eyes and fails in that feature.

D. sat by the Queen. After dinner we all went into a room and stood for the rest of the evening, the King, Queen, and Grand Duke speaking to every one in turn. Both going in and coming out we walked alone,

the Queen, then myself, and the other ladies, and then the King and the gentlemen.

The roses here are in profusion and lovely, some of the biggest I have ever seen. I wore some in my dress, and they were much admired; I believe they never thought of wearing real flowers before.

Tuesday, 9th.—I stayed at home to write letters in the morning, while D. visited some museums. In the afternoon we went by train to Phalerum, a bathing-place near Athens, and in the evening we dined with the Russian Minister. He is a nice old man, who came to Quebec while we were there, and who seems to have a lively remembrance of Gwen, who laughed at his English.

I took a little walk in the King's garden. He opens it to the public every afternoon. It is a lovely garden, and is the sweetest-smelling one I ever walked through. There are roses climbing up the trees, and masses of all sorts of flowers.

The Queen lost a child last year, and her little bed remains in its place in the nursery, with wreaths laid upon it. Blackwell was much struck with the extreme simplicity of the rooms.

Wednesday, 10th.—We did a round of sight-seeing with Mr. Ford in the afternoon. The Temple of Theseus, the Pnyx, the Stadium, the Temple of the Winds, and, to wind up with, the "House of Commons." The members were sitting, so we looked and listened for a few moments. The Speaker faces the seats, which are arranged in a semicircle, the Government and Opposition being divided by a narrow path up the middle. The orator has a little pulpit in front of the Speaker. There are large boxes all round the House, and they were crowded with people, soldiers, children, etc.

The day was not hot, and there was a pleasant breeze, so we saw everything very comfortably.

I don't attempt to describe the sights to you—it would be an endless task, and you would find it very dull reading.

Thursday, 11th.—I called upon Madame Schliemann, whose husband is away digging at Troy. She lives in a marble palace, and is an interesting woman, fine eyes, and pleasant manner.

She speaks English very well, but one bit of our conversation amused me afterwards when I found out what she meant to say.

She knew I had been to Eleusis, and said, "Did you go by the Secret Way?" I looked a little blank, and then said, "We went by the high road." "Yes," said she, "that is the Secret Way."

I found she meant Sacred.

There were private theatricals at the Palace in the evening. First a Greek piece, then a little French piece, very well done, called *L'Être de St. Martin*, and then, *Le Serment d'Horace*, in which there was a smiling, namby-pamby lady, whom I could have shaken.

Our Princes arrived in the morning, but Prince George [1] had a feverish attack, and could not come ashore.

The King was very nice to me, gave me supper, and talked a great deal. I said good-bye to both King and Queen, thanking them for their kindness to us; but I see they can't part with us, for—

Friday, 12th—this morning the Grand Maréchal has come to ask us to dine with the King and Queen quite quietly, "without dressing."

In the meantime D. and I went to see the Academy, which is a lovely new building, but which unfortunately is rather crushed by its surroundings; such a beautiful thing should have stood alone. It is white marble, with a great deal of gilding and carving out-

[1] King George V.

side, and the effect of the big room inside, which is not quite finished, will be splendid. There are very large frescoes on the walls, and the marble pillars, and the general colour of the room is a very brilliant red (painted), with the carved part of the marble standing out in white upon the red ground.

We went on to Schliemann's Museum, and saw things he has found. There is a model of a tomb just as he saw it, with the skeleton warrior lying there, his rusty sword by his side, and gold trinkets, little cups, etc. at his head.

Our dinner at the Palace was delightful. There was not even a maid of honour present. The King met us at the door of his apartments, and took us in to the Queen, who looked lovely in a square black dress and diamond and ruby ornaments. Then all the five children came in, and we went into the next room without taking arms. It was a small room, and, as there were only two ladies, I sat opposite the Queen, between the King and Prince Albert Victor,—while she had D. and her brother the Grand Duke Constantine, on either side of her, the two boys, her sons, at the ends of the table, and the youngest boy and two girls sitting in the room, and much taken up with their cousin (Prince Albert Victor), behind whose chair they often came and stood to ask him questions. The Queen says he is so good to the children, and has the smallest on his knee all day. Her boys are very big, and the eldest[1] is said to be very clever. We had a very merry dinner, and the servants only appeared when they were rung for. Two dogs, one a very big one, stayed in the room.

After dinner, we went next door and sat down for quite a long talk; then the Queen asked me if I would like to see the next room, and when I had looked at all the things there we said good-bye and

[1] Present King of Greece.

left. I can't say how nice they were, nor how charming and pretty the Queen is. D. and I went on to Mr. Ford's, who had asked some people to meet us at dinner. He and Mr. Greville have been most kind to us here.

Saturday, 13th.—We had to be down at our ship by seven, and, as it is an hour's drive to the Piræus, we were up early. Mr. Greville appeared at six, and went with us, and when we got down there after making this great effort we found that, owing to the bad weather, the steamer had only just arrived, and would not start for three hours!

So D. went off to the *Bacchante*, and saw Prince George.[1] He is better, and will be allowed to go ashore. D. also called on the French Admiral, who, to his surprise, saluted him, and afterwards came and called on me.

We did not expect to find the Italian steamer as comfortable as the French, but in reality we had much better accommodation and very good food. This first day I did not require much!

RETURN TO CONSTANTINOPLE

Sunday, 14th.—We had a lovely warm day on board, and should have landed at midnight, but unfortunately our launch, which was on the look-out, missed us, and did not discover us till 4 a.m. However, we got to Therapia at five, and, by going to bed for a few hours, managed to feel as if we had arrived at night.

Monday, 15th.—In the afternoon we sat in the garden. Mr. and Mrs. Goschen, Mrs. Wyndham with Miss Kennedy, Mr. Oliphant (who is busy trying to send the Jews back to Jerusalem), Lord and Lady Wolverton, and Madame Marinitch, Prince

[1] King George V.

Victor Bariatinski, and Captain Grenfell all came. The children were playing about with eleven kittens (which were perpetually on the point of being trodden on), two sheep, and three dogs. I am devoutly in hopes that some mysterious Providence will interfere with the kittens.

It was delightful under the trees. Lord Wolverton, his niece, Miss Greathed, and Admiral Wellesley dined with us, and to meet them we had the Wyndhams, Miss Kennedy, Sir Richard Temple (of Indian celebrity), and Mr. Sartoris.

Tuesday, 16th.—A very busy morning for me, and a very bad day for the Chancery, and the Ambassador—a telegram that took seven hours and a half to decipher, and a perpetual rushing to and fro of Ambassadors and Chargés d'Affaires.

The Oliphants, Goschens, Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Hardinge dined with us. Mrs. Oliphant was very interesting, telling us how she earned her own living for three years in America, first by needlework and then by teaching.

Thursday, 25th.—I have to tell you about a Turkish wedding I have been to. I took all the children, and Miss S., Mrs. Wyndham, and her children, Mrs. Goschen and two female interpreters. We drove in three carriages, starting at nine o'clock, and reached our destination far away in Stamboul, at the appointed hour, ten. We soon found, however, that a couple of hours later than that for which you are invited, is about the time one is expected to arrive, but on the whole we were not sorry to be so early, as we saw the people comfortably before the crush.

We drove into a covered way, on each side of which there was a door leading into the house. Halfway upstairs we were met by the hideous black men who regulate the affairs of a harem. At the top of

the staircase there were numbers of women clad in many-coloured, shapeless garments. The first one attempted to sprinkle me with scent, which gave me a fearful shock (on account of my best gown); but happily the shower did not reach me, and I escaped without a spot.

We were ushered into a small sitting-room; all the rooms in the house were very small, and all had divans round the walls, and little other furniture. There we sat, and brilliant yellow or purple females handed us, first cigarettes, then jam, of which we ate a spoonful in the orthodox way, taking a sip of water after it, then a cup of coffee.

While we were enjoying ourselves thus, and wondering whether this sort of thing would go on for ever, we were well amused by looking at the figures round us. One old woman (and an old Turkish woman is an unlovely object) came and looked at us, and said we were all charming—she did not know which of us was the most so—while we wondered whether she was a relation or a servant of the family. She wore a skirt and jacket of some hard woollen stuff in very large stripes of yellow and magenta, which (after the manner of her kind), she lifted well off the ground as she trotted about, showing much white cotton stocking. Her hair (another fashion amongst the old ladies) was cut short, reaching straight to the ears, and was dyed red, while a mysterious tight little plait coming from you can't tell where was brought up from the back, and was fastened to a bit of stuff tied round the head, a very ghost of a turban. Her eyes were very red, and altogether she was very unlike a guest at a grand wedding!

The woman who brought in the coffee was a stout female, in lilac (also of a bed-gown pattern as to fit); she stood well back upon her legs, her tray

resting against her capacious form, a grand embroidered velvet and gold cloth over her shoulder, her hair short, with a wisp round her head too. There were also many women running about covered up in sheets, but I never made out why they were so attired or what they were doing.

We had been looking about us for some time, when it was suggested that we should go and see some of the preparations that were being made,—so we passed through the central room at the top of the stairs, where guests were assembling, and saw many curious specimens of womenkind. Any one who is invited to a Turkish wedding brings her whole establishment with her, so the guests are not all ladies, and amongst the elderly it is very difficult indeed to guess which are servants and which are mistresses.

Besides these invited guests, the house is open to all who choose to enter, and even the streets are full of veiled forms, who at some time during the day will come and have a look at the bride.

When we made our move we were first shown the room where the bride would sit to be looked at, and a large throne prepared for her; and then we were taken to the "Nuptial Chamber." You will excuse my describing it to you, for it was very amusing! The room was small, and in it there was—a washing-stand, devoid of jugs and basins, but with two bedroom candlesticks and a few cosmetics on it, and in front of it, festooned on to a horse, two gold and silver embroidered towels. Next came the bed—a squat four-poster, covered in at the top, and curtained with lovely cream-coloured satin; dotted all over with beads—really very beautiful. There were two counterpanes in rich stuffs and grand embroideries, the pillows were all embroidered in gold (comfortable!), and there were muslin embroidered covers thrown over them as well, while more cushions of

various degrees of splendour were disposed along the wall side of the bed.

There was just room to pass between this couch, and a chest of drawers, on which were laid out the bride's "robe de nuit" (I give you the word as told me, in case of any mistake). It was clear book muslin, beautifully embroidered in white silk.

Then there was the bridegroom's dressing-gown—pale blue plush and silver—and then a little parcel of his clothes, presented by the bride; these he wears the day after his marriage. There were his little shirt, and his little tie, his waistcoat, studs, cigarette case, pocket-handkerchiefs, and other under-garments—she does not seem to provide him with cloth clothes. Then came a dress-stand, with the bride's dress for the next day set out upon it, a mauve silk.

Having seen these sights, we wandered back again through more little rooms, and made acquaintance with a very pleasing young Turkish lady, dressed in a white silk, with immense train, and beautiful gold spangled trimming; with another of a handsome barmaid type, golden hair, much rouge, a pink-and-gold embroidered gown, a fine set of emeralds and diamonds, and one enormous diamond worn outside her glove. They could not speak to us, but we said a little through an interpreter, and we looked at their jewels, and admired their gowns—and the pink one said she had much sympathy for me, and regretted we could not converse, and she sat by me a good deal, and we nodded and smiled occasionally.

I also made friends with a clever-looking old lady, who had seen me at Princess Zeineb's; she wore a quilted jacket, but had not cut her hair short, and looked better in consequence.

Then, for a change, we were taken upstairs, and we saw the lady who did the honours. She is aunt of

the bride, and, the mother being delicate, she undertook this very hard work. She was a most interesting-looking woman, and would anywhere have looked distinguished. Her hair was a good golden (not the fearful dyed colour they use so much). Of course her face was painted white, but it had much character and expression. Her figure was good, though even she, when she changed her gown, and got into a European dress, burst a few buttons during the entertainment.

When upstairs, the unhappy idea seized them of getting a man to amuse us! as if we hadn't plenty at home, and weren't much more amused with the women!

He was the husband of the "pink one," and had been two years in Vienna, so he spoke French well; but in order to admit him (he was the uncle of the bride), all the ladies not related to him had to retire. The only interesting thing in his advent was, the opportunity of seeing the way he was greeted by his female relations, and the shyness he felt at being so greeted before us. They literally "kissed the hem of his garment," while others were not obliged to go lower than his hand, which he very impatiently pulled away. The greetings between women seem to vary from kissing the edge of the gown, or a slight inclination touching the breast and forehead at the same time; this last is a very pretty salutation, and takes place between equals. We soon got rather tired of our man, and most politely suggested to him, "that we hoped he would not remain on our account," but he "felt honoured, and had nothing whatever to do," so this failed, and I must now confess that we all, one by one, left him and went downstairs, where things were becoming "fast and furious."

The halls were crowded with people, and it was

most amusing to stand in the crowd and watch. One black woman began to sing—in street fashion—and caused some laughter, and ladies stood upon divans so as to see the bride when she appeared, and there was a good deal of noise and chatter going on. Some friendly person was always seizing me by the arm or hand, and leading me off somewhere, and now I was dragged into a small room, and seated there to await the bride.

She soon appeared.. She was not bad-looking, but some of the details of her costume were trying. She wore a very handsome, long, salmon-coloured dress, —on her head, two small diadems, one behind the other, and very long tulle veils edged with silver lace, and with streamers of gold tinsel hanging on each side bits of which she gave, after the marriage, to the unmarried women. Her hair was yellow, her face painted pale, and on her forehead, cheeks, and chin were gummed four enormous diamonds in gold frames. These quite prevented a smile, and induced a most passive expression. She shook hands with us all—and then sat down and waited. Soon there was a commotion outside, and we were told to come out and see the first part of the ceremony; and then we saw the eunuchs at work—the brutes!

They had to make a line through the crowd, and the way they pushed, and knocked and banged about them, and the way they seized a girl I knew, and pushed her back, made me laugh in spite of my indignation at their want of respect to my sex. I took good care to keep out of their way, for they would have thought nothing of seizing hold of me and pushing me where they wished.

When room was made the bride came out, and was met by her eldest male relation, (the man who had been "amusing" us); he tied a scarf round her waist to show that she was an unmarried girl, and then

she went back to her room, while he (the uncle) was skurried away, and we went back, too, to see the bridegroom come in.

They declare that the two have never seen each other, but I feel sure that she must have had him pointed out to her, and that he had seen her with a yashmak on; but of course they never have spoken. She is fifteen, he eighteen. When he was coming she pulled the veil over her face. He was led into the room, walked up to her, and, taking her hand, put it on his arm, and as man and wife, walked away with her, to the room with the throne, we following. The doors were shut upon them for a second, and then out he came, the eunuchs hustling him out of sight of the other women, and bringing out whips—actually whips—to drive back the excited females. You can't imagine such a scene! A regular, common scuffle, every one pushing and pulling and screaming. I kept one child in front of me, and expected her to be frightened, but she laughed and was intensely amused, while N. took to carrying Freddie lest he should be squashed.

They were very kind in wishing us to see everything, and one of the Blacks (eunuchs) seized Miss S., who happily was in front of me, and dragged her on to the room where the bride was "on view." I followed, and we were given chairs, and the whole room-full came and sat and looked at the victim, and we were shown all her relations, and women in yashmaks and feridjes came in from the streets and stood and gazed; and then I got a hint that they were keeping the room rather clear for us, so we got up and went. I wanted then to send the children home, but they insisted upon our all staying to lunch, and we were shown into a room where we had a great meal. There were meat dishes, and then a sweet, none of them to our taste, and we starved

in the midst of plenty, though we had to pretend to eat.

The dishes were handed separately, and plates changed, but we kept our forks right through. Then we went upstairs, and had coffee.

A very brilliant young lady arrived, whom we had met at Princess Zeineb's. She had golden hair, of the most unnatural colour, a long and elaborately trimmed blue satin gown, a tiny hat fastened on the back of her head, and French high-heeled shoes laced on; she remembered me, and sat by me, and when she got up to go, kissed me!

Having dined there, we had to stay a little while afterwards, and it was more than half-past three before I could suggest a move. Then there was some difficulty in recovering my bonnet, and the parasols which had been ravished from us, and while waiting, I saw some characteristic scenes. One of the ladies of the house took me down and waited with me in the hall. There was a poor little girl sitting on a chair there, and this she absolutely refused to give me, until pushed out of it by force; then I watched with interest a woman who, being already in a short white petticoat, kept tucking it up and up, until it reached her knees, and then she walked about quite happy.

Suddenly there was a great commotion, and it was a moment before I saw what it all meant. The women cowered into a corner, or else put their arms in front of their faces, while a Black guardian gesticulated at them, and at things in general—a white waiter was passing!

Upstairs they tell me there was tremendous excitement over this, the women hiding their faces, and the eunuchs enjoining them so to do, the plain ones quite as anxious to hide themselves from the sight of man as the young and beautiful were. The ladies of the

house made all sorts of excuses to us for the crush and scrimmage, but of course that is just what amused us. The mother of the bride is a widow, but we never clearly understood who the bridegroom was, though I believe he is a relation of an ex-Foreign Minister. I asked if there were any wedding presents. I was told, "Yes, the guests give presents; but they all go to the mother to defray the expense of the wedding." All the people who came in were fed.

Tuesday, 30th.—The mail having been despatched, we went in the launch to Therapia, D. and I, Mrs. Wyndham, the Goschens, and the three bachelors. It was a very nice afternoon, and we hoped D. would be made to wish for the country. However, it is no use wishing, for anything more uninhabitable than our house looks at present can't be imagined. There are workmen in every corner, no papers on any sitting-room, and all the chintzes still to come from London. Matting to be laid down everywhere, and the smell of paint to be got rid of.

The roses in the garden were lovely, and my new balcony splendid; the church nearly finished, and very nice. We had tea on the *Antelope*, and then came home.

Wednesday, June 7th.—A great holiday at Prinkipo, the Bakers having asked us all to spend the day with them.

On our way we went to look at the *Tilburina*, Mr. Goschen and Mr. Hardinge's yacht. She is fifteen tons, and has a big cabin.

The Bakers have a very nice house, but we all had rather a shock when we first arrived, for we were extremely hungry, and there were no signs of lunch, but, on the contrary, the donkeys were at the door, and we were asked if we could start at once.

We began to fear that we had not been expected to lunch at all, but the boldest of the party said

plainly that he could not move till he had something to eat, and then we were all given sherry and biscuit. This proved an unnecessary meal, however, for after riding a short way on our donkeys, we came upon a splendid lunch spread by the seaside, which we all thoroughly enjoyed. Mrs. Baker and the Pasha,[1] D., and all of us rode to the place, where we sat on the ground to eat, and rest.

Then we mounted again, and rode up to the Monastery, where we stayed a short time before riding home. On the way back, the children had some exciting donkey races, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Friday, 9th.—We spent a very pleasant afternoon at Kadekeui. First of all we had tea at Mrs. Baker's, and then went on to the tennis-ground, where the Embassy beat Kadekeui by six to one, Mr. Goschen and Mr. Hardinge being our victorious representatives.

The children were made supremely happy by the gift of two rabbits and two guinea pigs, and in another basket Teddie Goschen carried off a second pair of rabbits.

We were given antiquities, little lamps, pins and rings, dug out of the ground there—and some lovely roses. On the way back, the guinea-pigs got loose in the carriage, and there was great excitement lest they should be squashed, and lest they should take to climbing, and when we got home we had to stand on the seats, and search before we could venture to open the doors.

Saturday, 10th.—We had another afternoon at Therapia. The day was beautiful, and the place looked lovely. Our house is still full of workmen, but it looks so nice, and is so fresh and cool and clean-looking, with its greenery-yellery complexion. I think we shall get into it on the 21st, though as my curtains and chintzes only start this week from

[1] Sir Valentine Baker.

London, it will be long before we really are properly established there.

The roses covered the trees, and the garden was looking its very best, so that I really began to wish to be there.

The church is a great success, and is nearly finished. When I had done my business, I went to call on the Bartholeyns, and found them in a nice little house. Their father detests Therapia, and never ceases abusing it. Mrs. Wyndham, who thinks it the most beautiful place in the world, said so; but he replied, "Then you can't have seen the Boulevard des Italiens."

You will remember that the children came here straight from Petrograd. I have just been sent the following description of them, which amuses me very much:

TRANSLATION FROM MORDOFLISF'S BOOK ON "A VISIT TO THE PYRENEES"—IN RUSSIAN

The author travelled with the children from Odessa to Constantinople in May 1881

"We had with us on board, bound for Constantinople, the family of Lord Dufferin, formerly English Ambassador in Russia—three daughters and a son, and with them an old Bonne as nurse.

"The daughters of the honourable diplomatist were still quite girls, though the eldest of them is in appearance fifteen to sixteen, and perhaps more; she is still quite a child. She does not, however, romp like her younger sisters, nice girls like herself, but rather reads a book. One of the other two, a charming little romp, has the name of her Queen, Victoria. The eldest 'Lady' conducts herself with unusual simplicity and modesty, and she is dressed and coiffée also in the most simple way. In her dress there is not the least indication of ornament. What specially pleases young ladies in general, high heels

on their boots, is, in the case of this young 'Miladi' entirely absent, though her boots are not altogether slippers. Heaven forbid! Shocking! Her dress, though not a short child's dress, was without even an innocent inclination to an amiable falsehood, to unnecessary length, or the least bit of a tail.

"Her second sister is a frightful despot in love. She never for a moment separated herself from her little dog, dragged it everywhere with a chain—and such a thick one that, as our captain wittily proved to the little lady, it was fit for a lion rather than for her little dog. But then I saw in that chain a trail of the British national character: to hold with a strong chain, so that it should not break everything that falls into their hands, whether it be India, or Ireland, or the pet dog of a little child. The dog evidently was not conscious of its frightful slavery, probably because it had never known what it is to run about without a chain at its neck. It never took a step without its amiable despot, and always looked into her eyes more lovingly even than Uncle Tom could look into the eyes of those he loved.

"The young lord, of six or seven years of age, always showed himself a genuine Englishman; loving order and cleanliness in everything. For the young future diplomatist—and perhaps Prime Minister, some one of the sailors or the servants had made a miserable broom, and my lord never left the deck, or hurricane deck, constantly sweeping again and again the same place. He even did not play with the other children, but swept and swept. It is wonderful how that occupation did not weary him all the way to Constantinople.

. . . . .

"The steamer arrives in the Golden Horn, and is at once surrounded by boats and caiques filled with unfortunate 'Midianites' and 'Arabians.'"

The author then continues:

"At the same time, pushing aside the caiques of these 'Midianites,' and 'Arabians,' flew up to the

steamer an elegant steam-launch, wheezing and gracefully trembling, and carrying the British flag.

"On it appeared in uniform a red-haired (of course) Englishman, with elegant gloves, and a solid, apparently good-natured Turk (Mustapha, the cavass), covered with braid and gold lace, and fully armed, evidently not of low rank, to receive with honour the dear guests, and these dear guests pay no attention. The elder 'Miladi,' of course, exchanges salutations with the gentleman in the elegant gloves, and smiles in reply to the cordial salutations of the fat Turk, but the younger branches of the Embassy continue their occupations; my lord busies himself with his broom, and looks in the faces of the Pharaohs and the Ethiopians; the younger lady thinks only of her little dog, and makes him jump over his lion's chain—whilst the younger Miladi drags her dolls into the cutter. Their worldly greatness is still not understood by them.

"You should have seen with what tenderness and veneration the fat Turk took in his greasy paw the little hand of the child-lord, freed from its broom, and decidedly feared to let go the treasure as a guarantee of the future and the hope of Turkey.

"Why, that flat-nosed little lord, following in the footsteps of his papa, may likewise be Ambassador in Turkey, and perhaps physician to the so-called 'sick man,' as Turkey has been incorrectly styled for the last two centuries. The steam cutter, with the hope of Turkey, rapidly disappeared, and I occupied myself with the meetings of other dear guests."

Having heard this read, Freddy insisted upon writing a letter to Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, who had made the translation. I give it with its original spelling.

"MY DEAR WALIS,

"I am sorry that he thinks I did nothing but swep all the time on the boat.

"That fat Turk was Mustapha; he is very nice.

Do you think that I have got a very flat nose? I think that boys do not mind what other people say about flat noses and other things like that. I hope I will be a very clever man like papa, but then I think I will not be so clever as papa, and I think I will not be the hope of Terky.

"Good-bye, my dear Mister Walis,

"Your affecshonate,

"FREDDY BLACKWOOD."

Lots of telegrams, and much Egyptian excitement. Some newsmonger drops in of an evening generally; D. enjoys this business very much, and feels as if it were really worth doing.

Monday, 19th.—Three Ambassadors, and two Chargés d'Affaires lunched with us, and sat afterwards in solemn conclave till half-past three, when they went off in a body to the Porte; D. only returned at a quarter to eight. The morning was wet, but I was able to go out in the afternoon in the garden.

Therapia, Friday 23rd, Saturday 24th.—Sir Frederick Goldsmid is out here, bringing with him his special knowledge of Egyptian Finance questions.

Sunday, 25th.—Our new church was opened. Every available singer was pressed into the choir, and many people came from a distance, and all the Embassy stayed for the sermon (which is not always the case), and every one admired the little chapel.

There has never been one here before, and this is very pretty, the old English style, with red tiles on the roof, and beams showing outside and in.

Monday, 26th.—D. is very busy with a Conference, every other day—occasional visits to the Porte, etc.

In the afternoon I went on board Mr. Goschen's and Mr. Hardinge's yacht, and had tea there, Mrs. Goschen presiding. I hoisted the flag, bearing her name, the *Tilburina*.

Thursday, 29th.—D. dined with Count Corti, a

Conference dinner, the business being done after, and going on till nearly two o'clock a.m.

In spare moments, D. goes and looks at his boat (the *Lady Hermione*), which is being got into order.

Captain Grenfell came to tell us that the trial was at last over, and that the man who struck Captain Selby was condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment, and the one who began the quarrel to one year's. He thought the trial had been very well conducted.

Monday, July 3rd.—We went a lovely ride over the hills, and home by the Buyukdere mines. D. and other Ambassadors went down to the Porte, and made a great commotion when they found the Ministers were out. D. was the spokesman of their indignation, and he says he made the said Porte shake in its sublime shoes.

Tuesday, 4th.—I had my first monthly reception, and it was most successful after the first hour, when people were inclined to resolve themselves into a formal circle; that inclination once overcome, they stood about and talked, and kept together, and seemed happy.

Wednesday, 5th.—I heard, to my great disappointment, that my curtains and furniture will not get here till the 30th, so I have no chance of seeing my drawing-room nicely arranged yet. We have put up quantities of prints and photos in the gallery, which furnish it very much.

D. had a sail in his boat in the morning, and sat at the Conference all the afternoon.

Saturday, 8th.—Visits from two gay Turkish ladies, gave them five o'clock tea, and introduced them to three gentlemen, which was great dissipation for them. Then we went out riding—a lovely ride over the hills.

Monday, 10th.—I paid visits on the Hill. "The Hill" is the upper part of Therapia, and is just at

THE "LADY HERMIONE."

the back of our garden, but I always find great difficulty in getting there!

I must tell you how D. spent the day. He had been writing up to nearly two a.m., and in the morning he was extremely busy till lunch, when he started off to go to the Porte; just as he left the quay, however, a telegram came, begging him not to come; so he returned, and, after a very short rest, set to work again. Before dinner he was interrupted twice, by Russia and Germany, coming on business. When dinner was ready we began without him, and he came in with the pudding. Then, before he left the dining-room, General Wallace came with a message from the Sultan, and before he went the other Wallace (Mackenzie Wallace), arrived full of news and business too. D. talked with him till a quarter past eleven—then did a little more business, and to bed about half-past twelve.

But no rest even there! At two o'clock came a knock at the door, "The Foreign Minister is here, and wishes to see his Excellency," so poor D. had to get up and dress, and did not get back to bed till four. There is a picture of an Ambassador in a crisis!

Thursday, 13th.—D. took me out in the *Lady Hermione*, but we did not have a very long sail, as Mr. Gordon Bennett's big yacht, the *Namouna*, came in, and we went on board, and were taken into the Black Sea and back by her. She is 600 tons, and is very prettily arranged as to cabins, the decoration being most æsthetic. The vessel is lighted by electricity.

Tuesday, 18th.—D. and Nelly and I sailed in the *Tilburina*, with the owners and Mr. Bland. It was a lovely day, and all went well with us. We made tea on board, and got home at 8 p.m.

As we were hurrying up to the house Count Corti put his head out of the window, and asked D. to

come in. He told him the Turks had telegraphed to ask for a Conference that evening, but Count Corti, having a dinner-party, and not being very keen about it, had not answered the telegram; still, he thought they might appear on the scene later, and he asked D. to have the meeting here. A room was arranged for the purpose, but when no one appeared at 11 p.m., the lights were extinguished. Very soon after, however, three of the "Powers" walked in, just to see if anything was going on, and they had just given up all thoughts of conferring, when Said Pasha appeared. Finally, however, it was decided not to sit so late at night, and the meeting was put off till to-day. It was very funny to see how, just as each "Power" said good-night, he seized hold of Said, and whispered a few last words to him—just like a thing in a play. He stayed behind with D. and kept him up till half-past one.

Monday, Aug. 7th.—D. went down to Said's house for the Conference, and only got back at dinner-time. I sat in the garden, and looked on at a little languid tennis.

Wednesday, 16th.—We had a delightful ride, a party of twelve, to Kelia, a life-boat station on the Black Sea. We had "telephoned" to Mr. Palmer that we were coming, so the place was decorated with flags, and the Turkish sailors were drawn up in line to receive us. The ride is lovely, over hills and downs, with now a view of the Bosphorus, and then one of the Black Sea, and the road is good. We took about two hours to get there, and, after tea and a rest, we came back in time for dinner.

Friday, 18th.—D. broke his mast against a Stationnaire at Buyukdere, which is a great bore for him, as it shuts up his little ship, his greatest pleasure, for a few days. He then went to town to settle about the Military Convention with Said Pasha. It was

so late when he had finished that he had to stay for dinner, and did not get home till 1 a.m.

Saturday, 19th.—The Persian Ambassador gave a sort of picnic dinner, to which he asked all the married diplomatists, and all the children; I took all my seven!

We went in the steam launch and big caique to the Sweet Waters of Asia. There is a very picturesque bit up a narrow river, with rickety wooden Turkish houses rising out of the water, rushes on the other bank, and some big trees; it was very pretty to see the caiques going up this narrow way. There were ninety-six people seated at dinner, and everything was well managed. We were two hours at table, but Baron Calici was very pleasant, and I did not find it long, and I had opposite me the children's table, where they seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

At the end of the dinner, the landscape was lighted up with coloured fires (a little tea-gardenish), and by nine o'clock we all left, and had a delightful row home—even an exciting one—for our men raced another big caique, and we were all bent upon winning, which we did; but sometimes the long pointed end of the rival seemed as if it would almost get into our eyes, so close was it. The Russian Stationnaire lighted up as we passed.

Wednesday, 23rd.—D. went out sailing, and while he was out Munir Bey came from the Sultan; we had to send out after D., and it was amusing to watch the chase from the windows. He went to Said Pasha's house, dined with him, and got home at eleven. During the interview the Turks tried to go back upon some of their promises, so D. got up, left the room, and walked downstairs, followed by all the Ministers, and all the servants, begging him to return, which he did.

Thursday, 24th.—D. sailed in the afternoon, and

again two sets of messengers from the Sultan arrived, and again they had to be told he was out on the Bosphorus. The Turks must be so astonished at an Ambassador who goes wandering about the Bosphorus alone. D. always waits at home till two o'clock, and they never send to say they are coming, so they cannot expect to find him here whenever they choose to come.

Friday, 25th.—We gave a large garden-party. The Turks did *not* flock to it, at which we were not surprised. There were 320 people. The terrace where the tennis-ground is was decorated with flags, and carpets laid down in places, so that it looked like a very big drawing-room. A band played, and every one seemed pleased and amused. Mr. Greville came from Athens to stay with us.

Wednesday, 30th.—We had a farewell dance for Madame Wallenberg (daughter of the Swedish Minister), who is a great favourite with us all. In the morning I arranged the house, which looked very pretty, and was much admired at night. There is a round central hall, open to the roof, with a wide gallery leading out of it on two sides, a large door into the garden, and big doors into a room on the other two. The garden doors were open, and a flag-lined tent made to close in a space of about twelve feet; this was carpeted and had sofas in it, and one lamp, with a shade which looked like a big owl, glared upon the dancers. It was a charming place to sit in, and with all these exits, the circular ball-room was never too crowded, and the open windows on the story above kept it very cool.

In the middle of the party Said Pasha arrived on business. The Sultan was again troublesome, and wanted to put off signing the Convention "for two days more" (as usual).

When the business was over the poor old Pasha

came into the ball-room, and seemed much amused. The Sultan works his wretched Ministers day and night, and Said told me he really does not know when he sleeps; since he has been in office (three months) he is never sure of a night in bed. He stayed till about two, then he went back to town and to the Palace, and when I came down to breakfast next morning,

Thursday, 31st.—I heard he was back here again! This time D. was pleased; the Sultan is capitulating, and is ready to do anything.

I went out in the *Tilburina* with Mr. and Mrs. Goschen and Mr. Greville, and as soon as we had had a nice sail we anchored, and began to cook our own lunch on some small lamps we have. While we were enjoying it, the *Lady Hermione* sailed round us, and got ashore; and then there was a great hauling upon anchors, and pushing and pulling, and many nautical manœuvres were gone through, and the crews got into the water; but all to no purpose till a caique came near with two Hercules on board, who calmly got out of their boat, put their shoulders under the bows of the *Hermione*, and with one more strong pull at the anchors, seemed to lift her easily off into deep water.

When this was accomplished we thought it about time for tea, so we boiled the kettle, and then sailed home.

We were all dining with Count Corti—another farewell entertainment to Madame Wallenberg. She has many great admirers here, but the general public also regrets her departure, as she is bright and lively, always ready for everything, and liked by everybody.

Friday, September 1st.—We are going in the *Antelope* for a little fishing expedition to the Islands. The fleet (three boats) goes with us, and we shall stay four days. The weather is quite lovely.

Let no one say Friday is an unlucky day to start

on an expedition, for we have tried it, and have had a most charming holiday.

At two o'clock in the afternoon our whole fleet, consisting of the *Antelope*, the *Lady Hermione* (D.'s single-handed sailing-boat), the *Tilburina* (with her captains, Mr. Goschen and Mr. Hardinge), and the *Rambler*, manned by Archie and Mr. Macfarren,—not to mention the very magnificent steam launch, *Gazelle*, and her humble companion the "steam cutter," moved out of Therapia Bay on a cruise to the Islands; the children watched the grand departure from the shore, and we on board the *Antelope*—Mrs. Goschen, Mr. Bland, Captain Joliffe, and myself—all became deeply interested in watching the movements of the yachts, as they took their different courses, the one getting a little more current, the other a little more wind, etc.

At first our interest was more in the race than in anything else, but when the wind rose into a real live "gale," our emotion became more serious, and we had some frightful shudders when we saw the vessels heeling well over. I got Captain Joliffe to keep with them, and when we got to Moda Bay, we decided to anchor—and not tempt the stormy seas any more. A short period of calm ensued, with all our yachtsmen "on shore"—that is, on board the *Antelope*—tea and cigarettes, and a feeling of being in port, are restful after a rough voyage; this was ruthlessly broken into by Captain Joliffe, who suddenly suggested going on again. He declared the wind had moderated, though no one else thought so. He was obeyed, but the *Tilburina* had to unpack her sail, and to get up her big anchor, and so started a little later. D. happily took a man with him, for it was quite dark when we got to Prinkipo, and it would have been difficult for him to manage alone. When we were at anchor we burnt blue lights to show the yachts where

we were, and we were very glad when they were all safe beside us.

Saturday, 2nd.—The high winds continue, so, although Mrs. Goschen and I went in the *Antelope* to Bulwer's Island, we did not attempt to land, and the yachts sailed about at their own sweet will, and were independent of us. We had a rendezvous at two o'clock in a little harbour in another island, which we found so charming that we resolved to spend the night there. We landed at a little café close by, taking with us our cooking-stoves, and the raw material, and, having chosen a nice sheltered, but rather sunny spot for our kitchen, we began to prepare our luncheon.

Just at this moment the giant "Business" followed the Ambassador, and he found he must go up to town; so we quickly cooked him some sausages and potatoes, and "the very best eggs he ever ate in his life," and he went off in the *Hermione*, sailed her to Constantinople, and came back for dinner.

We, in the meantime, had great fun over our luncheon. Great was the jealousy amongst the cooks, and great the desire of the rest of the party to assist; but of course "too many cooks" (you know the end), so we would not hear of their putting their fingers in the pie, and we made some lay the tables, and do the messages while others superintended the pots on two little stoves, and Mrs. Goschen had one all to herself, in which she did her favourite dish of fried potatoes. We used twenty-four eggs—the breaking of each one being a joy in itself—and we fried "Wiltshire bacon," and cooked marvellous sausages, and when it was all ready we proved the success of our efforts by eating up every morsel.

This brought us very near tea-time, so we next had to boil water for that, and we sat under the trees enjoying ourselves most of the afternoon.

Then we thought we ought to do something energetic, so we laid down a "paraketta," that is, a line with 250 hooks attached to it buoyed up at each end, which you leave for an hour or two, hoping 250 fishes will be tempted to swallow the 250 baits; let me say at once, that the virtuous monsters of this deep resisted the temptation put before them. While we were waiting their pleasure, we began to fish with lines, and we all discovered, I will not say a talent, but certainly a strong inclination for the sport; so much so, that we settled to begin again at daybreak next morning.

Some of the party had been putting down a seine meantime, and we arrived to see it drawn in—with not much in it; then we went on board, waited for D.'s return, and dined very late.

Sunday, 3rd.—The fishermen were awoke by the news that "Lady D. is on the bridge"; so I was, at a quarter past five. Mr. Bland, Mr. Hardinge, and Archie joined me there, and we had cocoa and biscuits; and then, having picked up Mr. Goschen, who slept on the *Tilburina*, we went off on our fishing expedition. There were various very small sums bet upon the first fish, and the most fish, which appeared to add to the interest; and before our return to the ship for breakfast, we had caught thirty between us. The morning was lovely, and I enjoyed the "outing" immensely.

Later in the day we picked up another paraketta, on which a dog-fish, a skate (with an absurdly comical face), and a large orange star-fish had met their fate.

Again D. was dragged off to town. He bears this with resignation, as, owing to the strong winds which continue, he is able to sail down in his beloved little ship.

A lovely morning, but not very good fishing; only thirteen fish caught. The day was less windy, so we

determined to " have a good sail," and to meet for luncheon at two o'clock.

D. went alone in the *Hermione*, Clandeboye and Mr. Macferran [1] in the *Rambler*, and the rest of us in the *Tilburina*. We had a very nice sail round the island of Prinkipo, with only one adventure, which I confess did bring my heart into my mouth for a moment. The rendezvous place seemed to be a perfect cave of the winds; squall after squall came out of it, and, as we had just come from a summer sea, we had not much weigh on, and were an easy prey to the wind. It laid us over very flat, and the water came over our " combings "; at this moment the boat came off to fetch us, and Mrs. Goschen and I were very glad to get into it before a fresh blast should attack us. I am bound to say the *Tilburina* recovered herself beautifully, but I felt rather nervous, even on shore, till I saw the whole fleet safely anchored.

Our luncheon place was on the top of a hill, and we had something of a climb to get to it. The wind was rather playful, and blew a claret bottle over me, but one likes this sort of " roughing it " occasionally.

I embarked on the *Hermione* to go home, and, as the wind was steadier, I had a nice sail with D., and later on board the *Antelope*, changed my claret-stained gown, and called on Mrs. (Valentine) Baker, where most of our party met, some having walked there. We had tea and talk, and congratulated her upon the General's Mission to Egypt. Then home to dinner—afterwards sat on deck while Captain Joliffe held forth upon the rules and regulations for the diet of sailors, and the mystery of " Extra Cocoa." This sent Mr. Bland to sleep, and, as none of us seemed particularly wide awake, I went off to bed.

After breakfast, but while still at table, we deciphered a telegram, and then D. gathered together

[1] Private Secretary.

his papers and started for town. As he had business to do, I took my passage in the *Tilburina*. We sailed on to Moda Bay, without any tacking or trouble, but when we got there we began to "beat," and finally got to the *Antelope* about half-past six.

Lest you should think we are quite idle, I may tell you that kavasses, steam launches, and dragomans are ever on the move about us, that telegrams are ciphered and deciphered on board—in fact, we are in the midst of a crisis.

Monday, 4th.—The wind is still very high. D. and Archie, who are the keenest of yachtsmen, decided to sail, but the owners of the *Tilburina* preferred to stay with us on board the *Antelope*, on our trip to Bulwer's Island. It was so rough that we found it most difficult to land there, but we did finally disembark (having picked up Archie and D.) at the foot of a very steep and rocky precipice.

The Sultan gave Sir Henry Bulwer this very small and rocky island, so he built at the top of it a queer habitation, with a quantity of small rooms, with as little view as he could manage to get from them, with false books round the walls, very gloomy and miserable. Nearer the sea, a gateway and stables with towers and turrets, imposing and useless. Having finished this "Folly," he sold it to the Khedive. It is said that when Sir Henry's successor called upon Lord Palmerston for instructions, the only advice he gave him was, "Don't get shipwrecked on an island."

We scrambled down successfully, and without accident, but we could not see that any animal but a goat could ever reach those magnificent stables.

The launch was here at half-past three, and the boys went off, their holidays being over, Nelly and Hermie going with them as far as town, and coming back looking very tearful.

I drove to Buyukdere, to do a visit or two, and

afterwards sailed with D. I took on board to him the news of an Egyptian victory.

Friday, 15th.—The news of Egyptian victories pours in, and is very exciting.

To-day D. went down to the Palace. He was away fourteen hours, eleven of them actually at the Palace. He declined to "argue with monarchs," and so sat in another room with about fifteen diplomatising men, who brought messages from the Sultan, argued with him, and held him by the coat-tails when he threatened to leave.

The Convention was not signed, and the Government now think it too late. The Turks have made a dreadful mess of it; if they had gone to Egypt instead of us, how they would have improved their position! And now? Baker[1] Pasha says that "no one but D. could have managed this affair," and that, "in spite of everything, the Turks like him."

Monday, 18th.—I went in the big caique this afternoon with Mrs. Wyndham and Mrs. Goschen, and paid three visits. One to the Persian Ambassadress, who received us in her empty sitting-room, where we sat on divans, and had a very good cup of tea; but the conversation, as filtered through a black boy, was not very interesting. We then proceeded to Madame H—— Pasha, a representative of an "advanced" Turkish lady—the most fluent French chatter, Alfred de Musset on the table, etc. We next visited Princess Halim, a real lady, emancipated as far as possible from the trammels of female bondage in this country, but very quiet and nice. I have never liked to go there since Egyptian troubles began, lest we should be supposed to be intriguing with the prince; and she seemed so pleased to see me, and said, "The quarantine is lifted."

Wednesday, 20th.—We all went in the *Antelope* to

[1] Sir Valentine Baker.

the Kadikeui Regatta. The *Hermione, Tilburina,* and *Rambler* were all to sail, but there was not nearly enough wind for D.'s boat. On our way down we had the satisfaction of beating Admiral Hobart's *Hawk,* and the Italian Stationnaire. Then we anchored in Moda Bay, and had luncheon on board. At three the boats started. The *Tilburina's* mast broke at the outset, so she was out of it, and D.'s great rival and the winner of the race was a twenty-ton yacht, so he looked a mite beside her, and consoled himself with a little private race with Mr. Macfarren, which he won. We went on shore to tea, and on our return to the vessel played games till the yachts came in—when we started for home. The children enjoyed the day very much, and Freddy amused himself and others by his sports on the top of the awning, which makes a delightful sort of " toss in the blanket " game.

Friday, 22nd.—We went such a beautiful exploring ride all over the hills, and found such soft roads, and such lovely views, and enjoyed the fine air in Belgrade Forest.

Wednesday, 27th.—We had a very successful tea-picnic to the Giant's Mountain. We went in the launch to Beicos, and then walked or drove in arabas (ox-carts) to the top. The views on the way were perfectly lovely. At the top there is a well, down which the children shouted, and were answered back by a resounding echo; and then we all proceeded to the wishing-trees. They are in a small court off a mosque, and are planted on the grave of Joshua, or rather over one of his legs, which must have been a gigantic limb. The wishers tie a bit of something belonging to them on a branch, and the shrubs produce a most curious appearance, covered as they are with rag-blossoms of all sorts and colours.

Preparations are being made for a regatta, and

much rehearsing and discussion goes on about it. The amateurs' rowing race, for which the ladies give a prize, is exciting. The English, Italians, Austrians and Russians have boats, but the English is the only one which keeps to its own countrymen, the other crews being mixed. They go out to practise twice a day, and our men are in a great state of anxiety, because they feel that as Englishmen they must win, and yet they fear they are very bad. Our big caique is also practising, and the Bosphorus is quite gay with competitors of various kinds, in spite of very rough and showery weather.

Wednesday, Oct. 11th.—The " Upper Bosphorus Regatta " is over, and has been the greatest success! Weather splendid, no *contretemps*, crowds of people, great interest shown in the races, and the English sufficiently victorious.

We made ourselves smart in honour of the occasion, and, directly after breakfast, went out on the balcony, from whence we could see the whole course; the view up into the Black Sea, round by Buyukdere, and then all along our quay and down the Bosphorus, was lovely. The water was covered with caiques, sailing-boats, launches, etc., and the quay was crowded with sight-seers. Later on carriages, too, promenaded up and down, and yashmaks could be seen in some of them, while some Turkish ladies even ventured on the water. The first race was for the state caiques, and we went down to see them start; at first the men struck, and said they must have more money for rowing, but a fervent " Go home! " brought them to their senses, and four started. They had a first-rate race, and we won. Our old caiquejee (steerer) in his red-and-gold costume, embraced his men when they passed the winning-post.

Meantime we had returned to our balcony, and were in a state of the wildest excitement over our

amateur race; we rather feared the Italians, so, when we saw our boat ahead of them, there was such a waving of sashes and handkerchiefs as they passed the Embassy as never was, and Mr. Bland who followed them in the steam launch was standing on the top of the cabin, waving his hat, and cheering in the most frantic manner. It was most exciting. We also won the men-of-war sailing race, and the Italians the rowing race.

Another very interesting one was between the life-boats.

After this the greasy pole began. It was just under our balcony. There was a pig in a basket at the end of it, and any one who could get to the end, was to let it out; the pig would drop into the water, and there would be a great chase after it. All round the place were quantities of boats of all sorts. At first there was the usual fun of men starting off in various states of balance, and finally tumbling into the water; no one reached the pig, but at last he worked himself out of his basket, and plump he went into the Bosphorus; an excited sailor in full dress, jumped after him and seized him in his arms, which brought all the half-naked athletes to a sense of the situation, and they all jumped in too, and there was such a struggle and a squealing from the pig, and then the sailor tried to clamber into the boat with the pig in his arms, and the boat capsized, and two more dressed sailors went over with it, and more "scrimmaging" began. Then they all seized hold of another boat, and were on the point of capsizing it, when they suddenly discovered that D.'s sailor had slipped round in his dinghy to the other side, and was carrying off the pig in triumph.

The life-boat exercises were very interesting, too. They upset their boat, clambering up under the seats as they did so, and remaining under several minutes

till the boat righted itself, and like bees, one saw them coming out from their cells. My balcony was crowded with guests all day. I had some people to lunch, and more to tea.

One of the kavasses said to Arthur, "I never saw such people as you English are. You do everything: you ride, and you play games, and you sail, and now you row."

The wind, which generally is to be found at Therapia, has failed altogether, and this week there is no sailing to be had. We tried fishing on Saturday evening, but there was so much phosphorus that the fishes saw the golden line let down to them, to say nothing of the stars of light that wandered over the surface of the water, and were too enlightened to bite.

October 16th.—Early Monday morning we got up to see the comet; such a magnificent one! Its reflection in the Bosphorus was a sight!

October 29th.—I had just come out from breakfast when D. called me, and showed me a telegram he had just received from Lord Granville. "Would you be willing to go to Egypt for a time?" D. replied that he would be ready to start in three days. So it was decided on Monday morning that we should lift our camp and start on Thursday with plate, linen, china, and glass. A palace is to be lent us at Cairo, and we are to travel in the *Antelope*.

The Sultan was much displeased at D.'s appointment, and sent his private secretary to protest, saying, "He would look upon his going as an offence." D. replied that he could receive no message affecting the relations of the two countries except through the Sultan's responsible Ministers. The result of this answer was that the Sultan telegraphed to say that he would receive D. before he left.

So, on November 2nd, D. went to the Palace and was most cordially received.

I left Therapia in the *Antelope*, and D. came on board at Pera after this satisfactory interview. We are about twenty on board : ourselves, Nelly (whom I have emancipated from the school-room), Katie and Arthur, Mr. Bland, Mr. Macfarren, two maids, four men-servants, two kavasses, cook, etc. The *Antelope* is not very fast, but we have passed through the Dardanelles, and the weather is lovely.

Saturday, November 4th.—We arrived at Syra about ten o'clock, and, as we had to coal, we were glad to leave the ship. Syra looks like a cardboard town, very white square houses built along the quay, where all the " Orthodox " live, and then, after a space of neutral ground, on which are no buildings, comes the Catholic quarter, climbing up a very steep hill, with their church at the summit. Everything is built of marble, and there is a square with a broad white marble pavement in the middle for a promenade—not a tree is to be seen anywhere, and the place looks intensely barren. Mr. Binney (a nephew of our old Dr. Binney) is the Consul, and the head of all the Eastern Telegraphs there. He took us a drive to a garden, which, from the difficulty of growing flowers here, is a sight, and, though the place belonged to the mayor, we broke into it in a most burglarious manner. The view from the yacht is lovely—the sea a beautiful blue—the town climbing the hill is picturesque in the distance, and the other islands are all lovely when you get far enough from them. Tenos we passed very close to, and it looked just like a raised map. A mountain-range on the map is a stone wall in the island, and there are curious volcanic hills with odd shapes. Our weather is beautiful, and we have a fair wind.

Sunday, 5th.—Weather still fine, and wind fair. Passed by Crete. We had a telegram from Sir E. Malet at Syra, to say he had accepted the palace

offered by the Khedive for us on our first arrival; but that, as it is some way out of town, he has arranged for us to move into another house lent us in the town, "with beautiful rooms and large garden," as soon as it can be got ready.

Tuesday, 7th.—The flat coast of Egypt in sight, and great scrubbing going on on board, so that we may look smart on arrival. Captain Joliffe is beaming at having made so good a passage, and the navigating Lieutenant is deep in the difficult entry to the harbour. We all stand on the bridge and look at the holes made in the fortifications, and then, as we approach nearer, we begin to make out what ships are there, and what "rig" the sailors on them wear —we are so afraid of not being quite correct—and then an Arab pilot comes to take us to our mooring, and different officials board us, and, as we pass the Khedive's yacht, a big band begins to play, and bugles on the other ships to salute, and then from several ships the nineteen guns are fired, and so we are fastened to our buoy amidst a flourish of trumpets.

Then comes an official sent by the Khedive to receive us—and the Consul, and Captain Fitzroy of the *Orion* (who led the Naval Brigade), and it is settled that we shall go for a drive round Alexandria, —have lunch at one of the palaces, and proceed by special train to Cairo at one o'clock. So we get into a magnificent barge of the Khedive's, and I sit on a blue velvet and gold throne, and we are rowed by eighteen men in sailor uniform, who have a very peculiar stroke. They have great heavy oars, cut in an octagon shape, and each time they turn them over with a rattle. At starting, they went very fast, but, as we are great swells, and must be moving along in a dignified fashion, the "stroke" soon gave a signal, and then they all made a long pause as they bent forward over the oar, and another as they pulled

back. So we landed, and got into the Khedive's carriages. Two smart runners ran before us—men with fezes, sleeveless gold-embroidered jackets, long white sleeves fastened together behind, white loose trousers and bare brown legs; in their hands they carried sticks. As we passed along the streets all who were sitting rose, and everybody made some sort of salute. The streets are very well paved, but all the finest part of the town was burnt down. The curious thing is that the ruins do not look burnt. You see no trace of smoke, and what is demolished is done thoroughly, a house being a mere heap of white stones, and not a ruin in the ordinary sense of the word. It was curious to look at the veiled women, with a wooden guard over their noses, and thick cloth hanging from it, so that one really has no idea of their faces—very different from the Turkish yashmak; but in this drive the palm-trees and the flowers interested me most. There are now great red-and-yellow bunches of dates hanging from the palms, and the palings to the houses are laden with lovely coloured flowers, and all sorts of shrubs the same. The Poinsetia, which I have only seen in small plants, is a tree here, and very beautiful it is.

We lunched in a palace, and then got into the train for Cairo. On the way we saw with interest the picturesque figures that turn up at every moment, one on a camel, another on a donkey, a child lying on a buffalo's back, one little brown figure walking calmly along shining with wet, and carrying its shirt in its hand, tall thin upright Arabs in every sort of coloured garment, black men in the whitest of turbans and dressing-gowns, mysterious females in dark blue, carrying infants who seem to dread the light for their poor sore eyes—humanity is very curious to look at here; one never sees a commonplace specimen.

Then the wretched mud encampments of the fellahs, far exceeding in wretchedness the worst of Irish cabins, came constantly into view, while the scenery in general was that of a flat plain—green at the present moment after its recent immersion; palm-trees everywhere; cotton plants, Indian corn, and bamboos. Then we crossed the hill twice, and finally got to Cairo at 6.30.

There we received in our special car (very like a Pullman) Sir Edward Malet, Baker Pasha, and several other people; there was a crowd outside, and carriages waiting, and we drove to this palace (Kasr-el-Musa), which is lent us, where forty-six beds are prepared for us, and every comfort in the way of food. I am in a blue satin apartment, Nelly sleeps under yellow satin curtains, and we have a sitting-room between, to say nothing of dressing-rooms supplied with powder and scent and every luxury. There is a very large "saloon" in the centre of the house, and Katie lives on the other side of it, but we only stay here a few days. Sir E. Malet dined with us, and, when he left we all went to bed at once, being desperately tired.

The *people* seem to take great interest in D.'s arrival—some think he is come to be a Viceroy, and accept the giving up of the country quite calmly, and others think he is to let Arabi out of prison.

Wednesday, 8th.—We went to take a little walk in the garden, being tempted out by the lovely bushes of jasmine, bushes of roses, and bushes of holly-hocks, and we were rather amused when, having started without Katie, a soldier came up to tell us by signs that she was the other side of the house; we followed him all over the garden asking every one where she was, until at last we met her with another soldier also looking for us; the one then went before, and the other behind us, and we walked about thus,

until, being unable to get rid of our guard, we came in. D. went at ten to see the Khedive, and then His Highness came to see us. He is a stout young man, with good eyes and teeth, and is happily a great talker. He speaks most fluent French, only says "chose" whenever the proper word does not turn up, and never stops to replace it.

In the afternoon we went to see our future house. It is enormous, and has a lovely garden, but it is very discouraging at first, for the splendid saloons are quite destitute of tables, and much space is wasted in large stone halls, which have to be lighted with candles! The bedrooms, too, are very un-English, and I shall have to try and hire a lot of things for them.

We went a very pretty drive by the Nile under shady trees, and saw the East and the West mixed. Palms, camels, the British soldier, the veiled woman, and the Highland kilt—the latter looks very funny on a donkey.

Thursday, 9th.—I received a message inviting me to the Palace this morning for part of a wedding (the contract), so Katie and Nelly and I went there. At the gate of the Harem we left our A.D.C., and proceeded alone. The first sight was very like what I have before described to you, a large hall with females in every sort of queer dress wandering about, some smoking, some standing with folded arms, and all with very long trains to their dresses, and "pork-pie" caps on their heads. After sitting amongst them for a few moments, we were asked into a room, where a majestic woman sat on a divan. It was an appalling moment, for she took not the smallest notice of me, and only acknowledged my bow by waving me to a chair by her. There I sat down meekly and gazed, first at her gigantic proportions robed in magenta and silver stripes, wondered at the

fatness of her fingers, and replied (when at last she said something in Arabic to me), " Je ne comprends pas, madame." Then I looked at the throne prepared for the bride, with its gold embroideries, and silver tinsel spread everywhere, over plants, fastened to the chairs, etc. After some time, a lady who spoke French came, and a short conversation passed between us; but even then I did not find out that the majestic lady by my side was the Khedive's mother and not his wife, whom I afterwards saw. She has a charming face, speaks French, and was as nice as possible. She said, " We shall always pray for your Queen, for she saved our lives "—and she told me they were thirty-four hours at Alexandria without a bit of food, and that her sister died during the bombardment, when they had not even a bed to lay her on.

Princess Nazli I met too—she is an emancipated Egyptian lady who sees everybody, and goes about as she likes. All the ladies present were relations.

The bride was plain but magnificently dressed, and bowed down with diamonds. She was brought in and set upon a throne, where she sat for an hour—in front of her on a cushion the bridegroom's presents —diamond tiara, bracelet, etc., etc. While she sat there, four girls in blue satin and silver danced; part of their performance was very pretty. They had their hair down, and they swayed about and twisted it over, and bent themselves in every direction, the hair always following the motions of the body—this part was very graceful, but the vibration part is less so. They shake all over, and have a way of moving the stomach which is quite inconceivable. It is as though they had a machine to do it with, and I can't think how the human figure can be made to " upheave " in the way they make it. It is extremely curious and ugly.

When this was over the Princess threw handfuls

of small gold coins about. Some of the ladies stuck one of these on their foreheads.

After this there was more sitting still, the bride having been led away, and, as there was music in the outer hall, I was too glad to accept Princess Nazli's invitation to go and hear it. Men closely screened off were playing, and we squatted on a divan till lunch-time, when the Khedive's mother sailed through the room and we all followed. I sat on her right, and we had a very good lunch, all the " sisters, the cousins, and the aunts " being present. Arab music was being dinned into our ears behind our chairs, so conversation would have been difficult even had it been possible for me to accost my neighbour. When we came out of the dining-room we were amused to see the *men*-musicians brought in to play—they all were blind-folded, so that they should not see the houris.

I must say most of the women are plain ; the younger ones often have their hair dyed. They wear most unbecoming headdresses, and have long strealy gowns. A great many cut their hair quite short, and so few are at all distinguished-looking that it is very difficult to tell which are slaves and which ladies. I don't think the reigning mother can come of an aristocratic family.

D. is paying visits all day, and I am interrupted every time I sit down to write ; so I shall be very glad when I am settled.

We all dined with Sir E. Malet. There were sixteen people, and Nelly made her first appearance, and was fortunate in having a talkative young officer next her, to counterbalance the Prime Minister (Sherif Pasha) on her other side. Lady Strangford was there too ; she has a hospital here. Sir Auckland Colvin, two Ministers, and Sir Edward's staff were the other guests.

Friday, 10*th*.—I had a long business morning. I went to the house we are to have, and went over it

about four times trying to arrange it. Rather a difficult matter, for, though it is enormous, it is wasted in things one does not want. There is a synagogue in it, but no pantry; open courts and marble halls, but a deficiency of bedrooms; satin chairs and sofas by the hundred, and not *one* table, big or little, in any room. Then I found the owner thought of shutting up about half of it, and I had to get room after room from him by degrees, for, as he *lends* us the house, one has to deal gently with him. Then he said, "You won't mind the wardrobes being locked up?" I mildly suggested that we had just a few things to put in them, but he went on to say, "You know, you can see yourself in them just as well when they are locked." Then downstairs there is very little attempt at servants' offices, and I don't think our butler and cook were as careful of his feelings as I was! We are a difficult party to house, for D. has to have study, secretary's room next to him, and a waiting-room to receive people in. Then the Chancery, Arthur's study, school-room, etc.—all these cut into a house. I think, on the whole, we have arranged it pretty well; but we shan't get in for a week.

In the afternoon we took a little drive through old Cairo and its very picturesque narrow streets, but our coachman took us so fast that we did not see much, and, as I began to wonder whether it was safe for us to go through this part of the town alone, I did not try to stop him.

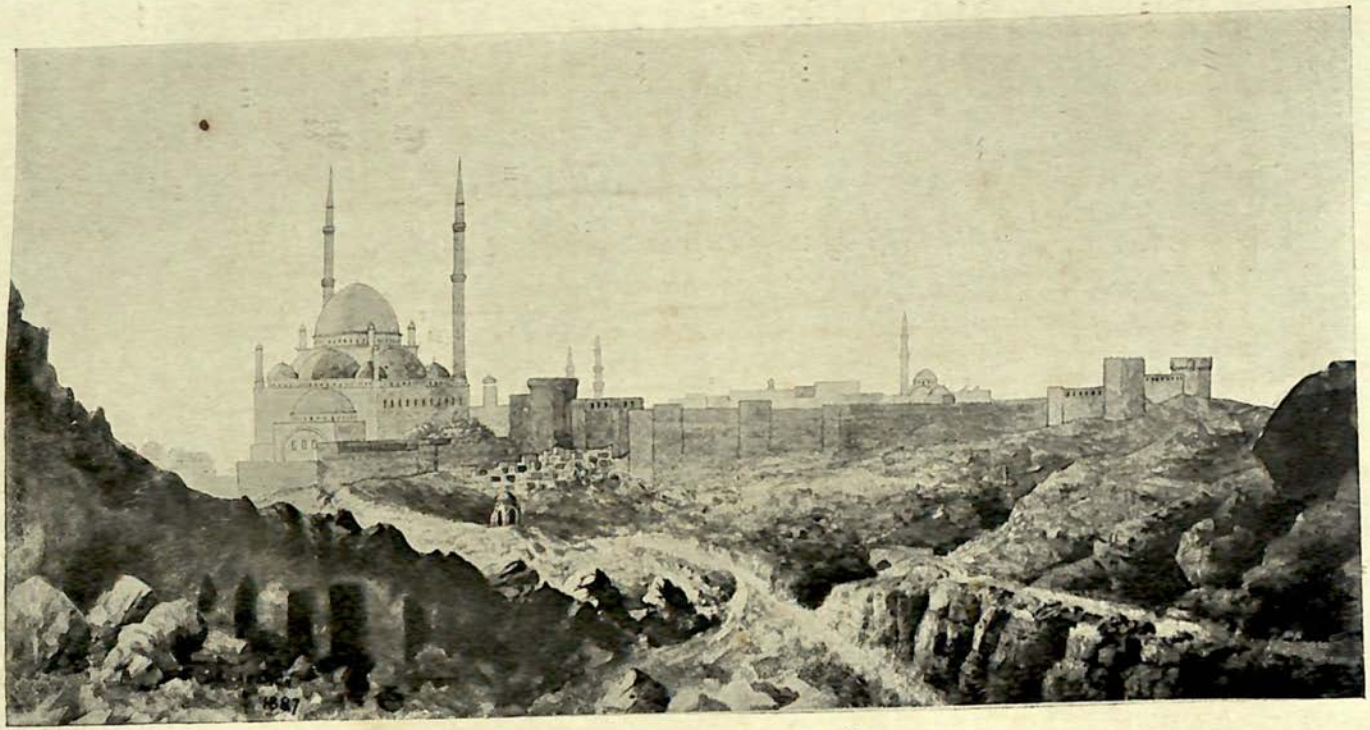
Saturday, 11th.—I went to the citadel to-day and found when I got there that my visit was looked upon as official. I had only thought of seeing the view from it. The Commandant (Colonel Leith of the Cameron Highlanders) and his A.D.C. (Mr. Baines) took us all over barracks and hospital, and finally gave us tea in their rooms. The hospital is in an old palace, and there are fine large rooms; but, alas!

there are two hundred and ninety sick, and only four nurses! I shall try to go there often, and at least may cheer up a few of the invalids by the sight of an English face (the nurses are Italian Sisters). There is one fine mosque and one old one to be seen up there, and there is a very fine view over the town, with the Pyramids in the distance.

Sunday, 12th.—This is the first day of a new century, so all the men had to go and congratulate the Khedive. We went to church. The clergyman is Dean Butcher, who came here from China. Then I called upon Lady Strangford at her hospital. She has forty beds, and is very proud of her own superiority over the Military Hospital; but, as they say, "We have fourteen hundred sick to provide for, while she is able to cut her coat according to her cloth." In the afternoon we walked, and in the evening three men dined; but there was nothing interesting to tell of this.

Monday, 13th.—We were to have gone to the Pyramids to-day, but, although our lunch did start, we put off the expedition as the mail had to be got ready, and several of us felt a little "seedy." I suppose one has to be acclimatised, for at present all my Constantinople energy seems to have vanished, and I am not up to doing much. Instead of this, we drove to the bazaars, and walked about there. I don't think they are as good as those in Constantinople, but they may be more curious, and the street leading to them is like an uncovered bazaar; it is narrow, and there are little shops on either side, small, square places, in which the owner squats and carries on his trade, his eyes close down over the work he has in hand. "Eyes"—*if* he has two; but it appears to me that it is much more fashionable here to have only one.

We went also to see a *real* Egyptian house, owned by the eldest descendant of the Prophet.. He was away, but his son received us, a very intelligent



MOSQUE AND CITADEL, CAIRO, 1887.

From a drawing by Sir John Ardagh.

boy, with charming manners. The house was most interesting. We entered first into a courtyard, with a very big tree growing close up to it. All the windows have elaborate woodwork of a very pretty pattern, and are lovely outside, but so successful in keeping out the light that it was difficult to see the ornamentation of the rooms from the inside. These rooms were at long distances from each other; one either passed through a garden or a court to get from one to the other. They were alike in shape—*long* squares, and there were square recesses on every side, the floors of which were raised above that of the middle, while divans went round the sides of them. Every bit of the place—floor, ceiling, walls—was ornamented either with old tiles, or mosaic, or painting; but, as I say, one could not see the details well. We had had coffee in a court all roofed in with trellis-work covered with vines.

Mr. Burton (the traveller) and Mr. L. Moore dined with us. The former " held forth " all the time, and was both interesting and amusing.

Tuesday, 14th.—I went to the hospital with Mrs. FitzGerald, and took some flowers to the invalids. It is such a hopelessly big place that we just kept to the worst cases. Another day I will tell you more about them. Afterwards we looked at the Artillery Barracks, and had tea with Major Lloyd and Colonel Minto Elliot, and saw an enormous goat, the regimental pet. They have made the barracks so nice and clean. The natives must be astonished to see people take such trouble to paint and arrange for a limited period. The filth there had been terrible; 10,000 Egyptian troops had occupied quarters which we find small for a thousand.

Wednesday, 15th.—To-day we went to the Pyramids. In addition to our own party, we had Mrs. FitzGerald, Sir E. Malet, Major Ardagh, and Captain

Joliffe. We went in a large char-à-banc, with four horses, one of the wheelers being ridden by a French postilion, who, from his saddle, drove the other two. We went very fast along a beautiful road with trees on either side arching over it, and making a complete shade. Of course we saw the Pyramids almost all the way, but when I came really up to them, I could only think of the ascent. To stand at the foot of a wall 500 feet high which seemed simply to have a rough surface, and think that one was expected to go up it, took one's breath away!—I felt I could not do it, it was so infinitely worse than I had imagined; but D. wanted me to try, and Nelly was half-way up, and the Arabs were buzzing round me, and making me very nervous lest they should carry me up against my will, so I said I would try if everybody swore that I should be allowed to return if I did not like it. So I started; but every moment the feat appeared to me more impossible, and when I imagined myself climbing along narrow ledges of stone, two, three, four and then five hundred feet from the ground the idea became intolerable, and even when I got safely back to the ground (having ascended only about twenty feet), I had to make a great effort to recover myself from the effect produced upon my nerves. People tell you about "great broad slabs"; there may be some occasionally, but I only know that, in my little bit, I often had to walk sideways because there was no room to go forwards, and that, looking upon it in cold blood, I think it the most dangerous thing to undertake without some real necessity or object. So I returned to Katie, and we sat and watched the ascent of the party, who looked like flies on a wall as they clambered about. Afterwards we saw a very curious temple, and the head of the Sphynx, and some tombs; but "are not all these things written in the Book of Murray?" One thing that made the view different

from usual was the water. At the present moment the Pyramids rise almost from the sea. There is water on every side, and very pretty it looks; but the floods will soon go down and the aspect of the place be quite changed. I have not mentioned the prosaic lunch, which, however, took place.

Thursday, 16th.—I went in the morning to see the house which the owner hands over to us to-day. I was delighted with it. It looks quite a different thing now, and we shall be so glad to get into it. It *is* palatial. Mr. Catawe has been so very kind and thoughtful in arranging it for us, and has given us the whole of it, besides the Lodge, where we set up a laundry and stables. I must describe it when we get there.

All the afternoon Nelly and I and Mrs. FitzGerald (Lord Houghton's daughter) spent at the hospital. We took flowers to the men, and wrote some letters for them, and we talked to great numbers. From what I observe, I think the character of the fever is getting much milder; none of the new arrivals in the hospital seem to be bad, and the deaths are fewer; but still, going every other day, there are vacant beds to be seen each time—vacant through death.

We dined at the FitzGeralds. They have such a lovely little house; the doors and all the woodwork are Egyptian carving, and he has collected some very pretty china, also oriental; so everything matches, down to the magnificent turbaned black, the "Chief Butler." I sat between Mr. FitzGerald [1] and Sir Archibald Alison, both very pleasant men, and Nelly between "Russell of the *Times*" and Sir E. Malet. I thought it was rather formidable for her, but she said she liked it "awfully," and was only rather overcome at taking precedence of Lady Alison, who has just arrived. She has two daughters, one of whom she

[1] Sir Gerald FitzGerald.

is bringing out prematurely, just as I have done with Nelly. Several people came in the evening, and Mr. Barrington Foote sang some very amusing songs, besides some sentimental ones, as did the other performers.

Friday, November 17th.—I had a very long morning of letter-writing, and began the afternoon by paying visits; it is very fatiguing making a quantity of temporary acquaintances; at 4.30 we went to tea with Sir Edward Malet's staff, bachelors, who have a very nice house here.

Saturday, 18th.—We left Kasr-el-Musa for good this afternoon, and are very glad to be at home once more. Of course we are not settled yet, but we have many of our home comforts, and can do as we like, and are in town instead of being some way from it. There are three drawing-rooms opening into each other. The first, being hideous and unnecessary, we have handed over to Arthur to see people in. The second is a dull room with windows only at one end. The third, my boudoir, is gorgeous indeed! True, the colours are rather mixed, but one imagines it is oriental splendour. The walls are green, with red stars in the pattern; the ceiling is a "ceiling of many colours." There is a maroon velvet divan richly embroidered in gold, a large assortment of bright blue chairs, of sage-green ones, of old gold, of grey satin, all also embroidered in gold—some of the woodwork is red and green and blue and gold—the curtains are grey satin (very pretty), the doors mauve, with variegated patterns on the panels—there is one bright crimson, and one pale blue chair, and in the centre of the room a *Meuble* to hold three persons, each seat being a different colour. There is a handsome Persian carpet, and low seats of all these varied colours scattered over it. The European element has just been introduced into this sanctum, and an

irruption of photographs has now come out all over it. An enormous writing-table has been introduced into it, and two other tables suggest, by the things on them, that the inhabitants sometimes read and sometimes work. Out of this Nelly has a dear little room with many oriental seats in quieter tints, and only a very little magnificence introduced; then comes a very nice waiting-room in which we breakfast, then D.'s study, and Mr. Macferran's room—and all these open into an enormous hall, which opens into a billiard-room, which opens on to an open court.

Upstairs you find yourself in another "Alhambra," a great Moorish circular place on to which our bedrooms open—to say nothing of a big sitting-room in yellow satin. I must leave Katie to describe to you her gorgeous blue satin embroidered curtains, which were intended for me; but I took a lower place, as it was much more convenient for me to be elsewhere. In the garden we have a lake, a boat, and lovely roses!

We dined with the "Staff" in a thorough draught (people *will* imagine it is warm here), and they danced after, which did warm us up a little.

Sunday, 19th.—I have not got acclimatised yet, and, not feeling very well, I remained at home, and did not stir out of the garden. Princess Nazli, a self-emancipated cousin of the Khedive's, came to see me, and was introduced to all my gentlemen. She speaks English very well, and is nice-looking. Sir Edward Malet also came to see me.

We shall have three operas a week (the fourth is Sunday), and I shall try being at home one night, and see whether "drums" are successful in this place. Mr. Lionel Moore (who speaks Arabic) arrived to help D.'s Chancery.

Tuesday, 21st.—I went to see Princess Said, the wife of an ex-Khedive, and the one who was in power

when my mother-in-law was here. I had often heard of her. She is a gaunt, but lady-like woman, and she has very good manners. She received me in a court outside the house, and conducted me into her sitting-room, which had some pictures on the walls, and which looked more comfortable than most of the harems. We sat on a divan, and very long pipes were brought, and then coffee, and Princess Nazli talked and translated. Katie and Nelly were taken round the house and gardens, and then we were given a peculiar dish which is eaten on this day, the tenth of the New Year. A silver table was brought in, and then an enormous silver tray, round which five of us sat. The stuff was in *very* large glass bowls, and we had one each, though one would have been enough for us all. Princess Nazli declared that it was a Biblical dish, and that Noah made it out of all the stores that remained in his ark at the end of the Deluge! It was rather good, and Shem, Ham, and Japhet must have enjoyed it immensely. It was like thick barley gruel full of pistachio nuts, and walnuts, and almonds. After this, we wiped our fingers on napkins heavy with gold embroidery, and sipped something out of a golden cup, and took a stately departure. Princess Nazli told us a great deal about the amount of money wasted on weddings. Her sister (whose wedding we were at the other day), having been conveyed to the palace in a carriage of the Khedive's, had to give the servants connected therewith presents to the amount of £200—that *part* of the ceremony cost her £2,000, and the husband, besides £8,000 worth of diamonds to the bride, must have spent a great deal on other presents; £40,000 is the sort of sum a complete marriage may cost in high life. The ladies are deeply in debt—one received the other day forty cases of dresses from Paris. The *duty* on them amounted to £2,000, and this lady's *nurse*

ran up a little bill of £10,000 for her own dresses. Fancy Hallie doing such a thing—or *even* me! and there are no men to see all this finery! The "Vice-Reine's" sister who died during the troubles in Alexandria left a debt of £150,000. She was twenty-four years old.

Wednesday, 22nd.—We went to look at the theatre here—a monument of the extravagance of Ismail. It is curious to see the enormous stores of scenery and properties. Scenery for every opera—and boxes full of satins, and velvets, and gauzes, and other materials to make new costumes, besides wardrobes full of ready-made ones, a room full of wigs, a room full of boots, one for armour, another for musical instruments, a row of umbrellas, beginning with a Japanese paper one, and ending with the veriest Gamp!—a room full of jewellery, and especially that which was made for *Aïda* and which is copied from the antique, beautiful and too elaborate for the stage. Then we saw the original score of *Aïda* for which the Khedive paid £8,000.

All the time we were there a rehearsal was going on, and it was amusing to come in for a bit of it every now and then. After seeing it all, we went on to the hospital. Mr. Cartwright and Colonel Stuart dined; the latter is going to the Soudan at once. We had a fearful night with mosquitoes—a blood-thirsty army of them took possession of the curtains, and candles had to be lighted, and finally a fumigation made to get rid of them.

Thursday, 23rd.—This morning an A.D.C. from the Vice-Reine was announced, and he appeared, followed by a Hamal (porter), bearing on his head a tray covered over with a velvet cloth embroidered with gold and pearls; under it were three silver dishes with the barley gruel I have already described in them, and small gold coins spread over each. This was a little

attention from the Khedive's wife. The cover and the dishes we returned, and I gave two " lots " of the food and coins to the servants.

Monday, 27th.—I have been very busy doing the invitations for a drum we are going to give next Friday. It really was a labour, for people write their names so badly, and one has to look them out in the Army List, and, as they are single men (280 men and 32 ladies !) they take twice as many cards for the number as an ordinary party would. I was two very long mornings over them. In the evening we had a small dinner, the only remarkable thing being that we sat in the drawing-room for the first time, and found it simply gorgeous ! there is a foot of gold carving round each chair, and the furniture and curtains are of a beautiful cherry colour ; it is lighted by 180 candles, and is most brilliant.

Tuesday, 28th.—I had just got my invitations safely out of the house when I received one for the same night from the Headquarters Staff for a concert; but they must give way. We dined with the Khedive at the Abdin Palace, all of us. There was a band stationed outside, which played " God save the Queen " as we arrived. A chamberlain took us in, and conducted me to the top of the handsome staircase, where the Khedive met me. We had some time to wait before dinner, but it was not at all stiff—everybody talked. Then the Khedive took me in, and Sir E. Malet sat on the other side, having taken Nelly in, and the Khedive discoursed to me upon the evils of polygamy, and the education of his children, the extravagance of his father, and the smallness of his own suite (60 persons instead of 700 as in the days of Ismail) ; and the table was beautifully arranged with beds of flowers flat on the cloth, little Turkish and English flags, and large silver candelabra ; the food was very good, a band played outside, and it

was all very well done. I wore red satin and my tiara; Katie her wedding-dress and diamonds (she looked very well). The Alison family were there (the General took in his own daughter), and all the Ministers. The Khedive proposed the Queen's health, and D. his.

D. had a very busy day, but got through "a good stroke of business."

Wednesday, 29th.—We rode along a beautiful shady road, and through the garden which belongs to the exiled Prince Halim. There I saw large orange-trees covered with fruit, smelling so sweet as one passed them.

Lord and Lady Charles Beresford dined with us. They had been shipwrecked on their way to India; he had behaved with his usual gallantry and decision, and every one was saved—with their baggage.

He was very pleasant, and told many amusing stories. One, of Sir H. Havelock Allan, who, during the war, wore some nondescript uniform, and who in consequence passed by a sentry without receiving the proper salute. "Sir, I am a General in the British Army. You must salute me whenever I pass you." "All right, sir"—upon which Sir Henry went up and down the road, and passed the man about seven times, always receiving the salute due to him; then he went up to the man, and said, "Now you need take no further notice of me for the rest of the campaign."

Friday, December 1st.—We went with the Fitz-Geralds to see two houses built in the Egyptian style. The first belonged to a Count St. Moritz, a penniless Frenchman. He came here because he had no money, was taken a fancy to by Ismail, and made some, which he spent upon this really beautiful house. He picked up old ceilings, doors, tiles, etc., and has pieced them all in in a wonderful way. I never saw

anything more lovely than the drawing-room, where highly decorated ceilings, stained windows, marble dados, a dome through which stream many coloured lights—all combine to make a sort of *Arabian Nights* effect; and outside a court surrounded on three sides by the house, with picturesque carved staircases and galleries, and the walls a mass of decoration—old tiles let in, and a peculiar kind of work which has the effect of carving in the material of the walls. All the doors leading into this court, and all through the house, being carved wood inlaid with ivory, have a richness and a beauty quite fairy-like; of course the house ruined the owner, and he wants to sell it. The second house was the same sort of thing, but erred on the side of darkness. There is so much carving outside the glass of the windows that very little light can come in. The stained glass is all in a very deep setting, and looks like jewels in the upper panes.

My big dinner and drum came off, and were most successful! We were twenty-seven at dinner, and 250 after. The uniforms looked very gay, and, as people never do meet here, they found some pleasure in the mere assembling of themselves together.

Tuesday, 5th.—Lord Charles Beresford has incited the officers to get up what he calls a Gymkhana—that is, a small racé-meeting, and we went to see the various performances. There were donkey-races, which were spoilt by the enthusiasm of the Arab donkey-boys, who would rush frantically down the course urging on their animals with voice and stick; there were running races, tandem races, and finally a "menagerie race," the runners being anything but the usual running animals. There were dogs, monkeys, turkeys, and several other birds, and a camel. The start was very amusing—and a dog won. The sand of the desert is rather trying on these occasions; one comes home quite covered with it.

Thursday, 7th.—I went to see the Vice-Reine again. She is a very nice, but silent woman, and I should have found it hard to get through a long visit had it not been for Princess Mansour, the Khedive's sister, who was there. She talks the most fluent French, and is the only woman I have met, here or in Turkey, who has any tastes, or who seems to have any idea of life as apart from cigarettes, divans, Arab music if strictly kept, and French novels if more emancipated. She has a collection of antiquities, likes pictures, flowers, dogs, cares for the pretty arrangements of her house, etc., etc. She began by giving me a long account of the dangers they went through at the beginning of the war, and then went on to other subjects. I stayed an hour.

After this we went to look at lawn-tennis on Sir E. Malet's ground, and in the evening to see *Madame Favart* at the Opera. We took Lord and Lady Alexander Kennedy with us.

Friday, 8th.—The well-known "Mr. Cook" invited us to go an expedition, with a party of our friends. There were forty-two of us altogether. We met on board his steamer at 8 a.m., and started immediately; he gave us a breakfast, and then we went on deck and looked about—but I will give you my ideas on Egyptian scenery another time. About 10.30 we landed near Memphis, and went on donkeys to Sakkarah. Happily it was a little cloudy, so that the ride was very amusing and pleasant, which would not have been the case had we had the sun pouring down upon us as we rode through the desert. We halted at "Marriette's" house, having ridden there in an hour and a half—sand, sand, everywhere, and yet he—Mariette, lived here a whole year digging. It is a good thing that tastes differ! We were first taken to the Serapeum. It is the place in which the sacred bulls were buried, and it is marvellous. You

find yourself in a great subterranean place consisting of a gallery, one a thousand feet long, with high arched roofs, and on either side small "rooms" almost filled by the enormous granite sarcophagi, each one of which held the body of a bull. There are about seventy in this place, and one's imagination stops short when one even begins to think how any one of these gigantic boxes can have been got into its place. They are so big as to leave very little room in the passage for any great number of men, and they weigh about eighty tons. Cook had candles all the way down the gallery, so we saw the great length very well.

Next we visited the tomb of "Thi." Here the pictures on the walls are most interesting; they are done in red, and are perfectly distinct—one sees Ancient Egypt there, doing just what Modern Egypt does now, using the same tools, and boats, carrying water in the same bottles, and walking in the same stately way with loads upon their heads. Mind and body were exhausted after this, and a very good lunch in Marriette's house was highly appreciated.

We then mounted our donkeys again, and went over to the tomb of Onnas. This has only just been discovered, and the opening of it has been paid for by Cook. You descend a little way down a sliding plane into the earth, and then you find yourself in a room, the walls of which are entirely covered with hieroglyphics, very neatly cut, perfectly fresh-looking, and with a little colour still left upon them; out of this was another room in which was Onnas' coffin —and this room was beautifully decorated, the walls being of alabaster with colour in beautiful patterns. The paint is scarcely destroyed at all, and the colour is really most artistic. Our minds having been opened wide by these sights, we rode our donkeys to the river, and returned to our steamer.

I had a small donkey-boy who kept asking me at intervals during the day, "How do you like your donkey-boy?" Of course I liked him immensely, and proved my regard substantially; but he was a naughty little boy, and when he saw me safe on the steamer, he cleverly went to Arthur and said I had sent him for his "backsheesh"—and he got it too.

Monday, 11th.—We paid two harem visits to-day, one to Princess Hussein, and the other to Princess Mansour. Both these houses are prettily and comfortably furnished, and look as though they were inhabited by reasonable beings. Both the ladies speak French well, and the visits were very pleasant. The only difference between their arrangements and our own, to a casual observer, is the presence of slaves. When I say "slave," I hope you don't picture to yourself a woolly negro in a scanty garment. One of those I saw yesterday was most beautifully dressed in white satin and silver, and *sat* in the room, though she accompanied me to the outer door when I left. The Princess Mansour's daughters were there, girls of thirteen and fourteen, who have already taken the yashmak.

I don't think I have told you about the opera. The house is a pretty one, and we *can* go four times a week if we wish to. We have seen *Giroflé Girofla*, and *Madame Favart*. The company is not very good, and I am sure we shall get very tired of them, but it is very convenient, when one wants to be civil to any one, to ask them to go with us to our box.

Tuesday, 12th.—The children arrived to-day, having had a splendid passage. They stopped at several places, and spent several hours at Smyrna. They are full of stories of the voyage. Freddie made great friends with a Turkish General, with whom he used to converse in French. Victoria found one gentleman who conversed "interestingly," and another who

was a "fuminate man" (effeminate), and Hermie described a little maid they had with them as "astonished at everything—even down to the chain which held the stopper in the wash-basin." When they saw us standing on the steps to receive them, they set up such shouts of joy that the soldiers and calm Orientals in the neighbourhood were filled with amazement.

The garden was first inspected, and a boat on a very shallow pond gave great pleasure—and Victoria very soon found her way into the water; and then came a tour of the house, and much satisfaction was expressed at everything.

Monday, 18th.—We drove out to Abbasiyeh, where General Earle took us over the hospital—a much nicer one than that at the Citadel—and afterwards gave us tea in the palace in which he lives. There are such lovely satin brocades on the chairs—quite the prettiest I have seen here. We could see from a balcony the house where Arabi surrendered, and the line of march by which General Drury-Lowe came into Cairo.

Tuesday, 19th.—Nelly and I were invited to breakfast with the Princess Mansour. We had a long time to wait for breakfast, and I began to wonder whether I had mistaken the invitation. We sat by the Princess, who happily is very amusing, and talked for about an hour and a half, she smoking all the time, and then, when the breakfast was ready, she told me she was going to give it to us in the Turkish fashion. On our way into the dining-room we washed our fingers in silver basins, preparatory to eating with them.

Lunch was laid on a very large silver tray, round which we sat on chairs, as she said the cushions were uncomfortable with our modern dresses. We had napkins with gold embroidery at either end, and we

began with soup. There was one blue velvet stand in the centre of the tray on which each dish was put in succession, and all round that were little plates of salad, sardines, *foie-gras*, etc. The first *pièce de résistance* was a joint of mutton, and, after helping me with a knife and fork, the Princess neatly helped herself with her fingers; it is *not* a very nice-looking process, even when well done, and of course all through the meal every one ought to dip about amongst the various dishes, and no one should require a change of plates and silver. Consequently the enormous number of dishes which appeared one after the other on the blue stand were far too many for me, who eat in a European way. I can't remember them all, but there came a dish of vegetables, then a fish, then a sort of Yorkshire pudding with meat in it, then ducks, then a sweet dish, then a turkey, Pilau, cold meat, etc., etc., etc., and more sweets. At the end, dessert, and a small bottle of champagne. When we left the room we washed our fingers again, and began once more to smoke and talk; ices were brought, and then coffee.

The Princess showed us her own room, and the way she writes with a Turkish pen, and her garden, gave us flowers, and told us much about her own ways. She is a very clever woman, and has a great sense of her own dignity. She keeps twenty white slaves, and twenty black, and two semi-slaves, that is to say, liberated slaves, who may sit in her presence, and eat at her table. The dress of all these slaves—and they dress very smartly—is arranged by her, and after eight years' service she provides them with a fortune, house, and husband, settles their disputes, divorces them if necessary, and provides them with new husbands if they become widows. Her baby of two years old was brought down and made to make its salaam, and then sent away because it would not

talk. Two gigantic dogs were exhibited, and the two elder daughters sat there most of the time. They got up whenever their mother did, and the younger always rose when the elder did, though there is only a year between them.

The Princess told me she arranged all her own dresses and cloaks, and that she wore a big hat, and then she went and dressed up in them to show me, and was very funny with her fan, which she uses when gentlemen look at her in her carriage! I said I had been commissioned to ask whether she did not make an exception for an Ambassador; but she said No, if it was very important business, she could see him, but with a curtain drawn between them or in the presence of the eunuchs, and with her yashmak on. The world says she does see people, though she is by way of being very strict.

We were there from 11 to 2.30, but were very much amused with her; the children are to be invited some day.

When I came home another Egyptian lady was announced, and I found it was the wife of one of the rebels, bringing a petition. There was a veiled lady with her, and an English woman to interpret. The two Egyptians were dreadfully afraid of being seen and I had to pull down my blinds, and several times when there was a noise at the door, they gave screams and covered up their faces, till I got quite nervous myself. The wife said, that when she married her husband, he had only a box of clothes of his own, and that all the property was hers, and so she begged that it might not be confiscated. She also wanted leave to see her husband before he left, as she is not going with him into exile.

I still go up to the hospital every other day nearly. I think the general condition is better, but there are an endless number of cases. To-day a man there gave

me a most enthusiastic description of the climate of Glasgow, as compared with the very inferior one of Egypt.

Thursday, 21st.—We go on an expedition to Tel-el-Kebir! We were a party of twenty-five, and we met very punctually at 7.30 a.m. at the station. We had over three hours in the train, and when we got to our destination we had breakfast in one of Mr. Cook's boats. We took down donkeys and horses with us, and immediately after breakfast we mounted our steeds. I had the very best donkey I ever saw, and was quite able to keep up with the horses.

I had no idea of Tel-el-Kebir before seeing it, in spite of all the pictures and descriptions, and yet it seems a very easy thing to describe.

Imagine an immense plain without a shrub or tree, or blade of grass on it, an ocean made of sand, but rather shingly sand, so that it is hard, and not unpleasant to walk on. Then suppose you see, straight across a part of it, a bank with a ditch on either side of it, this bank being five miles long, and occasionally curving out into a little battery for two or three guns. These curves were full of Egyptian soldiers, and all along the five miles of ditch stood soldiers in single file, 28,000 altogether. This ditch, and these curves, are very small objects in the midst of the desert; but the length is great, and the fact that all this was made last August is extraordinary. What a number of men must have been employed! Though comparatively easy to *climb* into, it was of course less pleasant to *fight* your way up the bank, and we had only 11,000 troops engaged. What strikes the unmilitary mind is this: "Why should Arabi have chosen this spot on the desert rather than any other? How should he know Sir Garnet would ever come near him there?—or, if he did, which way he would come?" These questions can be answered, but it

looks just as if you were to place a man-of-war somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic, and take your chance of the enemy's coming near it. A great stretch of desert on every side is all one sees, but the canal and the railway had of course something to do with Arabi's choice of this place.

The celebrated little battery which no one knew of, and which, by the most extraordinary good luck, our troops passed in safety, was the first place we visited, and then we went all along the lines and were pointed out the various points of interest, and we picked up shells and balls, and the officers explained everything to us, and the air of the desert was fresh and delightful. The ride home was very hot, but I liked it all very much.

The night march must have been most exciting. Sir A. Alison told me it was most solemn; he personally enjoyed it, but the slow, monotonous tread of the men got on one General's nerves, and he turned to Sir Archibald and said, "For heaven's sake, alter the step or do something; this is dreadful." After the intense stillness came a sudden burst of sound, the roar of cannon, the shrieks of the men, and the flashes of light, and, as day dawned, the battle was at its height. To look at,—Tel-el-Kebir is a little ditch dividing a great barren field in two, and yet one comes away, after seeing it, with a much greater opinion of the feat we performed there than one ever had before.

Having imbibed all sorts of thrilling and heroic ideas, we rode prosaically back to lunch on the dahabiyeh, and then returned to our train. On our way back we played games, and everybody was very merry; but in the evening we were very tired after six hours' train, four hours' donkey ride, and two hours' meals, and getting to the stations!

Friday, 22nd.—I went to call on Princess Nazli and

THE KREMLIN.

Frontispiece] From a photograph by Major Albemarle P. Blackwood.

was rather amused at being shown up into her bedroom, and still more so when I found the Alisons already there. Princess Fatma, the lady we saw partly married when we first arrived, came in while I was there.

The children went to see Princess Mansour's little girls, and came home laden with the most magnificent bon-bon boxes. The visit was a great success, and the Princess was delighted, because Freddy said "he did not like Egypt." She made many jokes, which were highly appreciated by her satellites, as to his peculiarity in this respect, implying that the English were rather too fond of it.

Sunday, 24th.—In the afternoon I bethought me that I had never been to see the B.'s, who are living in a dahabiyeh; it is their own, and they have spent twelve winters in it. I *can* imagine the pleasure of living in a yacht, however small, and this is very nice indeed as a yacht, but to pass one's time close up against a mud bank in one, I can't conceive. And this is what Mrs. B. does. Of course they generally go up the Nile and pass from one mud-bank to another, and he goes ashore and shoots, but she remains in her shell, and the sand and the flies and the mosquitoes come in upon her. I do think Egypt is far too much idealised in people's thoughts: "to spend a winter in Egypt" is always talked of with enthusiasm, but there is a great deal of prose in the reality I think, and Egypt in bad weather is truly dreary. A rich soil, which is easily turned into the thickest and most clinging of muds, palm-trees which should never be seen out of a brilliant sunshine, villages which melt in the rain, houses which let in the water, people who dress in white garments, and give one a cold to look at them, draggle-tailed roses, despondent orange-trees—such are to be seen in Cairo on a pouring wet day.

Christmas Day.—Yes—'tis too true—a horrid, wet, cold, muddy Christmas Day. Church (the church let in water) under difficulties, its decorations even suffering from the depressing influences of such a day—one's dress suffering terribly from getting in and out of muddy carriages, and from the muddy aisle—and no possibility of exchanging Christmas greetings on the way home. The children kept up their spirits wonderfully, and were very happy giving presents. Unfortunately, the box containing ours had not arrived, so we could only tell them what is coming for them. When the rain ceased, I sent them out for a donkey ride, and I went to see Princess Nazli about an Oriental dress for Nelly (there is a fancy ball coming off). Princess Mansour was there, and was amusing as usual. She came to us later with a pile of things, and Nelly looked so pretty done up in a yashmak—the most becoming of veils.

In the afternoon I went up to the hospital, and Nelly and I went round our friends there giving them cards, and wishing them a "Happy New Year,"—a "Merry Christmas" was a mockery to them.

Wednesday, 27th.—To-day there were Highland Sports in the Abdin Place. The Khedive looked on from a balcony, and invited me up there, but I thought it much pleasanter in my carriage. It was close to the games, and we were able to see everything very well. The tugs-of-war were most exciting, and the dancing very pretty. The day was fine, and lots of people were there.

I was amused to find my friend the Princess Mansour kicking over the traces! She was in a carriage with Princess Nazli, and Sir A. Alison went up and spoke to the latter, and was introduced to the former! a most fearful falling off from the strict seclusion in which she is by way of remaining. I heard after-

wards that she was immensely delighted, and so excited about all the acquaintances she made.

Friday, 29th.—A race meeting. There were numbers of people there, and it really was very bright and amusing. The gay Egyptian princesses were again there, and I wished D. had come, but he said he had too much to do, and he was in fact quite overworked by the evening. I went and talked to them, and now they are full of looking on at the coming fancy ball. We are expected to go in "oriental" costume, but I am getting out of it by wearing a black gown and a big crescent of diamonds on my head, and calling myself the Turkish Crescent.

A cricket and lawn-tennis club has been started, and we went to see the first games on Saturday. The officers have got some grass to grow, but I fear it will not last—for the moment it looks very nice. Pipers walked about playing on it, but there have been too many afternoon entertainments this week, and so there were not many people there.

Mr. Lionel Moore dined with us. He was ten years with Lord Stratford at Constantinople, and when he is started on that subject he is most amusing. The Great Eltchi seems to have kept them all in a state of abject terror. He could only remember one instance in which some one stood up to him, and, as it ended in the Ambassador laughing heartily, I will tell it to you, though it requires some swearing.

A wretched Attaché had copied out a despatch seventy pages long, and when Lord Stratford was reading it over he came to an "i" undotted. He pointed angrily to the place, and got more and more furious as the Attaché was unable to see his mistake. "D—— your eyes, sir," he said, "don't you see it?" "D—— your Excellency's 'i's,'" was the reply—and this did overcome Lord Stratford's wrath. He

used to shake his fist in their faces, and Mr. Moore looks upon him as such an awful being that he says now he can't believe he is dead. He told us how a rich Greek had ventured to vote for a Patriarch who was not Lord Stratford's candidate; so he watched for him in the street, and, walking up to the Greek, seized him by the throat, and, pushing him up against a wall, asked him why he had not voted as he (Lord Stratford) wished, and so frightened the man that he promised all that was required of him.

Sunday, 31*st*.—I went up to the hospital. The nurse tells me the sick are coming in as fast as ever—but they all come from one place. It is in the desert, and supposed to be very healthy; but it is very cold at night (the men sleep in tents), and very hot in the day, as there is no shade; and, as the regiments there are gradually coming wholesale into hospital, I wonder they don't give up this camp.

CHAPTER V

ENTERTAINMENTS

January 1st, 1883.—The Khedive gave a sort of "school feast" at the school his sons attend, and we all went. It was rather a "hugger-mugger" entertainment, the ground not being well kept, and people crushing in upon the performers.

First we went into a fine tent, where the heir-apparent received us. He is a pretty little man (children don't look like children here, with their uniform coats and fezes); then we went all over the school, and one boy read an address to M. le Comte, and Madame la Comtesse; but, as M. le Comte had not arrived, I had to bear the brunt of it. After this we returned to the tent, and saw some very feeble juggling, some very poor performing monkeys, and an equally poor tight-rope dancer, but we left her before she had performed her great feat, which was a very nasty one to see. She cut the throat of a lamb while on the rope, cooked bits of it, and, hacking out pieces, threw them about. Instead of this, we went to see some horses which were being shown off in the square, "Wild Arab horsemen" on them. I believe they were good, but there was not half enough room to move them about. The Khedive himself did not appear.

In the evening there was the masked ball, with oriental dresses. I don't think the masked part amused us very much, as we don't know people here well enough; but it was a pretty sight, and the men's

dresses were particularly handsome. Nelly looked very well in her Albanian dress, and my big crescent was most successful. I think the fact of the dresses being all oriental gave more unity to the spectacle and made it handsomer than when all sorts of dresses are mixed together; and even the commonest Eastern dress is picturesque.

Mr. Bland had a magnificent red-and-gold dress, and Arthur was lent something handsome; but we don't know what it was supposed to be.

We have no more evening gaieties in prospect just now, and I am glad of it.

January 4th.—I have just returned from seeing the return of the Holy Carpet from Mecca.

Sir E. Malet and Mr. Portal came to breakfast with us, and all our gentlemen were in their uniforms, looking very smart. The Khedive sent a victoria in which D. and Sir E. Malet went, attended by an escort and followed by their suites. Katie and Nelly and I went in our own carriage, and Miss S. and the children followed. We went to the Harem, and were received most graciously by the Vice-Reine. Even the "Princesse Mère" was civil to-day, and had enlarged the holes in the screen that we might see better. We looked down upon our husbands, and the state officials, and they formed a very magnificent group—red uniforms, dark blue and grey uniforms, with much gold embroidery, and some very beautifully dressed ecclesiastics in purple robes and white turbans. Beyond them was a great crowd of natives, and lines of white gendarmes, blue native soldiers, and here and there masses of our own well-known red.

The Khedive's turn-out was really lovely, and the colouring of his procession, as it approached, was the prettiest thing I have ever seen. The advance guard had blue and gold richly embroidered jackets, loose

red trousers and red fez, the body guard have a blue uniform with red trimmings, and his carriage had four white horses ridden by postillions in red and gold. Inside the carriage the Khedive, Prime Minister and suite, displayed a vast expanse of gold embroidery on their uniforms, and the red livery was repeated behind.

When His Highness reached the afore-mentioned group of Magnificences, he shook hands with D. and others, and then retired to a throne which was under cover, but open to the front, and sat down between D. and Sir E. Malet, and in a stately row sat the sheiks in their beautiful clothes. When the procession from Mecca came in sight the cannon fired, and all the bands began to play at once, and then one saw a camel with a tottering howdah on its back approaching, and, when near, one could see that it was all made of splendid embroidery. There were about six camels all "clothed." On the first sat a turbaned individual carrying a flag, on the second was a very fat man naked to the waist, with grey hair and beard, his head turning about in a state of ecstatic enthusiasm (so I suppose). He is said not to have eaten for forty days, and is extraordinarily holy. After the camels came some travel-stained white soldiers. They marched four times round the square, and then approached the Khedive, who kissed the tassels of the howdah, and pressed them to his heart and forehead, as did the sheiks. As the procession passed on, we saw the people in the crowd rushing out to touch the howdah with their hands.

When this procession left Cairo, Arabi was in the height of his popularity, and received an ovation from the people, who tore off his gloves to keep bits of them.

Our children were somewhere with the young

Princes, and they say they got on very well and talked, but I am always alarmed when they are in an Eastern house, as they have not the oriental calm of the smallest child here. Victoria says the Princes were rather hard to talk to, as they never began anything, and she felt the difficulties of continued effort. She inquired "if they were afraid of thunder and lightning," and they asked each other's names. On hearing those of the Princes, my children said, "How funny!" but on learning theirs, the Princes said, "How good!"

I have been learning some particulars as to all we saw to-day. It appears that the Carpet is not there at all, and the howdah is supposed to cover the wife of the greatest sheik, but I think every one is very vague about it. The half-naked man is a mysterious individual who has attended the Carpet-procession for fifteen years; he always leaves Cairo with it, enters Mecca and leaves Mecca in its company and re-enters Cairo; but in the interval, and during the journey, he disappears, and it is not known where he lives, or how he gets to these places. The soldiers say he is very much thinner now than when he started.

January 29th.—A long interval has elapsed since I wrote anything, and I must just put down quickly what has happened; it has not been a cheerful month for our Embassy anywhere. At Constantinople poor Mr. Sartoris died of typhoid fever, to the great grief of us all, and since then Mrs. Goschen, of whom I am very fond, has had a most terrible illness, was completely given over, and must still be in a very critical condition.

Here, on the 7th, I retired to bed with a slight attack of typhoid fever, from which I have recovered, and am now getting up my strength.

On the 9th Katie fell ill of the same.

A housemaid also got the fever, and Freddy had jaundice. D. was dreadfully busy, and it was all very hard upon him. To the rest of the household it was very dreary and miserable, I am told. There were, however, some gaieties going on. D. had to ask a good many people to dinner, and at these Nelly did the honours very nicely.

Now we are very quiet. I take a little drive, but have not seen many people yet, and am not up to much exertion.

February 4th to 12th.—There have been a great many tourists about and we have seen something of them all.

The Duke of Sutherland is staying with us, the Balds have been to dinner, theatre, tea, and drum. Lady Brassey has dined, and I took her to a harem. Mr. Chaplin came with the Duke, and always dined with us, and became a great favourite with every one. Mr. Maxwell, who stayed with us in Canada, is also here, and we see a good deal of him. Then there are stray people, Sir Arnold Kemball, Sir Henry Green, etc., and Lord Napier of Magdala is staying here, but is ill.

We have had some strangers at dinner every day, and I must now try to tell you a little more in detail what we have done.

Thursday we dined with the Alisons, the dinner being given for Lord Napier, but he could not come. I got very tired with this first outing, and so next day, as I was to have a dinner and drum myself, I stayed quiet, and borrowed a chaperon for Nelly to go to the races. She had a terrible fate there, for the Khedive put her in my place on a throne beside him on a dais, with no one else (which would have been trying even for me), and she could not escape for more than an hour, when D., coming up to speak to His Highness, she " bolted."

We had 26 at dinner, and a drum of 120. The house looked very pretty, and the party was successful.

Saturday, February 10th.—We had a very amusing afternoon looking at the sports of the new Egyptian Army. The Khedive would not come lest they should not succeed! but every one else did, and the men got very excited over the tug-of-war, but they ran badly. There was a race with a big water jump, and I was surprised to see about fifty start, and also to see that they did not seem to mind how late they got off, or how far behind they were; we heard afterwards that they thought every man would be paid.

Monday, 12th.—Now that Mr. Hardinge has come to stay with us, we are doing more sight-seeing, and had such a nice day at the Pyramids. Three gentlemen rode, and the rest of us went in carriages, taking lunch with us. The children, Miss S., and Mr. Hardinge went up, and Miss S. nearly fainted on the way! but in spite of this, they all enjoyed it very much, and when they had had a good lunch they explored the inside of the Pyramid—and then rode on camels, and went to see the sights of the place, while I sat down and watched a wonderful feat being performed.

An English lady went up the Pyramid entirely alone, by a route of her own choice, and in a riding habit too! She did it quite quickly and easily; her brother tried to follow, but we had to send help to him.

Wednesday, 14th.—We went to Heluan, an oasis in the desert, where we stayed with General and Mrs. Arbuthnot, and where I presented the Tel-el-Kebir medals to the officers and men of the 19th Hussars. The "oasis" is not an ideal one. It is a great sandy plain, with a village of hideous square villas, and some sulphur baths which smell strong. It is very cold,

and we shivered as we found our bedrooms all opened on to an open court. We arrived in time for lunch, and afterwards sat out till three, when the ceremony was to begin, and when such a horrid sand-storm came on that tents were blown down, and all the preparations had to be "counter-marched," so that our clothes, and not our eyes, should suffer. I handed out 400 medals as quickly as I could, and then D. made a nice little speech, and a little rain came on but cleared up directly everything was over.

The Hussars' Christmas cake arrived this day, and I cut it open with a sword, but I shall never get over having not thought of giving the men a "drink" to go with it! We had a very nice dinner-party and games in the evening, and then, covered over with all the rugs and fur cloaks we could find, we managed to sleep comfortably.

Thursday, 15th.—We went round the camps on donkeys—the prettiest was that of the 7th Dragoon Guards—and then on by train to picnic in some caves. We had a mile to go in an artillery wagon, and then we had our lunch in an enormous cave. They are innumerable, and open one into the other. They are quarries from which the stones for the Pyramids were taken, and are very wonderful places. As I am not very good at clambering about just now, I did not explore much, but sat under a rock and enjoyed the sunshine, the desert air, and the view of the Pyramids. We kept the train waiting a quarter of an hour while we made tea, and then came home in it.

Friday, 23rd.—I sat over an almanack all the morning making out a programme of all that has to be done within the next few weeks. I am getting up three entertainments for charity, and the arrangements take time. First there is to be a charity ball for the poor of Alexandria, and I am going to have

some theatricals at home for the same object. Then I have a garden fête for the church, which also gives a deal of trouble, as we are to have a number of amateur entertainments at it.

Then there is a dinner to the Khedive, and a big drum, and we were going to give Nelly a dance; but the floors of our house won't stand it!

In the afternoon I drove, and we had a few people at dinner, amongst them "Brugsch Bey," the Savant.

Saturday, 17th.—Even aided by Nelly and Katie I spent a good three hours in writing invitations for a big drum next Friday. I meant to have this the end of all things, but thought that by having it first, and by asking every one, I might help my charities! (that's diplomacy).

In the afternoon there was the end of a great lawn tennis tournament which ended in our Embassy beating (by implication) the whole of the Army. The FitzGeralds and a Canadian traveller dined and we went to the opera.

Sunday, 18th.—This afternoon we went to the Boulak Museum, and made the personal acquaintance of many defunct kings and queens.

It is a most interesting collection, and there is a wooden statue—thousands of years old, with much expression in its face. The eyes are wonderfully done, and look like the best glass. One visit is not enough, and, as Murray and Baedeker would find me out if I made any mistakes, I will not attempt to tell you who anybody was, to wit—a husband and wife sitting side by side, lately extracted from some tomb, she in a pure white garment, he with his clothes more highly coloured, both looking so new, and with such life-like expressions in their faces. Then a queen-mummy, with an infant princess at her feet, she having died in child-birth, golden jewellery, and of course hieroglyphics, sphinx, and the usual Egyp-

tian curiosities to any amount. We were shown every thing by Brugsch Bey. Hermie was much struck with him, and with his accounts of how he found out this and that, and said to me she thought he would have made an excellent detective. The Nubar Pashas dined with us.

Monday, 19th.—Consulted Nowell about ball supper (charity ball, got up by me for sufferers at Alexandria), and about supplies for the tea at the garden fête in aid of church fund. Wrote notes and letters till twelve, when Mrs. B. came by appointment, principally about last-named entertainment. More writing till lunch.

At three, drove to Ismailia Palace, and saw the Vice-Reine to ask her to look on at the ball from her box, and to ask the other harems to take boxes, as we propose to arrange the whole of the grand tier for them, with lace curtains in front.

Home for tea, when General Earle came in after playing lawn-tennis with D. Then Colonel Grenfell came about putting up my stage. Sir E. Malet followed with M. Sinadino and M. Ornstein (the ball working-committee), and we went into every sort of detail as to decorations, supper, tickets, prices, etc. These were all there together, and all wanted advice or sympathy, or at least my attention. They only left at a quarter to seven, and we had people to dine at seven in order to go to a benefit at the theatre, so I dressed at my usual speed, dined, and then went to the opera till ten, when Nelly came for me to drag me to a dance. I had promised to let her stay for the cotillion, and so I did not get home till a quarter to three this morning.

Tuesday, 20th.—I have "passed the list of lady patronesses," signed all the letters asking for their patronage, written to Madame Martino Bey to come and see me about the harem boxes; to Lady Alison to ask her to get up a reel of twelve couples; to

Madame della Sala to ask her to choose bows for the stewards and patronesses; to Sir Edward Malet about programmes, champagne cup, state quadrille, and gas, and it is mail day to boot!

Another thing that takes a little time is, a sale of Turkish work. I have sold a hundred-pounds' worth here, and I have to write orders, and make out bills, and receive and send the money, which all entails writing. I expect to be worn to a thread these next three weeks, and then I must try to rest. The Duke of Sutherland left us to-day.

After lunch we rode on donkeys to the bazaars. Does it not sound a little primitive for the English Ambassadress to be able to ride through the best streets of Cairo in the afternoon on a donkey?

Our visit was to the "gold and silver bazaar," and we bought several things after much bargaining, and then had it proved to us that we had paid the man well, by his presenting four of us with a bracelet each as "backsheesh."

He was asleep when we reached his shop, so we woke him up, and in the middle of our transactions he got up, produced basin and water, and washed his face to awake himself more thoroughly, and then proceeded to business. He also gave us all coffee. I had not realised the fatigue of a donkey ride, and was dreadfully tired when I got in, and scarcely up to the number of visitors who came, especially as they came uncomfortably, ladies who don't speak to each other arriving together. I also had two on business. The Earles and Villiers Stuart dined, and went on to the opera with D.

Wednesday, 21st.—The medals were given to the regiment of Cameron Highlanders, and the officers asked us to lunch. D. afterwards went to see the New Army drilled, and he dined with the 60th; so he had a very military day.

All my time is taken up with my ball, thanking for money, and sending tickets. The Khedive sent me £100, his grandmother £100, and an Alexandria merchant £100; then I have had twenties, thirties, and forties from different people.

I also have on hand some rehearsals, and many other things, people to dine nearly every night, etc., and so my journal has collapsed; but to-day, March 5th, I will try and pick up a few of the threads, but instead of doing it by *days*, I will do it by *subjects*.

The ball which took place the 1st of March is the first.

History of the Great Charity Ball

One morning, at breakfast, D. said, "I think we ought to do something for Alexandria; get up a charity ball, for instance."

Says I, "Do you really mean it? for if you do—I'll undertake it."

He replied in the affirmative, so I began the propaganda. People here are awfully afraid of not being *select*, and tremble at the idea of being in the room with the un-smart; so I had to take them gently. But by making all the most fearful of them lady patronesses, and by endowing them with tickets to be disposed of, I gradually led them up to the idea of admitting the second class Cairo-enes, and, in their desire to sell, they soon came round to my views. We met, became enthusiastic, and arranged to decorate ourselves with "Grands Cordons" on the occasion—this idea gave great delight.

Then, for days and days, I wrote and wrote note after note, principally thanking for money received. I never asked any one to take a ticket, and I have been sent over £900 in cash.

The great day came at last. Everything had been

arranged by two gentlemen, a M. Ornstein and a M. Sinadino—the latter full of tact, and a wonderful organiser. These two qualities of his made the ball a success; the first gave it a private house character, and the second made every arrangement go smoothly. The theatre is a very pretty one, and that night it looked lovely. The pit and the stage were all thrown into one, the stage became a very large garden, with walks and kiosk (for the bands), and refreshment places, and a fountain of real water lighted with electric lights. The Khedive's box had the front taken out of it, and a dais projected from it, so that he could walk in and out, and have people to sit there.

All the lower boxes were open, and served as seats in the ballroom, but, being raised, people saw very well from them, and were themselves most ornamental. The next row of boxes were veiled with white muslin curtains, behind which the harems sat, and one could see holes being torn in the curtains, and faces peeping out from the sides.

Above these came ordinary spectators, and in the gallery our British soldier in red, an invited guest, looked very well, and finished the effect right up to the roof. The uniforms (kilts especially), the ladies' dresses, the bright-coloured sashes of the patronesses, the scarves of the young ladies who were to dance the reel, made the floor a pretty sight.

I received the Khedive, and kindly "excused" his dancing with me, and condescended to his cousin Prince Osman instead, and I went through a Lancers with Sir E. Malet, and that was the end of my dancing; but I looked after Nelly, who looked very nice, and who wore a beautiful silk scarf—for she danced the reel—and I went up to the harem boxes, and visited several. The Vice-Reine was much amused, and looked so fat and comfortable and good-natured,

that I ought not afterwards to have felt odd when I talked to the Khedive, and knew her eye was upon me; but it has a curious effect to talk to a man with his wife peeping through a curtain at you, and naturally thinking (as all these shut-up ladies do), that the very fact is extraordinary!

One band played for dancing, and another played between, and a third played in the supper-room. That supper, too, was beautiful! I am grieved to say we were cheated over that—it was all given to us, and I decreed that we should charge ten francs a head for it, light refreshments being gratis. Well, 400 people took supper tickets, and 1,000 people supped! still it made £100, and there was no discussion or fuss, and it helped to add to the good-humour and the general success of the ball. The reel of twelve couples was greatly appreciated, and the natives tried to encore it! It was very pretty, and I looked on at it from the Khedive's dais, and had the pleasure of seeing that he acknowledged all his errors with regard to this ball. He had always said we should get *money*, but that no one would go to it! I believe we shall be able to pay £2,000 to the charity.

We dined with Cherif Pasha (the Prime Minister). He gave me pleasure by a most delicate attention; at my place there was my name on a card, in the corner of which was a lovely little drawing of our house at Therapia! was that not nice of him? But oh! we were cold! I rubbed my hands under the table to warm them, and suppressed my shivers, and felt thankful that my fever was over. You may imagine how D. felt! We drank to Queen and Khedive, and got away early, and, once home, sat on the hob, and had jorums of hot sal-volatile.

Another thing that takes my time is the arrangement of a garden fête for the church—but I have now put it off for a week—and the preparation of some

theatricals. It is very hard to get in rehearsals at all here; there is always something to prevent somebody's coming, and the stage is unfinished, so that one does not know what space one has to use. However, now the Khedive is invited to come, and they must be got ready.

In the way of tourists and visitors, Hugh Graham came with another engineer to see about a new canal; but the route they proposed to take was declared dangerous, and so they had to give it up. Then Lord Alfred Paget, Captain and Mrs. Paget, Mr. Oliphant, Lord Napier of Magdala, etc., etc., are here, and they all dine with us; so that lately we have never been less than twelve, and the cook is grumbling.

Monday, March 5th.—I asked all the patronesses of the ball to tea, so that we might settle the accounts, and see how much we had made.

You may imagine my surprise and pleasure when the sum was announced—£2,750 sterling. We shall be able to send £2,350 to the charity, after every expense is paid.

I think it is perfectly wonderful to produce such a sum in this small place.

The mother of Ismail (the poor old paralysed Princess) sent me some Egyptian stuff, and two lovely coffee cups set in diamonds. I had to return the latter, and I hope the poor old lady will understand that I was obliged to do so; it is a difficult idea for the oriental mind to digest. I have, however, got one present from a lady who was a friend of D.'s mother, and who has given me an ornament of her own, with her portrait at the back. She has no political relations, and, as she would have been terribly hurt had it been refused, I was permitted to take it —and you shall see it some day!

Thursday, 5th.—I paid my visit with the children to Princess Hassan; mine were delighted with hers,

" they are so nice and rompy "—and they are all to come to tea here on Saturday. The Princess has lived like a widow during her husband's absence, and is more shut up than most Egyptian ladies. Lord de Grey and the Arbuthnots dined with us, and we went to see *Boccaccio* at the theatre.

We had our play last night. Two short pieces, one of them written by Sir E. Malet. He and I acted it. There were 160 people at it and the Khedive. There was a guard of honour of 100 Highlanders for him, and a band, and D. said that our steps, with all these people on them, made a beautiful sight. The Khedive was immensely delighted with everything, and enjoyed his outing thoroughly. He assured me, with beaming face, that it was so " chose," and that he felt " chose," and his " choses " came in so continually that I was only able to make out the point of all he said, which was that he was very pleased. I send you a programme.

In the afternoon I went to see his grandmother, Ismail's mother—a dear old lady with charming manners. She is paralysed, and is very unhappy of course, having lost son and fortune and position entirely. She lives in a gigantic palace, occupying two rooms in it, and has not been out of the doors for four years. She seemed very pleased to see me. I suppose no one pays her any attention now, and when her son was Khedive her position was the highest in the land. She said she would come and see me were she able—and the Princess Mansour, who was translating, said, " Why, she's more civilised than I."

Friday, 16th.—Much preparation for garden fête to-morrow, and a ball at the Citadel. How nice a rest on the Nile will be!

Saturday, 17th.—The day of my garden fête in aid of the church funds. The moment I got up I looked

out of my windows, and saw a lovely sunshiny day; the garden looking most fair-like, with its tents, marquees, and placards.

At the far end of it there is a grotto in which a real live general sat all day dressed up as a hermit, with a small table and a pack of cards before him, telling fortunes. On the top of this cave was a lady with a weighing machine, and a very prettily arranged tent, in which a girl, in an Egyptian costume, sold various things, and just below (belonging to the same party), was a tent, containing the "Rhoda Mystery." This was on the same principle as the "Sphinx," and looked like a detached head. The face was pretty, and this entertainment was most successful. I am going to tell you all the entertainments provided first, and then how each went off. The next thing was an island, on which Sir Edward Malet had a mystery! He professed to show you the person you love best, and when you put your face into a hole, you saw yourself in a glass opposite, in some unusual costume perhaps as a Highlander, or a ballet dancer. On either side of the pond were two splendid marquees, the one a refreshment tent, the other a post office, and a voting place. For the post office, we had written lots of little rhymes for different people. Then I gave two prizes, the one for a lady, the other for a gentleman, it being decided by vote who was to have them. The vote cost half a franc, and we made £38 by this! Then we had a stall and a fish-pond, a photographing machine, and a camel to ride, and a living Aunt Sally to aim at, and tea to be had, and a Kiosk had been put up, in which there was a little model electric railway!

The entrance was three francs, and each entertainment was one franc, and we made over £390! The people began to come at three, and stayed till seven, and every one was delighted.

Two harem carriages came with Princess Said and Princess Mansour in them, and they were tempted to get out, and were especially delighted with the "Rhoda Mystery." Princess Said told D. that, if the Khedive was displeased at their getting out, he must take all the blame.

Every one is so astonished at the money I have extracted from Cairo. I am getting quite a reputation as a "lucky-hand." The Khedive's little boys came, and showered about sovereigns.

Sunday, 18th.—Of course, as this was a *last* day at Cairo, we wanted to do some sight-seeing, and I asked R. Bey to take us to see some old Coptic churches. He *did* us in the most shameful way, and we lost our afternoon, he employing it to his own glorification.

But what happened was rather funny, and most extraordinary. In the carriage he mentioned incidentally that we were going to see the *New* Coptic Cathedral, and that he had let the Patriarch know. As we approached it, the bells began to ring, but in my humility it never struck me it was for me. However, when I got to the door of the church I saw the aisle lined by the choir holding lighted tapers, and a priest in full canonicals inviting me in.

Taking all my *sang-froid* in my hands, I marched slowly up the church between the boys, who chanted on either side of me, till I came to some sofas and armchairs placed for me in front of the screen which divides what we should call the altar from the body of the church. Here we sat, and the nasal singing went on and on, and I was told that the first was a psalm and the second a hymn in honour of Queen Victoria.

When I suggested leaving, I was told the priest would make a little address, which he did; he had a curious face, with a very amused expression of countenance, and at the end of his sermon he requested that I

might be told what he had said. He began by mentioning that sin had come into the world by a woman, but that, in compensation for this, another woman had been created to be the Mother of our Lord. He then gave a list of several virtuous women, ending with Queen Victoria, for whom he prayed. The choir sang a very out-of-tune "Amen," and he went on again, and got to her representatives, and I heard the name of "Dufferin" two or three times before he ended.

My procession formed again and, as I marched down the church, the congregation said, "God save the Queen."

Then I had to go and see the Patriarch, and sat in solemn state by him, the others seated all round the room, and sweet stuff and cigars were handed—and he gave me two little horn things which are supposed to be a charm against poison.

After this we did some mosques, but not very interesting ones, and then home!

D. was much displeased with R. Bey for having got up this Coptic demonstration, as it might be supposed to have some political meaning. He has ordered him to be told of his displeasure.

A few people came in in the afternoon to say good-bye to me, as we start up the Nile to-morrow.

Our Journey up the Nile

Monday, 19th.—Our steamer started last Thursday, and we go by train to Assiout, where we meet her.

Our party consists of D. and I, with Miss S., Hallie and the children, Mr. Bland, Mr. Macfarren, Mr. Moore (as interpreter), and Miss Colvin, who is a very pretty, nice, merry girl, Sir Auckland Colvin's eldest daughter.

We had a saloon carriage, and the day was cool

and very moderately dusty, and the children were as good as gold, and we had luncheon and tea in the train, which divided the time, and it passed pleasantly. Towards evening the scenery got quite pretty, and the lights on the stony hills lovely—and I saw palm-trees to perfection. They no longer rose from sandy ground in a dull monotony of colouring, but there were groves of them with bright green at their feet, and beautiful small bushy ones breaking the line of their usually unbroken trunks, and they had an air of luxuriance, which about Cairo they so sadly want. Then we saw a glimpse of the "Corvée"—the people at their forced labour, and lightly clad children at the stations, and buffaloes, camels, and "baby-donkeys" in the fields, which were a perpetual source of interest to the children; and at seven we reached Assiout. There we all mounted donkeys, and felt as if we were a very picturesque group, as, surrounded by Arabs, we wended our way in the twilight, to our steamer.

Such a grand steamer! On deck a fine dining-room, and above it a large place to sit by day—and the most charming cabins below. Freddy was wild with delight at having a cabin to himself, and immediately appropriated the key—and wished he could live for ever on board, or that he might take the cabin to Pera—and at dinner he held forth a great deal in his excitement, making us all laugh. We sat out a little while in the moonlight, but, being tired, went very early to bed.

Tuesday, 20th.—Such a lovely day! bright and bracing. We all wear jackets, and at night it is cold.

How am I to attempt the scenery? There are palms and mud villages; there are high, flat-topped ridges of stone, made pretty by shadows and lights upon them; there are green fields, and stretches of sand, and every now and then we look as if we were going

straight ashore, and then we just manage to edge off again; and when a few dahabiyehs are in sight, their big sails give great variety and life to the landscape.

There is little to tell, as we pass all the day sitting on deck, writing, reading, or working; the children play draughts with different people—and we all enjoy ourselves lazily. Most people are to be seen beginning the day with a Murray, or a deep work on Egyptology, but they are soon seen to fall back upon a novel. Our meals are excellent, and the dinner-bell is always a joyful sound, for we have got very hungry. The Khedive was so robbed when we lived in his house (£1,200 for ten days), that we had this steamer put into the hands of "Cook," and he has arranged everything. In the evening the light became perfectly beautiful, and I saw for the first time that glow of absolute colour on the hills which in pictures looks so impossible.

Apart from scenery, the working of the "shadoof" all along the banks of the Nile is interesting to look at. The shadoof is a series of levers, each one raising a bucket of water to the level of the fields above, and what one sees is, four or five bronze figures with a bit of dark blue or white rag bound round them, working in tiers one above another, dipping the long, slanting pole into the water, and raising with it a little pot of water which is emptied as it comes up; at the end of each pole is a heavy lump of clay, which enables them to work it easily —there is something ancient and uncivilised and melancholy in the sight of these human beings spending their lives in this dreary-looking work.

Then we pass many villages, and, if your mind is innocent and unsophisticated, you think that the picturesque ruins of an old castle are before you; but, as you approach, the imaginary fortress dissolves into the most squalid of mud villages. Its square

towers are built for pigeons, and its broken-down walls are really the habitations of the fellah. It is all one colour and this saves it, for even when you have thoroughly looked into it, and have even observed the funniest little round oven-kind of places as forming part of its architecture, you can't help taking it as a whole, and with a sort of mental reservation you still feel that it is an ancient Keep.

In the evening we sat for some time in the moonlight, listening to a few of Mr. Moore's dramatically told stories of old days at Constantinople, and of "that man who moved in the icy circle of his own pride,"[1] feared by everybody—and then we went down to the saloon, and were sung to by Miss Colvin and Mr. Bland.

Wednesday, 21st.—It is still cool, strange to say! By *cool*, I mean perfectly delightful weather. We stop at night and go on at dawn. The only excitement on the way was that our awning got on fire, and had to be taken down just in the heat of the day, so we had to retire to a small shady corner where we had not much view; but in the evening we were able to come out of it and watch our arrival at Luxor.

Luxor is not much to look at from the river. As we passed along we were saluted by the various Consulates, and as soon as we anchored several people came on board. Our own Consul, "Mustapha Aga," is a very old, dark-coloured man, and he invited us to an entertainment in the evening; so after dinner, at which Freddie again in the wildest spirits kept up the chief part of the conversation, we went ashore, and walked up to Mustapha's house, which desecrates an ancient temple—it is built in between the pillars which form a colonnade, and on this occasion it had a gimcrack arch in our honour erected in front of it.

[1] Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

We found Arab music and dancing-girls awaiting us. The latter were ugly women dressed in loose gowns, short waists, and round-balloon skirts, with many ornaments hanging from neck and waist. Their dancing is very peculiar. It is neither pretty nor graceful, but anatomically speaking it is most curious, and how they manage the convulsions which they exhibit is more than I can imagine. Their gowns *move* in every direction, all the ornaments jingle, while their feet remain still, and one moment you think a thigh must be out of joint, then you ask yourself if it was a knee, or if it was only a gigantic sob that so agitated their garments; they stand still, and, trembling in every muscle, seem to sink into the earth, then up again, and more jerks and throbs proceed from every part of these mysterious anatomies.

One girl performed the whole dance with a bottle of water on her head, and finished off by lying down on the floor and rolling the whole length of the room, still keeping the bottle steadily in its place on her head. Many more were waiting to show off, but we left early, being tired, and knowing that we should see nothing new. Our orders to-night are for an early start to-morrow, and breakfast at seven.

Thursday, 22nd.—Our cabins being all together, one is let into many confidences of a morning, discussions as to whose turn it is to enjoy the one bath, inquiries for missing garments, Victoria's voice singing "Wake, puppies wake," etc., and so, when we do meet at breakfast, we feel that it is not as strangers we come together.

The breakfast is a light one, and, directly it is over we all mount donkeys, endless donkey-boys and guides in turbans and light garments following us, telling us our special donkey is "glorious," "magnanimous," "exquisite," "goes like a steamboat," and so on to Karnak.

I had looked at many books to try and get some idea of Karnak, but all the descriptions have been so overladen with historical digressions, that I really had no idea at all as to what is really left; so I will try to tell you what I have seen without any allusion to history, nor will I burden your mind with dates or dynasties, nor unsettle your conviction as to the creation of the world having been in 4004.

Amidst the square, mud-coloured cabins of an Egyptian village, we came upon an avenue of pillars, a bit of a wall covered with hieroglyphics, the heads of two gigantic buried figures, and an obelisk—and, passing them, we rode for half an hour, sometimes on an unshaded road, and sometimes through a grove of palm-trees, till we came to the great gateway of the Temple of Karnak. There are the broken remains of many sphinxes, sufficient to show the direction of the avenue of them which once stood there in solemn grandeur, and then, turning through the magnificent portal, we found ourselves in an open court; bits of walls and pillars covered with carvings stood about, but all too much in ruins to show the plan of the building; through this, we walked into the most splendid Hall of Columns. There are, I believe, 134 gigantic pillars, close together, rows and rows of them, traced all over with hieroglyphics, as clear as the day they were cut, and with traces of colour on them still. Those on the stone rafters above, being less exposed to the sun, are quite bright. The size of all this, and the beauty of it, exceed one's wildest imaginations, and when you look out from this place, and see the two beautiful obelisks rising among the ruins, and on every side more rows of enormous stone figures, and find that every bit of wall and every stone is covered with writing, and that there were three of those great avenues of sphinxes leading to the different gates,

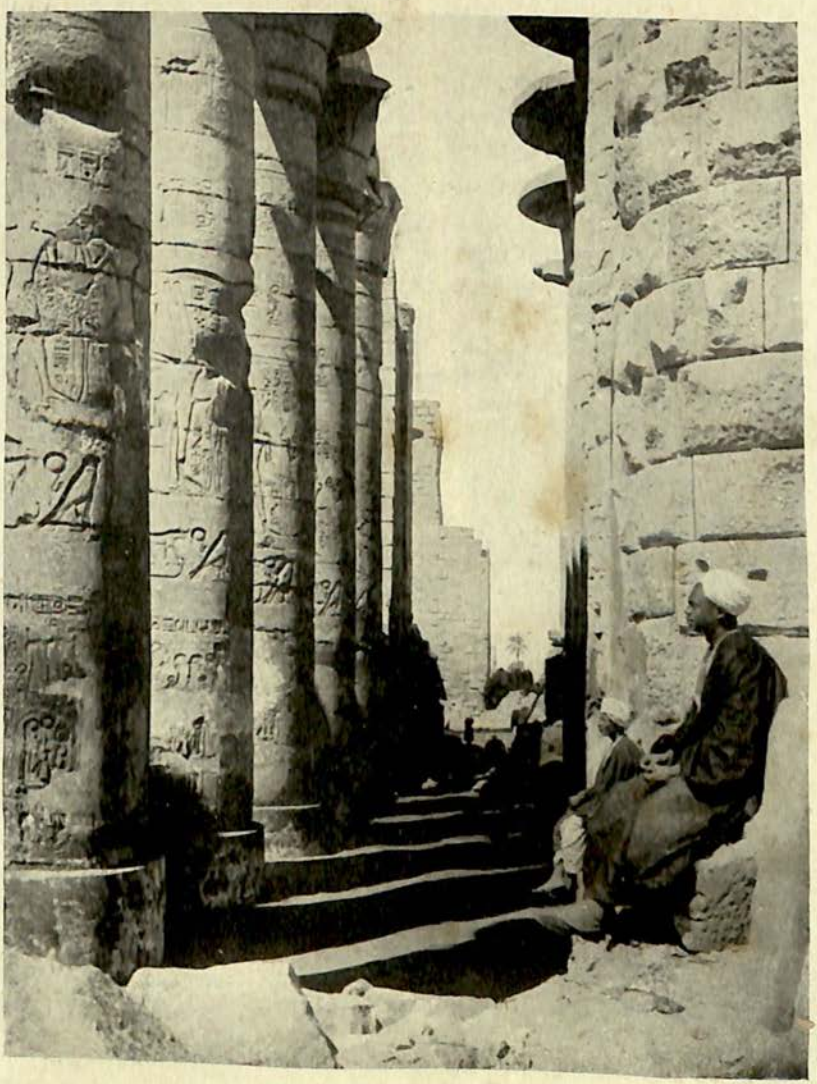
one is bewildered with ideas too big for one, and I feel that it would take weeks, and not hours, to digest it all. How very, very small, in comparison, is the very grandest temple we should even conceive of building in these times! Certainly one does come away from these monuments saying, "There were giants in those days."

We rode home through ground covered with figures, sitting, tumbling down, half buried, headless, or footless, but showing the immense space of ground covered by these buildings.

The afternoon.—I don't think one knows what *bigness* means until one comes here. I have just seen the great statues of Amenhotep III, called the "Colossi," sitting in their majestic grandeur, the hills behind them only serving to show the greatness of their size. One stands by them looking at them in amazement, and wishes that nobody would speak! No account of these figures ever gave me the faintest idea of their enormous size—one seems to enter upon a new order of ideas altogether, when one realises that men ever could have created such works. There they are, the faces destroyed, and yet the whole vision so grand, and so full of dignity and repose, that one does not miss the features which should give expression, and cannot imagine that anything could enhance the impression they create—it is simply one of awe and reverent admiration.

Then we went on to the Ramesseum, where the remains of a still larger figure lie, its head in the sand, with all the features perfect except the nose—and very beautiful it is. The drawings on the walls and columns here are particularly interesting, and one is beginning to take quite an affectionate interest in Rameses II; in another week we shall know him really well.

These *grand* ideas are mixed up with the conver-



KARNAK.

From stereograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

sation of the donkey-boys, and all the incidents of donkey-riding, which we all enjoy very much.

Friday, 23rd.—We made a long expedition, and remained out all day. We breakfasted at seven, and set off directly after for the Tombs of the Kings. Our road lay first through a sandy plain, then over green fields, and then through the mountains, the yellow sandstone hills all round us, and a bright blue sky above.

There are thirty-five tombs, but we thought two or three would be enough to visit, and I am sure it will satisfy you if I give you an idea of one of them. That one is No. 17, the tomb of Seti I.

We descended a long way, down stairs and slanting paths, the walls of the passages being covered with hieroglyphics, into a court supported by pillars and elaborately decorated; still lower we went into a vaulted chamber, where the drawings on walls and ceilings were most interesting, as was the room with a shelf all round it, on which the mummified remains of the household of the king were placed. The magnesium light enables one to see everything quite plainly; but it is so impossible to give the slightest idea of the *acres* of drawings one sees that it is useless to try; there was one room in which the designs had been drawn, but they had never been carved, and so one sees the hieroglyphics in their first process. We went through three more tombs, and then retired to another, where we found a splendid lunch laid out for us and where we remained till the day was cool. Then we started on our return journey, and looked at the Temple of Gurnah as we passed it. The wall-pictures there are much defaced, and, after the other things we have seen, it is not so interesting.

All the time we were out we were followed by little girls of about ten, carrying water-bottles on their

heads—they are such pretty figures, their loose blue dress reaching to the ground, a veil or shawl flowing from the back of the head, long loose sleeves with a brown arm coming out, and gracefully supporting the bottle. They all speak a little English, and each one attached herself to a particular person saying, "Me, Fatma, stand by you, good lady, nice lady"; two of them had a fight for me, but I was faithful to the original "Fatma," and so, when we all parted, "Fatma" kissed my hand in return for a coin secretly given in excess of the regulation two piastres, while the rival "Maria" would not even look at me. You have no idea what beautiful colours in *skin* one sees here, especially at the shadoof, where little clothing can be worn. It makes one very doubtful as to whether white is *really* the superior tint for the human race—there is a brown approaching black, with a purple hue in it, which, with a bit of blue cotton to show it off, is beautiful; then there are many shades of a golden brown, and the children (who mostly run about without a stitch on) are simply "dark-coloured"—a light brown. Last night I saw an infant on a sand-heap all by itself, looking too small to be alone, or even to sit up; but there it was, clothed in its necklace, smiling as happily as possible. I noticed that when some one admired the little water-carrier's arm, she immediately drew her sleeve across, so as to hide a great part of it, a modesty one would scarcely expect at ten years old.

Saturday, 24th.—We remained quietly on board all the morning, and at three we started off as usual, a great cavalcade on donkeys, to see the tomb which D. found when last here, and some diggings which he is making now. I think I have not yet told you about this—but it is a great excitement, and he goes off to look at it at every spare moment, and there is a mummy now to be examined which was found

last night. The children are greatly bitten with the idea, and are longing to dig themselves, besides collecting curiosities which are given them on every side. The only rivals to the antiquities are the "baby donkeys," infant sparrows, and young bats, which they are perpetually finding, and I hear one moment a shriek of delight over some hieroglyphic or picture which they understand, and the next an equally fervent one over some juvenile animal. Well, we rode on our way, and looked into the new pits, and all the family, myself excepted, went down into D.'s tomb. It was rather difficult to get into, and I was tired, so I only sat and looked at the enormous hole he had made before finding it.

Then we looked at the remains of the temple built by the Princess Hatasu, and on one wall of it is almost the most interesting fresco we have seen. She seems to have been quite a character, this Princess, usurping her brother's throne, styling herself "King," and dressing herself as such, and in male attire she is depicted on the wall. Like the Queen of Sheba, she made a journey, and brought home from her travels many things—trees, for instance, and there are the pictures of the trees being carried along, and placed in her ships, the masts and ropes of which are clearly defined, and the river flows below with rows of fishes swimming at stated intervals through the water. There are cattle browsing, and scales full of rings on one side, and weights in the shape of cows in the other—and so on through all the story of her return home. We had very little time to see it all, and, as it was, we had to stop on our way till the moon had risen sufficiently to let us see the crossing, and when we got home we had dinner, at which Mr. Mackenzie Wallace—an antiquarian, and a French artist—assisted.

Easter Sunday, 25th.—We were to have gone out

early and spent the whole day with "Maspero," who is the head of the Museum at Cairo, and who is digging here; but, as we had two invalids, I decided that the "women and children" should give up the morning expedition, and only join the rest of the party in the afternoon. So D. and the other gentlemen went off at 7.30, and spent the day in visiting the tombs of the Queens, and of some private individuals, until 4 o'clock, when we all met at Medin-et-Abu.

Medin-et-Abu is a combination of temple and palace, and is built like a fortress, every wall and gateway being of the most massive description, and each side of every wall and every pillar being entirely covered with pictures and hieroglyphics. Rameses III has immortalised himself in his portraits all over the place; he is for ever fighting and victorious; he is borne along in a splendid chariot, attended by gods and goddesses, he draws the bow, and his enemies are scattered around. He chucks a young lady under the chin, and through all these centuries she has supported his elbow while he does so; the waters of life are poured over him, and birds are sent flying to all the quarters of the globe to proclaim his power and his greatness—and so on, and so on, all the history of his life is depicted on these walls. One of his great battles was at Migdol or Magdala, and, as Lord Napier of Magdala was with us, he greatly appreciated this fact as explained to us by M. Maspero.

Monday, 26th.—We looked at the temple of Luxor this morning. Numbers of mud huts are built in the ruins, but now they are all to be demolished, and when that is done Luxor will have a much more imposing appearance as you approach it, for then the columns and portions of the walls of a great temple will be seen from the water instead of a number of ugly houses. There is here a most

charming hotel with a lovely garden, quite a place for an invalid to spend the winter in.

As soon as the afternoon was cool enough, we went off to have another look at Karnak, and we were all glad to finish off as we had begun, with the finest ruin in the world. In spite of all our sentiments of admiration and veneration, we had tea in the great Hall of Columns, and I am not sure that, as we sat prosaically there enjoying our creature comforts, we did not realise the magnitude and grandeur of our surroundings even more fully than if we had taken them more æsthetically. We stayed there till it was quite dark, and saw the sunset on the ruins, and then two Bengal lights were carried about, throwing the most lovely glows and shadows everywhere, and this was our last glimpse of Karnak. We rode home in the dark, and all the evening there was great "settling up," and great discussions going on between D. and various people, for they say, "We are *on* the eve of great discoveries—*on* the tomb of a king," and D. is tempted to stay and see. However, it was finally settled that he should go up to the place in the morning and then decide our plans.

Tuesday, 27th.—D. went off early to look at his diggings, and came back at nine. He thinks one of the holes really is promising, but he settled not to stay, but to let the men go on under one of M. Maspero's superintendents.

I wonder if you know that last year a number of mummy-kings were found, not in their own fine tombs, but in a heap together, where some "body-snatcher" had hidden them, and D. hopes to have found another collection of these disentombed monarchs. If so, Egypt will immortalise us—no matter how well or ill our "Constitution" succeeds!

And now we are off once more; Luxor has faded away in the distance—for ever? I wonder.

I was very glad to go ashore a little, which we did at five o'clock, just seeing the temple at Denderah before it got quite dark.

It is a very fine temple of a much later date than the others we have seen, and in a good state of preservation. The Hall of Columns there is very magnificent, but the details are much coarser than those on the walls and pillars in the more ancient buildings.

It was quite dark when we left it, and we rode home by the light of some magnesium candles borne aloft by a man on a donkey.

Wednesday, 28th.—At this moment we are ashore, and the funniest efforts are being made to get us off—hundreds of men have swum out from the shore, and are now standing half under our vessel trying to push it side-ways with their backs—and one only sees the oddest heads appearing from underneath the steamer, some altogether shaved, some with a lock left on the crown, and all most hideous. Just now, a boat with a cargo of lightly clad brown people is approaching, with the view of helping us—and all round there is such a jabbering going on! We are very anxious to get off, as we have no time to spare.

. . . We got off and on again several times during the day, and so did not get quite so far as we intended, having to spend the night some way from the proper stopping-place—Assiout.

Thursday, 29th.—By breakfast time we got there, and an hour was spent in bargaining for ivory sticks and native pottery.

We intended to stop at Beni-Hassan, but, as the expedition there was very long, and the weather hot, and as it would have put off our arrival at Cairo by a night, we decided to go straight on. We had, however, to stop a moment to pick up Sultan Pasha, and a number of other Egyptians who had come down to meet D. We told them we had to go on,

but that if they would come on board we would take them back to their homes. This they did, and D. had a good two hours' talk with them through an interpreter.

Everywhere that we have been the Governor or "Mudir" of the place came to see us, and two of them dined with us one night.

The evening was lovely, and even when quite dark there was a golden glow upon the waters which looked quite mysterious, and I sat for a long time looking at it and at the black palms growing at the water's edge. The worst of travelling at this time of year is that there is so very little time in which you can see the scenery. All day it is too hot to be out, even under an awning—at five it gets cool, but at seven it is pitch dark. So from ten till five the day is lost as far as the tourist is concerned. The heat is not excessive indoors; it is only the great power of the sun which makes it dangerous to go out.

You see I have done with tombs and monuments and ancient kings, and so ought to write no more about the Nile.

Now I'll tell you how we have all "taken" this expedition.

D. read a great big history of Egypt by Brugsch —took an interest in his "diggings," and was delighted to revisit all these sights—did some official business at every place, and kept an eye on passing gendarmes and Mudirs.

LADY D.—Read Erasmus Wilson, Miss Edwards, Murray, and Narda (by Ebers), liked the temples immensely, but is not sufficiently of a gambler to enter heartily into the "diggings."

HELEN.—A quiet and rather languid interest, but was sorry to miss some sights owing to a feverish attack.

THREE CHILDREN.—Extremely happy, and greatly

excited over everything—cabins, donkeys, monuments, hieroglyphics, passing animals, wildly desirous of finding some antiquity for themselves.

MISS S.—A reference on historical facts when a book is not at hand—very pleased and happy.

MR. BLAND.—Went through the sight-seeing with a proper amount of interest.

MISS COLVIN.—The life of the party until she fell ill.

MISS BLACKWELL.—Despises a steamer, having once spent the winter in a dahabiyeh.

MRS. HALL.—Has gone religiously through everything: rode donkeys, gone into tombs, edged near the children when they were receiving any information, so as to pick up the crumbs that might fall, and has displayed, on all occasions, the energy of a young woman—and she must be nearly seventy.

NOWELL.—Was invested with authority at the diggings, and *always* thought he was close "upon a king."

MR. MOORE, the interpreter, has told wonderful stories, and has done his business to perfection. Then there was a M. ALEXANDRE, sent by Cook, who has managed everything, and thought of everything, down to bringing out toilet vinegar to refresh us in the tombs on a hot day—a wonderful organiser.

Friday, 30th.—I wound this up too soon, and must take another sheet to finish it. As we were hurrying on to get home before dark, we saw on the banks a large tent, a great array of turbaned individuals, and a guard of white-clad gendarmerie. A landing-place had also been put up, and so there was nothing for it but to take the hint and stop. This we did, and D. went ashore, was seated in the tent—the "turbans" took off their black robes, and displayed the most lovely green, yellow, and purple garments underneath, and all sat round, while the great man

was coffeed and cigaretted. A "pow-wow" took place, and then D. walked "around" the gendarmes, —the turbans came on board, and shook hands with the harem of the Grand Bashaw, and off we went again. However, we were too late, and the sun went to bed so early that we had to unpack again, and stay on board.

The children have been so good, and so amusing on board, that I must give them a separate chapter.

They take such an interest in all the history, and in everything they see—are greatly "bitten" with Egyptology, and really know a great deal for such little things. Freddie talks with familiarity of Rameses II, and Queen Hatasu, and they go about trying to spell the cartouches, and at home study books on the subject, to try and draw their own names in hieroglyphics. Their chief amusement on board has been playing draughts, and now nursing Miss Colvin is an occupation. Freddie got quite sentimental over her—he says she "glitters," that is his description of her very beaming face—and the first time he saw her dressed for dinner, he said, "How nice you look in evening dress!" And then he set to work most diligently and worked a marker for her with her initials on it, and put it in an envelope, on which he put, "For her I love best." He is very pleased with the idea of telling the Wyndhams all he has learnt about Egypt, and last night he said, "I shall ask Willie Wyndham what the Sacred Bull was called—Cow, he'll probably say."

Cairo, Monday, April 2nd.—I am leaving here some time before D. can get away, and so I have begun my farewell visits. Those to harems are trying to the constitution in every way—fatiguing, as they are so long, and the conversation is laboured, and then one has to taste so many things, and to inhale so much smoke.

To-day I began at 11.30, and went to Princess Said, the widow of an ex-Khedive. She is clever and nice; writes very pretty Arab poetry, and when I told her that D. had admired a hymn she had written, she was much amused, and clapped me on the back —for it happened to be of a *rebellious* nature! She did not like the English invasion, but now she says that they are doing good in the country. She received me in the hall, and led me to a divan in her drawing-room, offered me a pipe, and smoked herself. A very nice girl acted as interpreter.

In about half an hour, we went in to lunch, had our hands washed *en passant* by damsels holding silver basins and ewers, and embroidered towels, and sat ourselves round a large silver tray. We had lentil soup, and then a very good dish of rice and minced meat wrapped up in vine-leaves, a stuffed joint of lamb, a dish of savoury pastry, rissoles, fish, sweet pastry, and many other things, and one kind of sweet wine—Malmsey, I think. She told me to tell the Prince of Wales that, since we bombarded Alexandria, she no longer liked the English. I told her that I would give her message, and would add that I don't believe it. She said she would send D. Turkish dishes when I had left—that he would be under her care, and that she looked upon herself as his mother-in-law.

Arab music was being played all the time by four Houris, and once they broke into an air from *Rigoletto*, to which the Princess had put Turkish words.

When we had finished we again washed our hands, looked at some of the pictures and ornaments in the large hall, and then sat ourselves down on divans in another room. Coffee was brought, and after a little time the musicians came in, and four girls to dance.

They were all dressed in a deep pink—body and "divided skirt," the latter *quite* touching the ground. At first the dance was the usual thing. I may call it the "Dislocated Hip" dance, and they repeated it with water-bottles on their heads. Then they performed a wonderful gymnastic feat. A ring was put down upon the floor, and, throwing themselves back till their hands reached the floor, they walked backwards on hands and feet till they got to the ring, when, turning their heads under, they picked it up in their mouths. They finished off this part of the performance by turning head over heels in "wheel fashion" three times.

Then they danced a Tunisian dance. I believe it represented love. They held handkerchiefs in their hands, and waved them about gracefully enough, then they danced for some time, holding them up to their eyes—weeping; then took hold of the corners and twisted themselves in and out.

After this came a Circassian dance, which was rather amusing, for a tall and rather elderly young lady, in a grey gown represented a man, and all the dancing was in her hands (or feet ?). She did some wonderful steps (in grey and red stockings), flung about the room, and then, with a hiss and a whoop, seized a young lady and turned her round. This, and another Circassian dance, in which there was a good deal of vocal accompaniment, resemble the Scotch reels. Ice was next brought in, and when we reached the hall door to go out, a drink in a golden cup was offered us.

The Princess embraced me, and again told me to have no anxiety about D.

I left about 2.30, and went off to Princess Mansour's. I was rather glad that some other visitors were there too. Here we tasted sweets and tea, and I felt quite unable to go on with the harems, and have three on my hands to-day.

Tuesday, 3rd.—We have got a reprieve, as there is no room for us in the China boat; however, as my harems were by appointment, I had to try and do them. The Vice-Reine was very lively, and Madame della Sala was there, so the conversation was pretty brisk. She gave me her family photographs, and I am to send mine.

Then I went on to the grandmother, a dear old thing, and then started off to Princess Hassan. I was in a great hurry, as it was a quarter to six, and we were to dine at seven, and a harem visit must be long; so, looking at my watch every five minutes, I arrived at a palace a long way off, went into a room, slaves attended, but no sign of the Princess, and I began to fume at her delay. Another person came in, and sat herself down by Katie. I thought it funny, but supposed she was a friend. No one could speak any known tongue; at last, after coffee, the person got up and sat by me; then a slave pointed first to a picture, and said, "*Hussein*," and then to the lady, and said, "*Mother*"—so I found that, instead of being at Princess Hassan's, who was expecting me, I was with Prince Hassan's mother. I said, "Hassan Hanoun," and pointed to myself to express that she was expecting me; but twenty precious minutes were gone, and the right palace was far away from this one, and very far from our house. I had to go, but settled to say at once that I had been kept, and that I would return another day to pay my visit. This I did as soon as possible, but I had to go in and have coffee. The Princess is a very pretty person, speaks French, and was really in a state of joy, because her husband is allowed to come back. She said I was to thank D.—that it was his doing, and that she was so glad he had come to Egypt.

April 9th.—The Khedive kindly came to our house

to say good-bye to me, and Nelly and I left in the afternoon for England.

The children returned to Constantinople at once, and on the second of May D. himself was able to leave Cairo. He went by special train to Alexandria, all the English officers and officials, and most of the Egyptian Ministers, being at the station to see him off. At Alexandria he went on board H.M.S. *Helicon*, which was to take him to Constantinople.

On May 10th he had an interview with the Sultan in reference to Egypt and the Armenian question, the latter being the business which took him back to Constantinople on his way home from Egypt.

After a week there he again went on board the *Helicon*, was landed at Varna, and arrived in London on May 22nd.

London to Constantinople

September.—All night in the train, and a few hours at Marseilles. We did a little sight-seeing there, passing through a very fine entrance to a "Zoo," museums on either side, flights of stairs, and a centre-piece of great bulls and gigantic infants struggling through waterfalls which flow down into a pond surrounded by gardens. This is at the end of the street, and behind this very handsome gateway is a real garden *d'acclimatation*, as the animals are passed on to other places when they become accustomed to the new climate.

Then to our ship. Lovely weather, but the time passed slowly till Monday, when we had the whole day ashore at Naples. We made the most of this, got up early, breakfasted at an hotel, and then off by train to Pompeii.

It was most interesting, but quite Lilliputian after

Karnak. The little houses, with their little rooms, little courts, little gardens, make the Romans appear small compared with the ancient Egyptians; but the ruins are very interesting, giving one such a complete idea of the life of the inhabitants. You see the paintings on their walls, the mosaic on their floors, the wine-bottles still cooling in the halls, the wine-merchant's shop and the baker's oven, the public bath and the "drying room," the Hall of Justice and the theatre; everything that can tell of a people's life is there, and then in the museum are those wonderful castes of the people themselves. There is an old Roman with the conventional nose, and a ring on his finger, apparently unconscious of the fate that overtook him, and several others; the only figure showing any signs of agony is that of a dog twisted into an extraordinary attitude. Having spent two hours there we returned to Naples, and had time to look into the Museum, where there is a great collection of paintings, sculpture, and mosaics taken from Pompeii, and then once more on board. The day seemed interminable, and every one on board seemed to feel it so, and the arrangement of meals added to this length. Breakfast at nine, and dinner at five! Such a time between! I particularly noticed a little French bride as looking very much bored, so Wednesday morning I spoke to her, upon which she jumped up and sat by me and talked for hours. I never saw any one so glad to unloose her tongue. All day we were close to the Greek coast, which made the day pass pleasantly. Vessels are not allowed to go into Athens till daylight, so we were some hours outside. The Greeks who were going to land there got up about 5 a.m., and laughed and talked all the time, waking up all the other passengers. We had a pleasant surprise at the Dardanelles. Arthur turned up there and gave us all the news of Therapia.

We got into Constantinople early in the morning, and by nine were off on our own house, hearing the welcoming shrieks of the children as they watched our approach.

All the Embassy were there, Katie, of course, and she and Arthur came in to breakfast. D. had only begun his when the Russian Secretary arrived, then the Austrian, and so on. No rest for him now.

In the afternoon we valiantly went off to call on the Ambassadors, and in the evening our secretaries came in to celebrate our return.

Sunday, September 30th, to Saturday, October 6th.—I have been settling down this week, and picking up the threads that were dropped eleven months ago, as well as some new ones that have been added since I left. For example, we find two new Ambassadors here—M. Radowitz for Germany, and M. Nelidoff for Russia.

The weather has been extremely hot; I bathe in the morning and ride occasionally as late in the day as it is possible to go. Monday I went up to town to see how our house is getting on, and found it in a very backward condition, papers torn off, but none put on as yet.

D. saw the Sultan, who was most gracious, and talks of inviting us to dinner.

October 11th.—The weather continues to play the most extraordinary pranks. First it was unbearably hot, then unbearably cold, and so stormy; and then came a really nice day, which was most fortunate, as we had to spend it on board a yacht. Mr. Pender[1] came here with the *Volta*, a cable-laying and cable-picking-up ship, and gave a great luncheon. We really enjoyed it very much, for he kindly consulted our feelings, and did not take us into the Black Sea, but gave us lunch on deck, in the calm waters

[1] Sir John Pender.

of the Bosphorus. We looked at all the machinery, and saw a "mend" or "join" in a broken cable, and really felt quite pleased with the information we had gained, till Katie called it a useless "smattering."

We had to lunch in relays, and when I heard that the second relay was speech-making, I drew near to listen, and heard a Turk propose the Sultan's health in the following terms: "Nous avons assez bu, nous avons assez dit, mais il faut boire à la santé de Sa Majesté le Sultan, l'ami du progrès et de la civilisation." When Mr. Pender heard this he apologised for not having proposed the toast sooner, and proposed it a second time.

Wednesday, October 17th.—I have to tell you to-day of our dinner at the Sultan's, and I may mention at once that it is a somewhat fatiguing affair, as we began to dress at 3.30, and only got home at midnight. The Sultan always puts off the day he originally fixes (as a matter of principle, or superstition), so we knew that when we were invited for Monday we were sure not to go that day. Wednesday was then named, and we were asked to be at the Palace at 12.30, Turkish time, that is half an hour after sunset, 6.30 by our time. It is a long drive to Yildiz, and when I had all my diamonds and my evening dress on in the broad daylight I felt as if I was going to a drawing-room. D. and I; Nelly and Sir Alfred Sanderson went in our carriage, with two kavasses riding in front.

When we got to the Palace, which is a very small one, we found Munir Bey waiting to receive us. He is the Grand Chamberlain, and a very nice man, superior in manner and appearance to the others.

Mr. Pender was also a guest, and he went in to see the Sultan first.

When he returned we were taken to a room where

VIEW FROM THE GARDENS OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY, CONSTANTINOPLE.

By Miss Florence Wyndham.

the Sultan met us at the door, and, offering me his arm, led me to a divan, where we both sat down in opposite corners, exactly at the same moment.

D. and Nelly were placed opposite, and Munir Bey stood near to interpret. The Sultan has a very good face and pleasant manner, but his body is too small for his head, so he looks *chétif*.

He began by expressing his regret at not having seen me before; I replied that His Majesty was very good, and that the honour of seeing him was also a great pleasure to me. He then (always through the interpreter) congratulated me upon having "une fille si distinguée." After a short conversation we got up again, and were presented to the three young Princes, and then, giving me his arm, the Sultan took me to the dining-room. The Pashas were standing in their places round the table. The Sultan sat at the end, and there was the space of one place left on either side of him; then came D., and opposite him, me. Said, the Grand Vizier, was next me, and the poor frightened little man, who has an absolute incapacity for small talk, was told twice during dinner to talk to me, an order which he nervously obeyed, rushing into some perfectly unintelligible remark; of course, when I saw we were intended to talk, I helped him as much as possible.

The table was very long, and Nelly sat at the far end of it, next to the young Prince. Munir Bey stood in a submissive attitude near the Sultan, and received his conversation, passing it on to the person for whom it was intended; he salaamed all the time. His Majesty talked to me a good deal about fishing, and said he hoped I liked the dinner, which was Turkish; but you will be amused to hear that our national dish, "ploompouding," appeared on the menu, at the top of which was printed both the

English and the Turkish date: October 17th, 1883; 15 Yilhidje, 1300.

The dinner is cooked in another Palace, and waits several hours after its arrival at Yildiz; so it is warmed up, and is really bad and cold.

The Sultan talked a good deal to D. too, and was much interested in hearing of the Clay pigeon machine. He is very fond of shooting, and has things thrown up in the air for him to aim at, so this thing will please him greatly. He told me that he wanted to get up a concert in aid of some sufferers from earthquake at Smyrna, and said that he wished me to take the direction of it. (I hope my "colleagues" won't mind.)

A servant always stands at a little distance, with his eye fixed on the Sultan, and only approaches to hand or to take away anything at a signal from him. Indeed the servants all down the room are half turned towards His Majesty, and have their hands laid flat upon their stomachs. This attitude gives a very submissive and frightened look to a human being.

Nothing was handed to any one until the Sultan had helped himself. Very good music went on all the time, which was a comfort, as no one spoke but ourselves. The Sultan never spoke to any one else, so the Pashas don't gain much by dining with him.

At dessert, he picked out two large bonbons and gave them to me for my children. When dinner was over, he offered me his arm again, and we returned to the room he had first received us in.

I again sat on the divan, Nelly opposite, D. and Munir Bey next. The Sultan asked me if I minded smoking, and then lit a cigarette.

He apologised once more for not having seen me before, and then started a long admonition to Nelly. "Your father tells me that you like drawing and do

not care for music, but the two arts should go together, and you would look so very well at the piano. I have a first-rate professor, and I shall be happy to send him to you"—and much more on the same subject. D. said that, if ever she was idle again, he should ask His Majesty to speak to her. It was very amusing. D. did a little business, and then, with many more polite speeches, the Sultan congratulating D. upon having "une femme et une fille si distinguées," we got up and curtseyed and bowed, and were conducted to the door. As soon as I got to the other room, where all the Pashas were assembled, the Grand Vizier brought me the Order of the Shefakat from the Sultan, and all the Pashas helped me to put it on, and they shook hands with me and congratulated me, for the moment you receive any mark of the Sultan's favour you rise at once to a great height in their estimation!

I hear we made a most favourable impression on the Grand Turk, and it amuses me, because all the "colleagues" were in a state of excitement as to how we should be received.

As a diplomatic precedence-squabble may amuse you, I will give you an account of the first in which I have been unwillingly mixed up. I have often heard of them, but I never experienced one before.

The Sultan sent his Chamberlain, Munir Bey, to me on Thursday to repeat that His Majesty wished to have a concert and a bazaar arranged, in order to procure money for the poor of Smyrna, who have lost their all through an earthquake. That the Sultan desired that there should be a committee of the Ambassadresses, and that I was to be the president and manager of the whole affair. He (Munir) was to go round to all the Embassies, and state this distinctly as His Majesty's wish. When I received the message I said I was very grateful to the Sultan, and should be happy to carry out his wishes as well

as I possibly could. "But," I said to Munir, "I must tell you that the Austrian is the first Ambassadress here, and that I am the second, so in giving the Sultan's message to her, perhaps you could say that her delicate health would, you understand, prevent her from enduring the fatigue of herself arranging such a business, and that therefore I would do it instead, at the Sultan's request."

That is all that I thought I could do, and that evening I went quite happily to dine with the Austrians, and talked both to my hostess and to the other Ambassadresses about it all.

However, after dinner, Baron Calici told me that he could not accept the secondary position for his wife. I told him that I had myself drawn Munir's attention to the difficulty, but that I thought less of it, as I took it for granted Madame Calici was not strong enough to do it.

He was very nice to me, but continued to repeat, "We must find some way out of it," and also said he should speak to the Sultan about it.

When I told D. all this, he went over next morning to see Baron Calici, and found him in exactly the same frame of mind; so we wrote to him in the evening, and said that "it was needless to say that, should he so arrange it with the Sultan, I would join my colleagues in doing all I could to make the thing successful *under the presidency of Madame Calici.*" In fact, I have resigned, and am now waiting to see what the Sultan says. Baron Calici goes to him to-day. D. told him I had no wish for my name to appear in any printed paper as "president," and that in the advertisements our names should be placed in their proper order. He seemed tolerably satisfied with this, and said he would suggest it to Munir Bey.

Late in the evening, (*Saturday 20th*), the Baron

came back, the Sultan had a toothache, and did not receive him, so he made the above suggestions to Munir, and then came to us and arranged that we should not wait for any further orders from the Sultan, but that we should meet at his house, that his wife would then say to the assembled committee that she, being doyenne, had called them together to arrange a concert and bazaar at the Sultan's desire; but that, owing to her bad health, she felt unequal to the task, and therefore that she begs Lady Dufferin, who comes next in regular order of precedence, to undertake the task. This arrangement suits me perfectly, for, though appointed by the Sultan, I shall take the place by right of seniority, so no one can object. I will not close this history till the meeting is over.

Monday, 22nd.—I arrived first, and the others dropped in soon after, but the Russian Ambassadress was rather late, which spoilt the effect of Madame Calici's little speech, as it came in the middle instead of the beginning. She managed it better than her husband did, and said I had asked her, as doyenne, to have the meeting at her house, etc., etc. The rest of the business rather amused me. I had written down all the things I wanted to have settled, and I got them settled, and had everything done in order. Both Baron Calici and his wife are so nice and kind that I am very glad this all-important question has been settled amicably.

November 3rd.—The *Helicon*, with the Admiral, Lord John Hay, on board, and a whole host of sea-captains, should have arrived yesterday, but, owing to the usual delays of the Turks, the Firman permitting the ship to pass through the Dardanelles was not sent in time, and the ship was detained there until it should be sent. There was great wrath about it here, but the Admiral seems to have borne it with

great calm, and to have utilised the time in thoroughly investigating the forts. He left Chanak Friday morning, but the night was rough, and I believe all the captains were so ill, that they anchored, and only got here at three o'clock Saturday.

D. had just started for a sail, and, when we saw the *Helicon* coming, Katie and I went down to the hotel to see the arrival. While she steamed up to her buoy, D. came back sailing proudly in to pick up his; the *Tilburina*, the other Embassy yacht, went out, and boats from the Italian and French Stationnaires started to pay short visits to the Admiral, and Arthur in a tall hat and frock coat, and Major Trotter in uniform, also went to welcome him, Nelly and D. very soon going on board too. When Lord John landed we met him on the quay, and walked home with him, and then all the Captains called—Captains Rawson, Fairfax, Stephenson, Winsler. Lord John and his Flag-Lieutenant, Mr. Tyrwhitt, are staying in the house. They were all very glad to see fires and tea.

Seven of them dined with us, and we were to be a party of twenty. There was great discussion over the arrangement at table, as an Ambassador and a Minister were to dine, and yet the dinner was to Lord John. However, we decided to keep to the letter of the law, and to send the Diplomat first—Fancy our feelings, therefore, when, just before dinner, a *second* Ambassador was announced.

Baron Calici had mistaken my invitation for the evening to be one for dinner, and there he was, the very top of the list.

We had to put in a place, and to rearrange the whole, but it was beautifully done by Arthur, and no one found out that we had an unexpected guest. To show you, however, the care one has to take about details, we had put the people's names at their places.

In the hurry of adding one, Baron Calici's was written too quickly, and was rather untidy, and the card had his name on it instead of " Ambassadeur d'Autriche-Hongrie." He kept looking at this, as if he was going to keep it, so I took it up and tore it; upon which he said, " I am sorry you tore it. I should like to have kept it as a souvenir, as one would be sure never to get such a card at another dinner." Only that he was so very good-humoured as he spoke, I should have thought he meant to be disagreeable. I said to myself, " If you only knew what a thunder-clap your arrival was, you would be surprised how well we have concealed it." This dinner and whole entertainment really was a *tour-de-force*, and reflected great credit upon Nowell. On Friday morning he was told we should be sixteen at dinner, and made arrangements accordingly; on Friday evening he was told we should be twenty at dinner, and would have a dance, to which eighty people were asked. He had, on the morning of the day, to send up to town for a table, large table-cloths, more glass, plate, etc., and the cook, who was short of provisions, had also to exert himself. They succeeded admirably, and nothing could have gone off better.

We danced in our round room, and every one seemed to enjoy it. Lord John says that, last time he was here, all the Ambassadors were very solemn and pompous, and he was surprised to see them all dancing. He said to M. de Radowitz, " You seem to be fond of dancing." Upon which he replied, " What is the use of being Ambassador here if you don't dance ? " and started off again.

We were supposed to end at twelve, but it was nearly two when I got to bed.

We have to go on with a series of dinners while the Admiral is here. After one dinner (fourteen) we had singing, and after another (sixteen) people

talked and sang a very little. The weather has taken a fine turn, after days of storm, and on Monday we went to sail, and found the sun quite hot and no wind. D. had to take the Admiral down to pay his visits at the Porte, and the Sultan gives him a dinner on Tuesday. D. has had enough of dining at the Palace. This is the third time he has been lately.

Wednesday, November 14th.—The Admiral left us on Saturday. His visit was successful, the weather having been quite lovely.

The rehearsals for the concert took place. The music is all amateur and bad, but nothing is long, and the constant change of performers amuses people.

I was kept very busy over the tickets. The Palace having waited till the last moment, the Sultan suddenly sent for seven hundred tickets! I had to get them printed as quickly as I could, and there was some trouble over that. He took five hundred for himself, and made his surroundings take the others. The Wyndhams lunched with us, and we went to the steamer to see them off to England. They had quite a *beau départ*, every one coming down to say good-bye to them. We are very sorry to lose them, and fear they may not return.

Then came the Concert. It was quite a brilliant assembly for this place, and with gifts, etc., we shall have made about £1,800. During the concert the Sultan sent me his £500 in a bag, and Mr. Bland walked home with it and locked it up.

The question now arises, "What is to be done with the money? How make sure that it reaches its destination?" After much deliberation, we decided to ask the Sultan to appoint a Turkish official to go with our treasurer to see that it is properly spent, and "would His Majesty allow us to name a delegate to send with it?" He has accepted that suggestion.

I wanted to choose our Military Attaché, Major Trotter, who arranged all the money sent to Chios, but the other Embassies evidently objected to an Englishman being selected, and, after some discussion at a five o'clock tea meeting I had here to-day, we decided to ask the Ottoman Bank, where the money is lodged, to send some one with it. I have not yet heard if they can do so.

We had rather a nice dinner, fourteen people, and some strangers, which makes an agreeable change here. The chief guests were the "Hobes." He is a German, and is the Sultan's "Master of the Horse." Both he and his wife are very nice.

November 24th.—It is settled that M. Lafontaine, Secretary of the Ottoman Bank, is to take the money to Tchesmé. He is an Englishman, but he has a foreign name, so every one is pleased. Mr. Pender has sent me a hundred pounds' worth of things for my bazaar, and the "Nordenfeldt Gun" is going to spend a hundred on a fine Christmas-tree, so now there are only two anxieties—where to have the sale, and will the things I have ordered from London come in time? They only left the seventeenth.

Monday, December 3rd.—The vexed question of where the bazaar is to be is settled at last. I had offered our Embassy, so had the French, and so had the Russians. When I saw the Russian I thought it was more suitable than ours for the purpose, so gave my vote for it, and we feel quite relieved now that it is settled.

December, 1883.—I am delighted to have been able to send some one we could trust with the money to Tchesmé, as it certainly would not have been wisely spent by the Turks. The Delegate telegraphs, "Am leaving for Tchesmé to distribute relief personally. Have undertaken very difficult task with insufficient funds and large demands to meet." I hope the

bazaar will make a good deal, but I don't see that it can do very much as compared with the £1,900 of the concert.

In the afternoon, in spite of pouring rain, I went to see Princess Fatmah, a sister of the Khedive's, who is here. We had to go in the steam launch, and I took the Greeks with me. Princess Fatmah is a very pretty woman; painted, of course, but so very well done that it does not strike one as "got-up"; reddish hair, lovely complexion, and dark eye-brows. She speaks French, and seems really a nice person. There is a German governess there whom we knew before, and she met us at the door. There was a smart array of slaves in the "Harem," and the Princess herself, in a handsome stamped velvet gown, a diamond comb at the side of her head, and little turban above it. She had splendid rings and earrings, and a brooch like a dead bird, all in jewels. On a table before her was a gold salver set in diamonds, and the most lovely little saucers and cigarette-tubes, with large precious stones in them, the mouth-pieces being emeralds. The coffee-cups were also set with rubies and diamonds, and they were handed by a fat young man. Madame Condouriotti [1] said in French, forgetting she would be understood, "That's a girl." The Princess burst out laughing and said, "You did not expect to find boys in here?" We asked to see her children, and they came in, a very nice boy and girl. She seemed so fond of them, and made the boy translate for her into English.

She has been a widow many years. When the troubles broke out in Alexandria she sent her children here, and when she wanted to come here herself, knowing that the Sultan cannot bear the descendants of Mehemet Ali, she got the children to write a petition saying that they were the children of "a Prince,"

[1] Wife of the Greek Minister.

that their mother was a widow, and wanted to come to them.

The Sultan did not notice who she was, and gave permission. She thinks this place suits her health and has bought a house here. I don't know how it was I did not know her at Cairo. She is sister to Princess Mansour, but is stricter in her Turkish ways, though even she seems much bored by them, does not care to go out, and speaks of the trouble of the yashmak—" toute cette Histoire," to prepare for the public gaze.

I have been busy preparing for a dinner and dance on Monday. All the Ambassadors and Ministers and some Turks, and in the evening a hundred and fifty guests are asked. I wrote all the invitations myself.

I generally have a good many visitors now at five, for I have not begun a " day," and so they expect to find me at home every day at that time. They all like my room, which, with its Sheridan pictures, looks different from any other here.

I am rather anxious about the arrival of all my bazaar goods; it will be terrible if they are late. I think I told you what funny things I have been sent; biscuits, boot-blacking, knife-polish, etc. Mr. Pender's £100 is my great stand-by, but the Germans will cut us all out, as their Royalties have sent £330, besides presents to sell. I am going to unpack all my china now and price it, which will be rather amusing.

Tuesday, December 4th.—I have been so extremely busy the last few days that I am quite puzzled as to the exact date at which anything happened, but I must try and give you a faint idea of my doings. On Wednesday morning Madame Wallenberg came in early to discourse upon the " Christmas-tree " and the bazaar, and we set to work and priced a

quantity of things that have arrived for it. While so engaged a servant came and told me there was a fire, and I looked out of the window, but was much too busy to attend to the smoke I saw. After lunch we went a short ride and when we got on the hills we found the wind so high we could hardly keep on our horses and the smoke kept blowing in our faces from the fire. Then we came to a place where the poor burnt-out people were. Looking down the hill, we could see the houses burning, and all round the top of it were thousands of people with their bedding and the things they were able to save lying out on the grass. The burning quarter was the poorest of the town, and was inhabited by Jews. I believe they might have got shelter at night, but they could not bear to leave their things, and the consequence was that they would stay with them and were exposed to the most awful weather —wind, rain, and snow! Several children died and three women were confined, and the sufferings must have been awful. I came home and had a meeting about the bazaar that afternoon.

Thursday, 6th.—When I came down to breakfast I found a letter from Mr. Rous (the Nordenfeldt gun), suggesting that the Christmas-tree should be for the sufferers by this fire instead of for the earthquake people. I agreed.

Then I had to write off to every one I could think of to ask them to sell tickets at once and to tell them of the change. This took all the morning—before I had finished lunch people came to buy the tickets, and I had to sign each one, count the money, etc.

Friday, 7th.—The tickets for the Tree are selling so fast that they cause me the greatest anxiety. Some people think that in the cause of charity one may do anything, but I am anxious to conduct the business honestly, and only to have a fair amount of

blanks, and to be able to accommodate the people who come.

I managed to get a little ride in the afternoon, but otherwise I worked with my pen all the morning and had interviews all the afternoon, and long discussions as to the system to be carried out. I did some bazaar work too, and also had some distressed ladies coming to me for advice. I can't tell you the hundred and one things that turn up to be done.

Saturday, 8th.—Writing from 9.30 till 12. Then went to Russian Embassy, and was there till four. Great discussion over tableaux and about the arrangement of the rooms for the bazaar. It will really be very pretty as we have arranged it. They give four rooms for the purpose. Then, on my return home, Madame Fernandez (the rich Jewess of the place), came to me about the burnt-out people and I am going with her at nine to-morrow to see them. The Germans and the Bank people all came afterwards, so that it was half-past five before I was alone. Then I wrote to acquaint "France" and "Austria" of the arrangements made to-day, and then I began to scribble this off as fast as I could write!

I have not explained well that the Christmas-tree will be in this house on the twenty-ninth.

The Bazaar is to be the 20th and 21st, and evening of 22nd.

Sunday, 9th.—Madame Fernandez came for me at nine o'clock, and we drove in a hired carriage to Haskeui. The road there was dreadful, and we seemed to be constantly on the verge of upsetting. We went first to an English missionary establishment, where there are two hundred refugees. There seemed to be about four families in each room, and they were warming their fingers over small charcoal braziers. My Jewish friend seemed to think they were pretty comfortable, and I had to remind her that it was

through charity they were so. I left ten pounds (tree money) and have sent twenty pounds since, which is to be spent on coverings (" Yorgans " they call them), thick-quilted counterpanes. Then we went on to the Barracks, where the crowding is fearful. Each family has about a square yard of space to live in. Of course we only saw a specimen, about ten rooms full, for we could do no good. I suggested that the first desideratum was that the sick should be separated from the other people, and I think a soup-kitchen is badly needed; but organisation is very bad here, and I don't think there is much chance of managing that.

The tree has already made over five hundred pounds. Large sums, such as one thousand pounds from Baron Hirsch, are to be spent on building little huts, for as the people live by small industries, the moment they get space enough they can begin their usual mode of existence. These huts will be on the ground, and will be damp and wretched, but all agree that this is all that can be done just now. (Interrupted here to see two missionaries with two lady helps.)

Monday, 10*th*.—The Sultan is complicating our bazaar terribly. At the last moment he goes and buys hundreds of pounds' worth of things, *here*, and sets up a stall with Madame Hobe to sell for him! and *we* have such lots of things, and want buyers! I always feel he may spring a mine on us and ruin everything! It is dreadful having to do with people who live out of the world and don't know how to do things.

I continue to be too busy, and am also in a great state of mind about the boxes for the bazaar. Two of the most important have not arrived. I have sold six hundred pounds' worth of tickets for the tree, and am only alarmed lest 2,000 people should come. Several people have many tickets, so I hope there

will not be more than a thousand people to draw. Even that is fearful. Then there are to be *tableaux vivants* against which we all struggled to no purpose; and, not to appear disagreeable about it, I am letting two of the children appear in them. They are to be a Marquis and a Marquise (Louis XV), and are to do, in four *tableaux, Le Mariage à la Mode.*

I still have endless writing, for, though I have stopped the sale of tickets, there is a great deal to do in connection with them.

December 24th.—I write at the end of the week, and have to tell you about the bazaar, which occupied all my thoughts and all my time for several days.

On Monday I began my preparations, but I need only try to describe to you the finished effect of my stall. Behind it were three panels which were hung and draped in crimson. In the side ones there were beautiful embroideries at the top, and shelves of china for sale. In the centre one a portrait of the Sultan's father (as none of himself could be found) and at the foot of it a stand of flowers. There was no table in front of this centre panel, but on either side of it I had large tables covered with crimson and draped with oriental material, and at each end large *étagères.*

Germany was selling Japanese and Spanish things, and her young ladies were in costume. France had only expensive things, and I don't know yet what she made.

Neither the Lord Mayor of London's box nor a large order I had sent to England had arrived, and I was dependent upon a handsome present I had from Mr. Pender and upon £50 of china I had bought myself to begin with.

With this I opened on Thursday at one o'clock. There really were not a great many people there, but my china was soon cleared, and I was glad when,

about three o'clock, I heard the Lord Mayor's box had arrived and I could replenish my tables for the evening.

It contained a curious lot of things, many of them highly appreciated: soap, needles, blacking, knife-polish, a bed, biscuits, etc. We sold from eight till eleven, and I was again getting very low in the world when a box of really very pretty fancy-work arrived, and so I got on till Friday. I was in despair then to see how little I had left, when lo! my last case reached the Embassy at one o'clock. Katie and Blackwell unpacked and priced it and sent it on to me. When the people saw the things coming in they rushed to my stall, and I could scarcely take the things out before they were seized: the writing-paper which I had sent for had an enormous success, but I had to sell in such a hurry that I let it go rather too cheap. Had I been able to take the things out quietly and price them I should have made more.

Nelly worked hard, and did wonders with her Fish-pond. She took eighty-five pounds in francs. All our Embassy were so nice, as they always are, and helped with all their might. Mr. Bland and Mr. Hardinge worked at the Fish-pond, Mr. and Mrs. Goschen helped me, and I had of course several other ladies. Mr. Hardinge and Mr. Goschen also did all the decoration of my stall.

The buffet was in the first room and my three children helped there. Freddy and Teddie Goschen were dressed as cooks, they enjoyed themselves immensely and showed great talent for commercial pursuits.

The Austrians had sent their Embassy £300 and a case of guns from the Emperor, the Germans ditto, and the Sultan bought their gifts for large sums, whereas he only spent £20 at my stall, for which I gave him things to the value of £16; so I started at

a disadvantage. I feared I should be far behind the other stalls; however, I made (clear profit) at my stall £474, and, as the Lord Mayor sent £275 through me to Tchesmé, I count it and make £749. The Austrians made £600 with their presents, and the Germans £414 with theirs. We have £1,999 in hand, and we still have three important stalls to get the accounts of.

I think we all enjoyed this bazaar, and when the bell rang at the end of it on Saturday evening I felt truly glad that we had got through it and had no quarrel or disagreement with anybody. We all ended in the best of humours, delighted with ourselves and with each other and with the success of the undertaking!

And now I have to devote myself to the Tree.

Friday, 28th.—My last charitable venture for the year is over and it was, I am glad to say, a great success. I don't think I ever saw a prettier sight than the Hall and its Christmas-tree were. The Hall is an inner court paved with marble and roofed with glass. It is the whole height of the house, and was eminently safe and suitable for a gigantic Christmas-tree. It was decorated with flags and had a line of little lamps all the way round it and Chinese lanterns hung across it, so that there was a great deal of colour about it. The tree was very tall, and was covered with glass balls and gold fishes and little flags and small lamps and all sorts of ornaments and bon-bon boxes, and at one end of the Hall was a long table with 1,100 presents spread upon it. A band played, and there were crowds of people, and it made over £700 pounds.

The decoration took two days, we all worked at it, and it was very amusing. I am glad, however, to have all these great labours over. I may now give you the sum-total of what I have helped to make in

charitable entertainments this year. It is a curious chance that I should have been asked to manage so many things in so short a time. I write "I," but I could not have succeeded in any of these things but for D.'s sympathy and support, and the help I had from all our Embassy. Every one worked hard to make these efforts successful.

Ball at Cairo	£2,400
Church at Cairo: Garden Fête	369
Fish-pond, London, for English Church at Berlin	173
Concert: Tchesmé, Constantinople	1,900
Bazaar: Tchesmé, Constantinople	2,700
Christmas Tree: Fire at Haskeui	700
	£8,242
Sent through me by Lord Mayor of London for Tchesmé	275
Clear profits	£8,517

The weather is perfectly odious, so wet and cold. The children have had a very happy time, first the bazaar, which was a great pleasure to the little cooks, then a Christmas-tree at the Germans' and a tea-party at the Greeks' (whom they helped at the bazaar) then our Christmas festivities, and lastly our great Tree, and now we must all settle down quietly, and, as D. says, "return to domestic duties." Mine have been greatly interrupted, first by the amount of writing these things entailed, and then by all the putting up of stalls and various decorations. I still have innumerable letters of thanks to write.

CHAPTER VI

CONSTANTINOPLE

Saturday, January 4th.—I saw Mr. Wrench about a plan for getting out some nurses for this place. I have also visited a Greek charity for work-women, and took upon me to buy fifty pounds' worth of their clothes to send to Tchesmé. I shall probably buy more of these, as Ralli Brothers are sending me money from Manchester.

I was trying to keep back some of our bazaar funds till April, but the Sultan has issued an *Irade* to say it is to go at once; so I have handed over £2,600 to the care of the Ottoman Bank official and the committee at Tchesmé. I also send them the clothes I buy here.[1]

January 26th.—I do not think I have ever mentioned to you our Dorcas Society, a very good international charity here, managed by the English. I have been attending the meetings, and proposed some new rules which were passed by the Committee; upon which the President retired, and left me to carry out the reforms myself, which I now have to do.

I put all our books before the manager of the Bank here and asked him and two other men to start us with a clear method of keeping all the necessary

[1] The distribution was most carefully done by the delegates, and receipts were taken for every penny that was given out. When all was finished the whole of these receipts were sent me in a book.—H. D.

records and accounts of the Society; there were other questions for them to decide, and it is very satisfactory to have this Court of Appeal established.

We are by way of giving needlework to the poor women, but there never seemed to be any to give, so, in the hope of getting regular orders, I wrote to the prison, the Hospital, the Sailors' Home, and the Bank, and have already got the prison clothes and all the money-bags at the Bank—a good beginning.

January 31*st*.—We are working at two plays we mean to do in about a fortnight: *My Uncle's Will*, and *Our Bitterest Foe*; so we have rehearsals for these, and there are a good many gaieties going on, as all the Embassies and Legations have dances during the season here—amongst other things, a Ball at the Russian Embassy and the *tableaux vivants* for the Haskeui fire. They were very pretty and successful and I thought my two children looked charming in their four scenes of *Mariage à la Mode*.

Monday, 10*th*.—I went to the "Dorcas Meeting" and found the house invaded by "cases." They lined the stairs and filled the hall, and as they all speak unknown tongues I looked on in bewilderment. However, the Financial Committee arrived with the new books, and it was delightful to see order coming into the concern. I also went to see two of our cases at a small hospital, which is nicely kept. It is called the "Geremiah"—not after the prophet, as you may see by the G.

Friday, March 6th.—The Bishop of Gibraltar came to stay with us. He told us that his diocese spreads from Gibraltar to Tiflis. He has no home, and is always travelling. Once when asked by some one where his palace was, he replied, "My palace is in my portmanteau." "Oh!" said the lady, "I thought I knew all the ports of the Mediterranean, but I never heard of Port Manteau." Before being made bishop

he had a very small parish, about which he always walked. When about to leave it he tried to explain to an old woman the size of his new "parish," and, having taken it well in, she said, "Well, you'll have to keep a pony now." His name is Sandford, and he used to be a great cricketer. He and D. were at Christchurch together.

Monday, 18th.—Lord and Lady Wolmer arrived here this morning in a snowstorm, and were very wet and cold when they got here.

Friday, 22nd.—They went to the Selamnik and had a great day with the Sultan. Having heard that Lady Wolmer was Lord Salisbury's daughter, he treated them with the greatest distinction, saw them both, sent them round his stables, in charge of Osman and Dervish Pasha, General Hobe, and Munir Bey, gave them lunch in a kiosk in his garden, wanted to decorate them both, sent them back in his carriage, and said all his horses and carriages were at their disposal while they remained here.

We had the theatricals I told you of, and a dance after. I have such a very good "Company" in the Embassy here that we make this our special kind of entertainment. Both our plays were very much liked, and of course we enjoyed doing them.

March 6th.—The Grand Rabbi came to thank me for my exertions on behalf of his people. Ancient history by this time; the Christmas-tree was for them!

April 9th.—Nelly and I started for Athens to-day. The wind howled in a way that made us dread the passage, but I am happy to say it turned out to be a purely local gale. D. came on board to see us off, and we found Count Corti there. It was an Italian ship, so he was giving orders for our comfort. The Captain in consequence looked after us well, and, finding I would not have any tea in the evening, suggested "one poonch."

Friday, 11th.—We arrived early at Athens, and Arthur, who is " in charge " here, came down to fetch us at eight A.M. We found Katie looking very well. He took Nelly and me a drive in the afternoon, and showed her one or two sights, but as I must have given my impressions of all I saw here two years ago, I wash my hands of all attempt at description of places or things, and keep to the purely domestic details.

Saturday, 12th.—I felt bound to call upon all the Diplomats and people I had known here before, so I visited first, Miss Tricoupi, the sister, counsellor, and secretary of the Prime Minister.

Monday, 16th.—The day was lovely, and we drove to Daphne, and looked at the Bay of Salamis, and on our return Nelly and Arthur energetically climbed up Lykabettus, and only came back in time for dinner.

Friday, 18th.—We heard vague rumours of processions on this (Greek) Good Friday night, but every one said they were not worth seeing. However, just as we were saying good-night we heard a band playing, and we went out on the balcony to see what was going on. All the houses near had people on the balconies holding lighted candles, there were rockets going up and stars walking about in the distance ; so we decided to put on morning gowns and go out to look. We were a little late for the best part of the performance, but we saw a great deal that was interesting. It seems that at a certain hour crowds meet in the Cathedral and then they break into separate processions, every person carrying a lighted taper, and all following a bier or a representation of the dead Christ. Each procession walks round its own church, and all the houses on the streets are illuminated and the balconies crowded, and, as you look up at them you see hands moving quickly as they make the sign of the cross. It really is a very striking thing, this universal illumination, especially when one remembers what the object

of it is, and the walking candlesticks have a fine effect as they go down a street. Men, women, and children were all out, and every one had a candle. There was not, however, anything very religious in the appearance of the people. They were quiet, orderly, and good-tempered, but not at all solemn or overawed. Last year the Prime Minister tried to put an end to this custom, but it evidently is considered a national one, and he failed utterly. Fireworks of all kinds went on day and night, and with each procession a band played minor music, while regiments of soldiers walked with them.

April 29th.—Safe back home again! and very nice it is. Every one so glad to see us, and D. declaring that his house had been intolerably lonely! He had also been listening to a howling wind and pitying us, but we really had a lovely passage. The journey from Athens is an interesting one, for all the "out-of-sight-of-land" part is in the night, and all the day one sees terra-firma, and, as an enthusiastic tourist kept telling me, "the most classic spots you can look upon." Tenedos, the Plains of Troy, Europe and Asia within pistol-shot of each other, etc., etc., and then, when you have passed through the Dardanelles, you come upon the islands of the Marmora.

We were very thankful for the good weather, for our Captain told us there was absolutely nothing in the ship, and she would have rolled pitilessly on the smallest provocation.

I found it summer here, and our garden was so nice in the afternoon that we had tea there.

Friday, 25th.—The Bishop of Gibraltar consecrated our little church at Therapia to-day, "St. Mary's." We all went down there in the *Bittern*, lunched at Therapia, and got back at six, having called on Princess Halim on our way back. The children enjoyed themselves on board ship immensely, and

the grown-up people liked the holiday. Unfortunately, there was some Black Sea fog which was chilly. The church looked very nice, and the four clergymen were almost too many for it.

May 5th.—We had some more theatricals and this time did *The Happy Pair*, and *Our Wife*, the latter a costume piece. We introduced the Singing quadrilles and part of a minuet, and the whole was very pretty and a great success.

May 6th.—We went to hear a Russian choir of forty-five—girls, boys, men, and women. It was at the Russian Embassy. All the singers wore gorgeous costumes, ancient Tartar ones, and Slavanski, the leader, standing on a raised stool looked like a splendid oriental Sovereign. The sight was very fine, and the singing beautiful. The audience was most enthusiastic, and encored them over and over again.

May 18th.—Mrs. Goschen, Nelly, and I spent the day in the garden, and a good number of people came to see us, and walked about enjoying this oasis in the middle of Pera. It is lovely at this time of the year. There are successions of flowering trees; directly the Judas tree is over, the acacias and chestnuts, pink and white, come out. I do not know whether the "Judas" tree is peculiar to the Bosphorus or not, but at any rate there are great quantities of it along its banks. It is a good-sized tree, and when in flower it is a pink mass. The leaves come later, and for a time the flowers monopolise the whole of the tree, sometimes even creeping on to the trunk and appearing in bright patches on the rough bark. We had half an hour's excitement pursuing Nelly's parrot, which had escaped, but which was finally captured and brought down wrapped in a shawl from the top of a high tree.

May 29th.—We lent the garden to Mrs. Newman for a Charity Fête in aid of her school for bringing up

destitute girls as servants. The weather kept us very anxious beforehand, but happily it was a very nice day, and all the people who came seemed to enjoy it. There was a band in one part of the garden and in another there was singing to be heard, English glees and German songs. There were a refreshment table and a bran-tub. The garden looked very gay, and the charity thinks it has made £118.

Friday, 30th.—The weather causes us the greatest anxiety. It is simply vile, and we were all ready to start on a yachting expedition, about which I shall send you a separate letter, when it comes off.

Saturday, May 31st.—Fine! We made sure of that, early in the morning, and by ten o'clock we were all ready to start. We ladies had on our sea-gowns, and the gentlemen appeared in navy blue and nautical buttons. Numerous little bags and parcels, hampers, and tin cases were sent off, and then we followed, driving down to Tophané. I joined D. in the *Hermione*, and received a farewell visit from the Russian Ambassador on board. He was much struck with the fact of our going quite alone, and with the appearance of my cabin, which during the day is full of ropes and boats, and wheels, etc., and looks very unlike a lady's bedroom. It really is a covered well, for the *Hermione* is only 2½ tons, and the *Tilburina* 10 tons; she is owned by Mr. Goschen and Mr. Hardinge. We had a delightful sail to the Islands and reached our harbour in time for lunch; we got out all our pots and pans, and settled that this meal should be a cold one, but that at all future times hot dishes should be provided (cooked by ourselves). D. went out sailing again, but Mr. and Mrs. Goschen, Mr. Hardinge, and I went on shore and enjoyed the pine woods and the view, and the change from town. Our island, "Halki," is a very pretty one, and, except for a college on the heights, it looks quite countrified.

D. came back in time to give us some tea on the *Hermione*, and then we soon had to begin our cooking for dinner. After dinner we sat out in the moonlight till bedtime.

Sunday, June 1st.—Mr. Hardinge made a large supply of cocoa, and sent us up a bowl-full, supplying his own ship too. When we were dressed we rowed about the bay, and examined the coast to see how near the ships could get in. Then we sailed round the island of Antigone, D. and I getting back at six, the others rather sooner. We took a lovely walk on shore; the scenery is very Italian, and one feels far away from Constantinople.

Monday, June 2nd.—Having had our early cocoa and a row, and our breakfast, we went for another row in the *Tilburina's* gig, and, leaving the harbour, went close round the coast of the island, which is very rocky and precipitous. We gazed down at the bottom of the sea, which was perfectly lovely with many-coloured seaweeds. Then we sailed again, the wind being very light, and made for Mal-Tepe, a village on the coast of Asia, where we settled to lunch. There we sat for some time, looking at the ceremony of blessing a new boat, which was being performed close to us—at some boats with a mast in each, on the top of which a man stood, looking out for sword-fish, and at the village which lay before us. When we did start we only flopped about for an hour or so, when the steam launch, which had been ordered to come and look for us to-day, if it were calm, was descried in the distance, and, coming up to us, took us back. We got home at 9 p.m., and all dined together in our yachting garments, and with very burnt faces and hands.

I forgot to mention that, as we lay at anchor in the harbour on the first night, a long caique suddenly came round the bay; it was filled with men, and there

was one standing up dancing very gracefully. He looked most picturesque in the moonlight.

Tuesday, 3rd.—D. had a very narrow escape of an accident. He took a hired carriage to go down to his boat. The road is very steep, and is in fearfully bad order; the horses ran away, banged the carriage up against a house, which bump just gave D. and Mr. Macferran time to get out. They then rushed against another building, knocking the coachman off, and went wildly down the very crowded street. Several people were hurt, and the populace got so angry about it that when the coachman came running after his carriage they seized him and would have beaten him badly had not D. tucked him under his arm and gesticulated to them. The man was handed over to the safe keeping of the police, and some one whispered to D. in French, "You had better get away as quickly as you can," which he did.

When he came home he went and got the coachman released, and explained that he had behaved very well. The Sultan sent his Chamberlain to inquire the moment he heard of D.'s accident, and, as all the Ambassadors and Ambassadresses kept pouring in congratulations, I began to understand that he really had had a narrow escape, and that, sitting peacefully in the garden I had very little idea of the gravity of the circumstances.

June 9th.—The Pera season is ended and to-day we are preparing for our move to Therapia.

Tuesday, June 10th.—We left Pera at 10 a.m., and went on board the *Bittern*, where Count Corti joined us for a trip to Broussa, while our move to Therapia is being made. The children were to spend the day at Kadikeui, and to-morrow they go to Therapia. We had a delightful day on board. Captain Mann made us very comfortable, and it was perfectly calm, not too hot, and very pretty. We

reached Mudania at four, and got into a carriage for a three-hours' drive. We had one of "Cook's" dragomans to make all the arrangements for us.

Broussa is at the foot of Mount Olympus, and all the scenery surrounding it and on the way there, is quite beautiful. Our ideas of Asiatic scenery were quite at fault, for, in the first place, we edged along a thunderstorm all the way, and, instead of burning sun, dust, and barrenness, we had a rather clouded sky, a very damp road, and the greenest vegetation one could wish for. In fact, the freshness of everything strikes one very much. From our Hotel (Bellevue), we look over a magnificent plain, bounded by mountains which are green to the summit, and covered with fine trees, walnut, maple, oak, and very splendid cyprus, which rise up here and there to break the outline.

The village itself is set amongst trees, and the innumerable mosques and minarets add to its beauty and picturesqueness. On the way we halted for ten minutes under a grove of oaks, but the thunder-shower had left this rather a damp oasis. It was curious what luck we had in just missing the storm; we faced the heavy downpour all the way, and seemed to drive towards the rainbow without ever getting into the rain. We were very glad of our dinner when we arrived, and very glad to see how nice and clean the Hotel looked.

Wednesday, 11*th*.—More thunder showers going on, and, instead of being baked, as we expected to be, we are quite cool, and, joyful fact! there are no mosquitoes. I look out of my window the first thing, and, though I am filled with admiration at the view, I shake my head over the clouds that are about, and Nelly reproaches me with having advised her to bring a summer gown instead of a nice warm one. We had a good little breakfast, and then started on a tour of

sight-seeing. This consists principally in visiting mosques and tombs. One of each will suffice to give you an idea of what we saw. First the "Green Mosque," so called because the tomb of the Sultan who built it is close to it, and is a good-sized, dome-covered building, entirely covered with "green" (really blue) tiles. The windows and doors of this mosque are surrounded by delicate carvings in stone, and there are some of the most beautiful old tiles which exist. Even the unlearned can appreciate the merits of an enamel which makes the tile look transparent, and which, in addition to a lovely colour for the ground, adds a variety of different designs for borders and frames. There is a dado of these old tiles all round the mosque, a sort of arched recess in the centre which reaches to the top and is all covered by them, and then there are little chapels off the central church decorated in the same way.

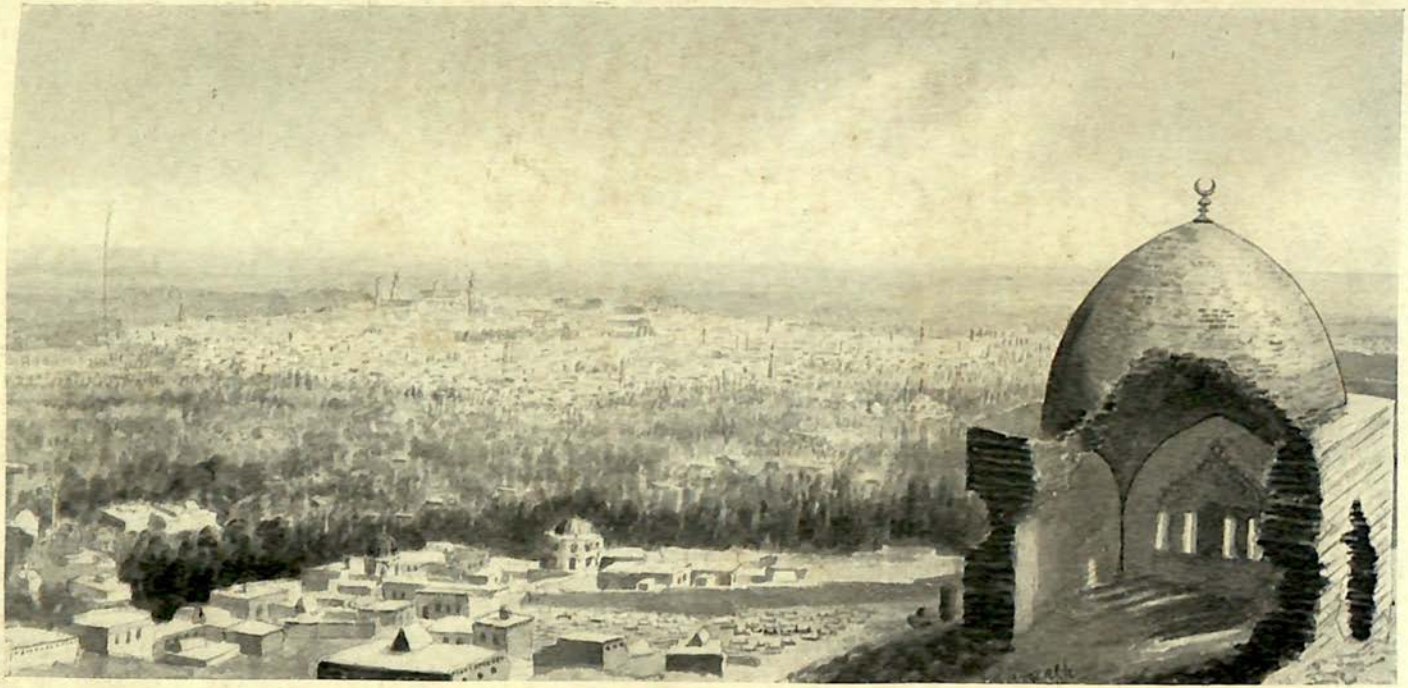
It is the finest old monument remaining in Turkey. The shuffling about in slippers which will come off, is the most troublesome part of mosque-seeing. The tombs I spoke of are circular buildings with graves inside, or coffins laid out. The sultan is in the middle and his family at his feet.

We saw many more, but the really interesting part always is the magnificent view that meets one's eyes in every direction.

D. wanted to take a sulphur bath, so we left him, and I went in to see what the women's baths looked like. There was a very hot room with a number of tubs of water in it, and outside were divans in which two or three ladies were reposing. There was one very pretty young woman, who, with very rosy cheeks and dark eyes, looked nice in her "Turkish towel" robe. This, however, was a very small "bath," and Mrs. Longworth, who came in after lunch, offered to show me a big one, so Nelly and I went off to see

it. In the first room we entered we found crowds of women and children sitting in various stages of dress and undress on raised platforms which went all round the large apartment. Anything less "divine" than the human figure as displayed by the ordinary Turkish woman under these circumstances can scarcely be imagined. They spend their whole day here, once a week, and there were babies swung up in impromptu hammocks, and infants toddling about the damp floor, while the mothers also toddled about lightly clad, or sat in loose garments on the dais, or took a little nap. I had on a gown which had some distant resemblance to a Turkish towel, and this struck them at once, and a very fat one came down several steps to feel it. The second room was hotter, and, if possible, more undressed, and in the third, which was extremely hot, was the swimming-bath, a great round place filled with natural hot water. This looked rather tempting, and I thought of trying one, but scarcely liked to make the experiment as I have so short a time here. We bought some pottery, and visited Lady Strangford after this, and then D. and Nelly and I rode a little way up the hill on donkeys and got a splendid view of this magnificent plain, with its surrounding chains of hills.

Thursday, June 12th.—In the morning we went to the Bazaars, and after lunch D., Nelly and I and the Consul's wife mounted donkeys, while Count Corti rode the nobler steed, a horse. We were to meet Lady Strangford at some lovely spot, and to have tea with her. On our way we stopped at a silk factory, and I was very much interested in seeing it wound off the cocoons, as I found my ideas on the subject had been most hazy. Then we rode on, looking all the time at the magnificent view, which became more and more extensive as we mounted. When we reached Lady Strangford we found tea spread out on



BROUSSA.

From a water-colour drawing by the late Major-General Sir John Ardagh, K.C.I.E.

the ground, and a very good one it was. We sat there for some time, and only got back in time for dinner.

Friday, 13th.—We had to be up early, and set off to drive back to Mudania, where the *Bittern* awaited us. The weather was lovely, and our whole journey to Therapia was most delightful. The house is really settled, and so here we are for the summer.

Tuesday, 17th.—Another yacht has been added to our fleet. It belongs to Mr. Macferran. Freddy considers he has a share in it, and Archie will sail in her when he is here. Victoria broke a bottle over her and called her the *Lady Muriel.*

June 25th.—The Wyndhams are returning. There was an alarm that they would be kept in quarantine as Syra, and had they gone to Athens they would have been kept five days; but at Smyrna they were less particular, so there was great excitement here when the children heard they would arrive in the afternoon. We all gain companions when they are here.

Friday, July 18th.—We had a long day at sea. At ten o'clock we started for the Black Sea, taking our lunch in the launch, and ourselves sailing in the yacht up to a very pretty bay. When we arrived there at half-past one we found our lunch all ready, and we spent about an hour before going on.

We had quite a rough voyage to the Black Sea, a great swell, and the waves looked very high from our little boat. The *Hermione* behaved beautifully, and went faster than any of them. The launch had gone back to fetch our families, and at five we all met at the Lazarette station.

We thought it would be interesting to see it in case they begin to use it instead of keeping quarantine on the ships. It is a lovely place.

Saturday, 19th.—We spent a quiet day, and after dinner had an Embassy "Bee" to tie up parcels for

the "Fish-pond" at our Dorcas Fête. We got through 496, which, with those we did last night, approaches 600 parcels! Count Corti came in by accident, and was much amused.

Our boys and Colonel Teesdale, who is bringing a horse as a present to the Sultan, are in quarantine. Every day we pay them a visit, sitting by the ship in a caique and talking to them. We try to take them amusements and a little food, for though we pay fifteen francs a day each for them during quarantine, they say everything is very bad.

Tuesday, 22nd.—Colonel Teesdale came out of quarantine, and the horse which he was to present to the Sultan got here the same day from Marseilles. We expected that he would have to wait some time before the Sultan took any notice, but His Majesty telegraphed at once for the horse to be brought to him; and, as Colonel Teesdale had first to be found and then to be dressed, and to drive all the way to the Palace, he got there too late either to see how the horse looked after his voyage or to see the Sultan himself, and he only got back here when we had finished dinner.

Monday, May 28th.—Archie came of age to-day, and we kept his birthday in a very domestic way, all such official demonstrations as used to be got up by tenants being over now! What a change since D. came of age, or even since we were married! We had arranged to go in the yacht to lunch in one place, and then to sail to another for tea, when the children were to meet us, either riding or in the launch. We had a most lovely sail, with a very good breeze blowing, and landed for lunch at two. We sat at it and over it for a good while, enjoying the rest, and when the time came we started off again and crossed the Bosphorus to the European side, saw that all the riders had arrived, and that

the launch was just coming, and got into small boats to row ashore. What was our surprise to find that the shore was guarded, and that we were not allowed to land on account of the quarantine regulations. We explained who we were, and the officer telegraphed for instructions, but the answer was "No!" So we all who were on the sea returned to the launch and had tea there, while the rest of the party who had ridden out to meet us had to ride back again tea-less! All the Embassy dined with us, we were eighteen, and we drank Archie's health, who replied very nicely in a few words, then we were joined by the children of the party, and after sending off some rockets we went into the round room, and had all sorts of games and romps.

Friday, August 1st.—The day of my "Dorcas Fête." When we went to bed the night was perfectly lovely, and I had no sort of fear for the morrow, but about 5 a.m. I heard a howling wind, and when we got up a deluge was pouring down. I really was in despair. Every one had taken such interest in the Fête, and all were looking forward to it, so that it *was* trying to feel that it was going to be spoilt by the weather! We settled that it was impossible to have it, and so set to to telegraph everywhere to put off the special steamers and the band, and sent a circular all round to Kadekeui and Candelli and Therapia. At twelve I got a reply from Kadekeui: "All ready to start; can't come to-morrow." The weather was a little better, so we answered "Come." Then we tried to put the Fête on again, chose a dry (comparatively) spot for tables and band, and determined to make the best of it. The end of it was that the afternoon was excessively lively, that every one enjoyed themselves immensely, and that we made £2 50.

Saturday, 2nd.—The rain yesterday morning turned

my Fête into a two-days' entertainment, but the second was quite different and quite as amusing as the first. Altogether, in spite of overwhelming misfortunes at the beginning, my "Dorcas Fête" as an entertainment went off beautifully, and was a financial success, having made £413. But I can see now what a splendid thing it would have been if Friday had been fine. The whole neighbourhood would have come, and people would have enjoyed it so!

August 11th.—On returning from the Porte to-day D. found a telegram offering him the Viceroyalty of India. This has to be kept secret for the present.

August 26th.—The *Antelope* is gone (superannuated), and the new Embassy Yacht H.M.S. *Imogene* arrived to-day. Captain Gough is in command of her.

August 27th.—I was fired with ambition to have a Regatta at Therapia, and it was decided that it should be here; but the "Press" thought Buyukdere was the proper place for it, and in one newspaper, after eloquently describing the merits of the one place and the defects of the other, it went on to say that it was "not because men thought themselves capable of calming for one day the violence of the wind, or of diminishing the force of the current, or of changing the mouth of the Black Sea, or of enlarging the poor quays of Therapia. No! the only reason for this illogical decision was that the English Ambassadress *le veut.*"

"Devant la volonté d'une dame le comité s'est incliné, et en faisant cela ces messieurs ont agi en gentleman." The writer also "submits," but asks whether "Ces façons régences seront-elles adoptées par les éléments? Nous en doutons, car ils sont diablement mal élevés."

After this you will be pleased to hear that the weather was lovely. We had the right wind for Therapia, and the wrong one for Buyukdere, and

"the oldest inhabitant" had never seen so many people there before. The Bosphorus was covered with boats, and it was a beautiful sight. Even the enemy acknowledged the success of the day. In the evening Archie let off some fireworks from our balcony, but by misfortune the sparks from one rocket fell on a bundle of others and these went off one after the other in a most alarming manner. Happily no damage was done.

September 10th.—D.'s appointment to the Viceroyalty of India was announced.

September 12th.—We gave a farewell garden party to the British colony and the Diplomatic Body, and until the sixteenth, when we left Constantinople, we were very busy preparing for our departure—too busy to continue this journal.

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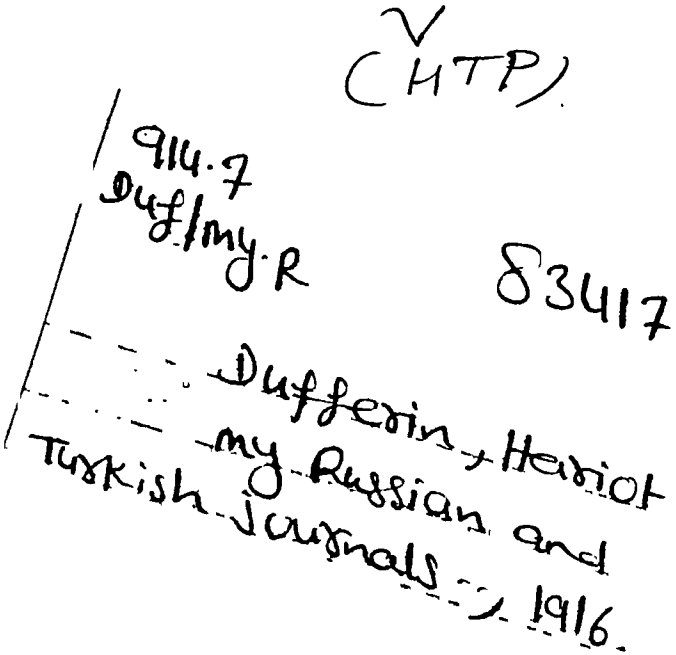

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